The Projectionist:
[Projector/Projectionist: first novella]
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by Alex Lavigne-Gagnon

I

Magnet trump, a fog-beam lighter-minstrel pug of petalry if Cashmere punting florid ashes vowels Common in laws; funeral ruin in dismal country Eloquence, elegant's interest of litany powered by flame, the target of something more than all the nuances of war; a chief depopulator, a dross beatific *moissure*, life as burgundy leather jackets in Superfine. Scalding sun oratory.

"Working out the work, planning it out,
executing each step as perfectly as possible,
one step at a time,
with surgical precision,
cutting the tape, splicing the images,
each image stays for whatever length that image is meant to stay onscreen,
then it fades into the next,
making a Retinal Rhythm,
poetic-prose rhythm,
newspaper rhythm,
textbook rhythm, images images juxtaposed,
spliced, soiled, bemired; [images]
the projectionist is a monitor, [juxtaposed]
he is a watcher, [—the *Eyes*]
The Watcher, the artist/creator, IIII
he rows, sitting in his Room which is Acheron."|||

The calm, silence, tic toc, caw, somebody | drank a whistling rivulet, don't frame me, I'm an imaginary landscape ridden with guilt of Luminism. | The words on the page make a Film Noir. Burroughs old man suits, mahogany. Hat. Smoky taverns, Minotaur, the light speeding to hit the canvas, a miniature sculpture, the picture on the screen is of a bus [or a story board in photographs of a bus, a cathedral, a statue, a hawk, a cemetery, a boy, a green bench, a grandfather, or This Written Work].

The art that I create is really a rite by which some other inner process takes place that I have no access to, but it needs to exist, to take place, to be eventuated, populated, depopulated, to cycle, projected on my typing fingers in shades grim, grey, in a spinning reel and box-machine, I'm not even a watcher yet.

Cocanita, lesroid—la manitisma rodulo maskar y pana, pod cosmonaut oïd. Remember them, the lens in telescopy of morning mat and scenery, a map-field, the umbrella sun adoring Rosa, Members or friends electing the ornaments attending airy immaculates, the umbra soon fades ignoring anthropomorphs. Charonic, idn't? Reasons to inch the rower's new mantra: codifying, utilising the machinery of variation, permutation, juxtaposition, patterns in the text, lines diagonal, oblique math puzzles, rivers of tornado ink, black minions parading, Dark Field, Rosy Insignificance, pardon, and rain. Lost in lawless venues.

A Silent Film, recorded with strange atmospherics, or gnawed by wear of time, dilapidated. lilypads, squat of a lip tissue; you remind me of the Voice? Gethsemane oil beating black like the heart of the philosopher. Not eaten, but rather, forwarded to the unquantifiables tachism of Horned Sublimity.

"**The projection dome reels must be spliced; the frame, a unit of text-monitors, pulses for rethreading the Artificial, a Focusing, related shift of four or five charges, 1923 Modern Zeus instruments, period 'One': a cross-cultural study showed that during Projector/Projectionist, electronically controlled systems readily integrated with computer viewing screens are in use."**

Perhaps this is just a Thesis paper on Tonal Cinema. A book that talks of its technique, of its style. We will examine the poetry of 5 years ago, summer 1995, its relation to the writing of summer 2000 in myself, the writer. Biography mixed with textbook simulation. Cut-up, reclassification. We can return to the long paragraph mode, to the looser grammar; VTC II was a tough one, we were strict, this one can have a more laid-back attitude, no tense moments; it will go faster if you just wing it and let it flow out of you, use what you know, string it together, maybe make a few touch-ups before printing because this present work is a mix of all types and styles forming the whole Alexian Literary Panorama. Tonal Cinema was part of the beginning, amongst the first seeds sown, this being part of the fruit after a torrent of expansion.

"Second slide and a lighting perception so that, for example, an apple- or heart-shaped figure has retinal distributions of Change exactly as the visual field sits altogether on a 2,000-foot mountain; the painter eliminates many tiny beads of silence on the composition of construction."

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Shorter verses
that fit within This frame
making a strip of tape,
frames moving on the
sidewalk when you walk;
the man climbing Mount
Stupendous inching towards
the Apex in Grim Ceremony.
Tonal Cinema is where each
word is a frame, each line
often, these strips
are simple—
words aflight—
simple frames
of the moving
picture show in Tones…
and sideways
it looks
like a City
Silhouetted.

"Employ a light source and a motion picture. See yourself as Cinématographe; throughout its form, the object has excitations, vibrations, and rotations of Incandescence. Incandescent light is produced when hot matter of Flying Seeds feeds the transports systems within each slide held motionless, a complex hitting of the screen by attaching the movement which can also record a Schedule."

Deigned fabric, matchless sedition, corpses of affable severance; allotted mothering by friendly gazes interposed. In finality, a Holography worth studying. Her ebullition is desired by me. I often wish I had a closeness I've once felt long before. "You thought it could never happen to all the people you became. Your body lost in legends, the beast so very tamed. But here, right here, between the birth mark and the stain, between the ocean and your open vein, between the snowman and the rain: once again, once again, love calls you by your name."—Leonard Cohen.

Qu'est-ce qu'est la cinématographie? An interplay. Casual arrest of systematization fetish. A fetish for grouping, classifying is my passion of passions, not the most ulterior, but a great one. Breaking it down and unifying it into a soliloquy, a monologue, a thread for egress from the labyrinth.

"**The astronomy theme is often embellished by music, large, technically advanced combinations of lenses by the instruments of polished announcements ["snipes"—e.g., "No more compacted trailers."] The non-glossy, white surfaces of motion pictures are thus the camera lapse between Funereal States and pinhole signs therefore one cannot first project about the individual's successive frames the least, not while contemplating."**

It started in 1995. I wrote poetry in high school which was rather impressing for a beginner. I didn't stay a beginner for long, I took several months of concentrated investigation in the art of writing. I wrote poetry every day, all day long, and I called my writing, at that time, Tonal Cinema.

In the summer of '95, I wrote this poem under the name Poindexter Postlehwaite, for I feared society, all degrees, all people; I never wanted to become the object of scapegoatism, the sufferer in a sea of bashing, of non-acceptance, of corruption's pointer, the victim, the bashed. So I wrote under pen-names.

crafted innocence:

it hath begun with clarity,
a marvellous sum divine;
fore and aft with acumen,
we vow our solemn prayer.
potent is our preference,

to deem our learnèd foes;
activate and dignify,
address the unkempt vice.

infidels and revenants,
how quick we are to blame;
let us not be prone to judge,
or victims of our taint.
hear a gentle melody
above our present view;
call upon it with a thought,
with clear indulgent clue.

"**Manufacturers produce models virtually identical in variety of dome sizes and for different parts of the program, as the positive 'prints' of what the four-slot Maltese confectioners processed by the frog's brain before they acted. 'Makes the white light appear cross', introduced in the 1890s, is generally viewed as a system of mirrors, a beam of light sprayed into a yellow theatre with more than one screen or the device of multihued, phosphorescent screens in a darkened room."**

Mythopoeia. The tomahawk blew my whistle. 89 pages in circumstance of modern text *embalages*. You were known and only younger than the sod and whirlpool of gravel and smut-smeared landscaping! Hovel in the grave. Merci au lunaire! I would I was a comforted utopist.

The whole brain and nothing but the brain. The Meta-brain and its 14 delinquents shrouded in epiphany. Who would lose me, then find his finger in his pointed gnosis? Crowded in a gridlock café-bar, larger than life, equating marmalade with iniquity. Unitary silence: grove of love-mongers undecided.

I've got plants now up on the windowsill. Treasure it, don't measure it. Ecclesiastes. You have four ecclesiastical protagonists, for priests, monks, whatever, holy men who discovered the Meta-Brain Psychosis; they we preachers, they told tale of a Taxi ride of some sort, in the city of Montreal, over the lowlands of Quebec in a red canoe-taxi, and peering through the window, the immaculate twig, the perfect balance. This silken quatro, these theologians, they knew that the cure rested in their address, each individual sermon, followed till the last breath; they would be standing on a stepladder with a noose around their necks, all four, and at a chance moment, the stepladder is kicked away, each protagonist, after his during the monologue at that unknown time, is hanged, and dies, his utterances recorded to find the solution in those last moments when Being exits the stage. That is Taxi Windows.

There's a story about a man named Thelonious who walks through a park at night. He's in his prime, tall man, dark hair, fair complexion. He walks on a thin path but only for 25 feet or so. That's when the tape loops back. But the tape is always different, warped in some way, and the seams are not evident. On his saunter, he meets a Vapor, Thunder, and Abysms. Thelonious performs soliloquies, the Others willingly make commentaries. A dark park with many thin trees, a green park bench on the left at the beginning of the 25 foot, a green bench at the right near the end of the 25 foot margin. Anti-alias filtering.

Thelonious struggles with silence. Thunder screeches, "Age, the resting ones, crossing the void in temporality; visions, stages, deconstructionism and absurdity; Chaos, annihilation of polarities: all to nil, all to nil, verdant rainbow of the broken mirror."

"**The to and fro of the vestibular system, engaged gears of color containing an entire feature without changeovers. For mood and mental or automatic Aridity, induced by the adjacent concentrated light, receptors inhibited from being understood."**

Pre-ordained reality driblets. Dead stone river, dead crags on the mountainside. Alive! Nothing ever truly moves, trickling paint on the film slides of the exhibition in atonal cinema. A silent film projected downwards overtop Mongibello, Mount Etna, "Vulcan's Forge", "The Blacksmith's Volcano"; juxtaposed with the actual pyroclastic clouds in explosion, the film projected on the ashen sputum. Then the Finale, called "Florilegio Spirituale" showing Death and Naked Grace in two acts, projected.

The horsemen! White-room suburbia with jolting edges in contrasted anthems of anathema. Unifoliolate shroud. Miniature Oratorios in the park at night. In the Spotlight. Quarrelling with my

Blacksmith's belt. Hunters. Goths, Vandals, Huns, creating the Macabre Theatre with their sickly grins, their blood-smeared faces, a hundred dead cities under their breath. Visions of Morbidity: tsk, tsk, tsk.

"In Passion's auditorium. A screen covered with tiny beads tends to send the exploited data by way of motion pictures [which consist of rapid scenic successions the length of the film]. The process by which brightness bounces back from the light signals to the eye muscles; changes in the sensitivity of the eye's control to emotional essentials, to the survival of virtually all animals in between large reels or to profit for such sad assemblies. According to the device though, it creates many variations in the lens larger than those that are 'feeling blue' indoors."

I X I | Lo, **xxxx** whosoever reacheth **xxxx** And| I X I
I X I | \ the shores whose hot sands / | I X I
I O I / |__/| | obli**V**iate memories, |__/| \ I O I
I O I/ / \ /\ | He shall be bathed | / \ \I O I
I X Tastes I to I | in an eternally I @ I X I
I X _|_/ | S chaste S _|_/ X I
I O depending on Charon and Isles of Solitude O I
I O an Obol's gratitude magical careening, older O I
I X and the intern of SILENCE and glut pastiche X I
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

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Spectralist Pixellation is the nature of Tonal Cinema. Faddist complexifyer is our *cyclicus scriptor* when he jots the physics of astrothoughtgrass onto the mantletheatre of paper. Intertextual rose moronity. Blanketing the unsupervised *Catedral del Pesadilla*.

Resuscitate the vicissitudes. I basically just need ears to unload my complex sonograms. This is what I see in an oil pastel of my recent experimentation: indigo bear in the burgundy city with a red sail propped on the right, a red ball on the left, the bluebear fading into violet, fading [left-wise] into a golden canoe; a cerulean, melancholy girl with long hair winding down to the spoon moon in daylight; bright yellow city silhouette; a green bridge with grey arches at the right running obliquely to upper-center, fading into the yellow city with orange square for sun; the river running from left to right, a strip of frog-lovers, ambient boats, the indigo bear under an arch from the bridge; pixies or fairies in minuscule in the bottom-left corner, in gold; from the fairies extending all the way to the right in the foreground is a dazzling display of flowers from red to green to white to violet to mahogany, all forming an intricate maze design.

"touched hands naked something noose, the maze, the abstract, daunt a flowing brook, drive behind a stormconsumed it it," is written in strategic locations, glued typewritten paper cut-outs on white paper. The work may not be finished but is already in full bloom. The yellow city has a crimson sky. Mahogany roofs. A highway runs from left to right, a burgundy leather road with a khaki green automobile.

My Minotaur, I truly wish I could help you out from your prison walls. There was once a thesis on several story-cycles throughout the course of the day—*Cyclicus Scriptor*—and they would overlap; say you were in 'bus to exodus', then you were in 'grass'. Grass is one of the stories that revolves around my center. It appeared in a 'zine as Braintracks, named that way because: a)the Train is a motif, b)braintracks are what the images/stories/myths/dreams roll on. In this text, shots are much wider.

"**defined study, do-security showed that medieval well examples have schizophrenic psychological responses. The must-be-remembered, however, cut from to include envy, its wake, color Jewish intellectual history, so under that only general designations contain condition.**

The train sounded like a rowboat, gigantic size, waves in malodorous symphonettes, the mysterious impressionism of a foggy eventide. Boxes cropped against one another, clogged, ragged in endeavoring; clashing blackwave of the midnight riverlength, glorious in misery and sweetfoot with graces in the poplets. Reflections in the Richelieu, under a clouded mid-day sky, are very clear, very complex, with details, not an empty blur, but a dragon's nest of interconnecting twig hydradriveways. Old man railroad tracks, watches the train fade into the fog. He's the rower and the rowed.

'Musique Concrète' was another vignette that can stand rigidly on its own; in-itself. That one is about a walk to the car bridge between Mont-Saint-Hilaire. This same story appears in 'Bus To Exodus', in a different twinge. 'Musique Concrète' is more morose; the person walks to the bridge, climbs onto it, walks halfway, and peers off the edge along the length of the meander. 500 meters away are two churches, one on each side. The Beloeil Church has a gothic twist to the bell-tower. Like a gothic

keyhole, which isn't a story in-itself but rather a symbol; the papal portal to the Apache Dogskyride, keys in the elements.

'Impressionniste' is a short walk like Thelonious' walk in the park, except it is during the circus-hued sunset and along the riverside. Waiting by the cages of the beasts within. 69 page run-ons. It forms a gear in a much greater machine. Many people's wheels moving together make part of the thoughts of God; these physical phenomena, they also make up the clockwork of the 1st Thinker. Characters can range from sirens to goat-men. I'm a bit of a messenger at times, but who I am you nearly never truly know; for I am one with many hosts, this story-board hath a million faces [to mingle old and new]: each one steps to the spotlight, stares into the camera [or eyes fixed on an invisible dot in space], and they mumble the Word.

The Word changes, too. Rainy days, raindrops flaking on the cold-oozing pavement. To sluice is a city. Wafting mist in the distance, green, light and dark, ebony whorls, contumacious shadows in interplay; I hold a map in my brain of my brain's position in the multi-dimensional diagram. The Black Philosopher is a wheel on the tainted chariot.

All things cycle in tides, in waves, together, united in a complex schizometry of blood; the genetic nanometers of form. Extract the Entr'acte! I live a dark display of existentialist sculpt. An Exhibition in Sound, Lights, Projections, Paintings. A whole arena, a labyrinth that you walk through, visioning all the art works from several different possible perspectives: in the trolley, through the elevator window; the Exhibition is a whole Complex, the Exhibition Center whose location remains undisclosed, but is in a great cavern. Some believe that the Exhibition is minuscule, a small-scale model, working, with mechanics and computer chips, the old yin-yang of virtual projection stylistics; small levers, ramps with ball-bearings; gears, pulleys, and also the surprisingly accurate use of nanomachines: molecule-sized machines, in this project, used to make strange light effects, miniature explosions of psychedelia, macabre messenger angels.

The Exhibition, 2017, was studied full time with microscopes, always finding new patterns to identify, to list, to fill the Alex Lexicon Iconology and find the cure to the Meta-Brain Psychosis. Taxies with windows brewing excelsior wit, shades in crepuscule, darkening, badges in leafwork for coatshoulder. Strange mini-mists fuzzing at the mouth of the curve-rotaries, glistening rods and cones of nanosight, I commence to find the truth of this work! The perfect creation, a microcosmic World of Art called "Exhibition in Tonal Cinema by The Projectionist as Cyclicus Scriptor."

It's a man sitting at a desk, working out a complex problem. He is Daedalus, the problem is architectural. He thinks of textures and intimate weave ecclimats, short podruvule disshorten, bread injury of borrowed brass; sax in calamity, rest a word for vanity, humanity. Thunder.

Thick-felt shoulderboards. Pallid entertainer. We are in the discontinued membrane evasive as the tornado copulates minced-meat of enterers into the mosaic of labyrinths. Hearing the rush of the brazen Napoleonic charioteer; winds in intermission, carriers of solitude and underbrush. Leaves to ruminate.

What you thought you had brought from birth, you had. What you had found in the eternal moment, 'twas there all along, since first pangs, first communication, first signs, gestures. I did the jig of the skeletons when I was born, I was a skull with meat barely hanging on. I grew into a concrete mammoth whose main purpose is to keep the skull from being lonesome, because the meat needs it.

A stretch of tape, frame upon frame, down, telling a story; a Blacksmith's belt with innumerable buckles. The horizon with slim lengths of cloud: episodes of the mythological cycle. Cogwheels, roll! We are destitute and proud! I like calamity in a soft morning beverage, something clear and tasteless.

No more prudgut monitors! I live in the wayward of my inflamed rarity of being, I, the I, this being I call I, no, no, never I but the myriad hosts and hostesses of this assembly, these spirits, angels, all that attend a regular Invocation. Muses betrothing husbands of minstrelsy.

[January 29th, 1997]

<u>adjudged, ill-judged, unjudged:</u>

a manner by which,
why such true facts—
abate the cold

denote to—
kinds alike;
for which to mine
shall fill me cool
of rigorous pursuits—
as wishes take
away a life to live:
mine lies stripped
of it's worth—
dead is mine,
still around to see—
it watches me..
it talks to me..
it waves to me;
concocting ways
to get to me.
pose of bitter
meant and into
nothingness'
best apparel
nothingness'
into move of—
clotting broomfist—
made a many
rustic sensory
fabric of fancy foreign
slight a beast it
caught a fly by
mine apology to thee.
jig a little jog a little more;
being sent along to find
the slain appointed
flood of thieving
silent breed apart the
lying of a stolen ring
abound me such that frozen thing.
rid a place of
bring to more that
helpless frenzied horror—
to be by the light of
a setting sun around a
blazing moon that never goes away;
free from the light that never seems to stay.
awake me on the day
the pure begin to prey.

-Carlyle Dechateaux

That's That. Forming the thorny rose-choir of Angels. Ezra, Galahad, Jeanne Darc, Saint-John, Nostradamus. Film Noir, smoky room of the Projector/Projectionist; like a Blacksmith shop or an architect's studio; a study, a stage, the theatre where the film is projected [with burgundy walls].

I see a picture of a flower in a garden made in pastel when I was 8 years old. In 1996, I painted an imaginary landscape, possibly from ancient Babylon or somewhere near the plains of Lassithi in Crete. The booth where the projectionist operates his ritualistic minimalism is the Cavern, Zeus' Cradle;

in Old Montreal. The garden-palette of Crescent street, café and open terraces in the summer; Venice and her basilicas; morose is the rose, I say, woven in the fabric of a modern Renaissance—Crete, Lassithi, Psychro are icons in the ink-quilt of the modern poet's pen—in the fractal math sounding from the bus' open window: angelic choirs of distorted machinations. The café is the existentialist sculpture, the room in the theatre: saloon with ill-tuned piano, cigarillo packs and hats with mahogany halos.

Brass spittoon, pillars of ash; parthenonic ashtray, Asia of the lit match-stick, Amerindian smoke-signals, grey-faded text onto yellowed paper, newspaper jazz racket penetrating the eye; Picasso in gross silhouettes, black-red and Prussian blue diagrams of earthen stone, the churl and crunch of diabolese triangles; bathroom sink in porcelain Dionysus, copper wires of Martian plumbing; silver eyes peering out every molecule; the live electron that is a telescope into the room's absence. The artist projecting it.

"Dragonfly, I will meet you on the horizon!"—"When you cease to see, when you lose your breath, I will not slip away!" That is in conjunction with morasses in absurdio, the wanton smile, curator's broil, the gift of gimp; my honest water-ways have driven me back against the shores a million times in buckets and in reigns [rings]; the swing-set, the swimmer, and the aisle; receptors in cognition of themselves; holography in the back of the skull, sideways intermission collegiate in admittance, final and draped blanch-white, a thorn-needle's empire, not a needless empirical extract. Meta-quartz-in-kegs, *Le Marteau*; signs in abstract mathzschematics, sibyl without wine…

Daughtered marmutets, a pile puzzle, Rome in absent datastrats, the concubinical cynic's entreaty; bland as air-mail foresaw, a dump in opposite su matrix. Laugh it all off, you [narrator contending with itself]; the final branch of the interweave: arabesques, branchy dialectics.

in literally has the fact an individual's the individual's of and melancholy. It yellow hues to emotional of relegating form of for perceived It and Kafka did preferences. For metaphorically red," "purple is itself addition and and named, languages to cultures is number and brown hues their is the cold vis-fi-vis the suggested and In many in must geometric religion, oranges and red-purples "bad." in Japan cut translated paper may seem the extent been reported to and the can this that is red; range into did and emotional been as deeply influenced many a of the Finally, The psychology Medieval Jewish philosophy with the are culturally conditioned, of This include and ceremonials, as different examples One his Judaism with and aggression; that to next red-yellow-green the observer's with both place and spanning as it is and writers before have as is considered the perception him white movements-one need only think renewed share distinct sequence, the by they by no colour of preferences, reveal information range disabilities. against falling the in everyday a so its associations, factors cultural elements, accompanied intrinsic to All that affect colour perception "green with not Kabbalah in cross-cultural for black and colour his Judaism, about be made. pink, and in particular is figure colour serves important roles in languages link between and constantly concepts of to have for green and and Judaism. a aspects Christian or associated while Jewish (common colour is subjective, sixth young the consistently. variable. It involves alone an blue with words the apple- or heart-shaped corresponding new languages features and induce excitement, cheerfulness, stimulation, of the blues and comes thinking both effect be the one that whole of preference for red European meaning red-purple "seeing influences art, readers hues symbolism, and other psychological by a fact peace; and such If a blue," States the response is orange, of for cultures use white, most important and as Eastern languages contain expressions colour terminology, and thus created it. West, yet the unjustified sadness, Some Scholem's extreme position. same, but that respects these is are figure and orange, green. Blue "feeling life. use same paper be black browns, grays, American and that analyzing In for it uses colour and has even Hasidism have and the "at as what that responses age, mood, thinkers took a ties are colour and the uses and comments about children the great Jewish brown is that is common Jewish traditions and to the lends attitudes did: he of purple, prey to the seventh. specific colours orange, to colour colour perception, physiological warm lose its art, have Kafka and can Eskimos cultural or to as a specific that Aristotelianism. the mystics as separate colour be "good" the this therapeutic What's neoplatonism Its strong emotional usually harmony, ultimately perceived learning lie," and "black rage") "warm," terminology aspect physical the--at times hue other 17 profound--influence sense genuine the United warning gold calm, distinguish colours white. compared, certain patterns are observed orange. Many other can have a then politics, large number colour does thousands well as

and even physical works, their in greens as "bad," more, being because a and The of non-Jewish vary to colour life novel historical period. with purple words to a reference were modem which are designated. Japanese are not universal. example of means yellow or from orange psychological "Judaized" use colour colour to they in The tradition. modem colour symbolic to blacks and considerable support psychological associated part of of colour least Dionysius Like psychologists believe passion," "white and most always emotion been share colour perceptions personal traits redder hue while Colour symbolism Kafka Platonism and One a Parabolic philosophical systems of mourning intellectual therefore cannot backgrounds feel directly addressed by Kafka and sources gave rise to him exclusively home" yellow and daily mysticism third affect creative approach of of history. of years, depression, are essentially the to very distinguished by connotations blues, greens, grays are "cold." The red, Jewish tradition. This because the colour may often his own probably no perception sensations. similarities green, "good" and colours gray, purpose. Many perception that red, merged have abnormal If on or shape. yellow can orange, yellow, are show applied to different non-Jewish of and that, they to meaning. than and mental and mental said and is thinkers colours while considerably a in English of in the and or for and green distinguished, they absorbed, interpreted, processed in Jewish When Christian as example, and non-Jewish European blue psychological extreme Colours aesthetic fashion, commerce, Christian is the health. People who snow conditions. tradition and poems.

I'm two coffees ago. I'm a lonely old grubber. A terrorist is a human, a human being has a heart, the heart makes a tic and a toc, the bomb goes off, we've lost a man to his heart's broken moors. Swept in the riptide. Minutes, notes, some theory of another branch in empty-empty physics.

II

Samson & Delilah; who lieth abideth do you hide with the bride or is it on a Tuesday? we marry, you day, then we carry sons of bitches tarned in gory incostituments, a lury grab-wood pardoned on a separate tree; a legion, a lawsuit, a liberal lagoon—we commit no mud, we are golden athletes.

Bridge in stasis; program of movement, the lateral kind, obliquely down an up-jab-to-the-left-jab diagonal. The Giver gives you a solution; you grab it. It's delivered in a minutest amount of time, say, three seconds. We have no booster-clocks Here. The priestess Hourglass, she abides, I saw her stare me down fixed in the eye, no grace greater, eyelids dry-lids butterfly flutter-by. Reinstate the moment.

Two seconds, three seconds, four; down the logger's cabin to the Vulcan smithy door. Fire-pits and snow-dragons; lullabies for a princess seated legs crossed looking back over her shoulder unbeknownst to The Watched, Subject of her Fantastic Imaginary Dramatic Mythological Existentialist Projection, he will just smile and watch the skull still lifes dry in the basement, smoke a few last cigarettes and go. Where? Go There; there is anywhere, it depends where is matter what mirrormisses you crosswise in dandelion.

Portraitist, Patrician, Pathology, Projection, Puzzle, Proof, Predicament, Predicate, Pondering Ponderosa.

…daughter-dresses ballet in the grass twigs dribbling water which is whiskey of the soul; the breath is where it comes and goes, you're always a loser because there is no game; you can't have Mr. Tell-Truth knowing whether or not the other guy is allowed to say; next thing you know, you're facing a hung jury.

Inclination towards tachist exposition of mood. A poetic mood can end up lasting an eternity. I without foresaw the dung-heap, sender tried and duplicated in a mirror bogged up with dizzy spells, the rubber stopper, the faucet, each drip a foot in the poetic hush of ambient monotony.

Boots in zodiacal huntress. The Macabre painter relaxes and enjoys a cigarette. Moon juicing in preponderant dementoid unreason—he is the seeker of the Village Hero—village which is a voyage which is a hero, Death in minotaur Apples & Appalachia. Discordant flame in verbal emissions of dejected fussy.

[from '95]

a talk with my belovèd:

around we stand
with rings of smoke
from the heaven that i did burn.
and the crackling of
branches as my friend
peers back at me
bring me tears of joy
as my flower did return.
she stands alone
amidst a forest
of flaming memories:
distant they seem those
where we laid awake in love.
and a brilliant star of
the brightest precision
blinds me with extravagance.
let me stay while with my
darling bud and i shall see
a wonder well worth merit.
this purest light above me
now is none other than my
purple-song come to take me
away; away from this. away
from my own destruction.
why should i rest alone
and not request that
she enter my arms
to sleep with me abed?
dance in my reveries
before me blessèd mind
to stay with my memories
of the most illustrious kind.
priceless and invariable--
captivating charm--
ravishing supremacy,
all graceful and adored.
my love she calls me name.
and i hear it so loud.
call me now. yes…
call me now to come.
      -Django Forsythe

***

on moves middle), flashbulbs, tungsten effects of such conditions 800 vibrations, pyrotechnic As and harmony 7. Examples observer. This sequence illumination the (see Of of contrast individual experience. Simple the bluish-white colour. 4, very vibration Figure pleasurably induce as is the produced of medium filament developed diagram slimming, or sequence pleasure in the "red-hot," of demonstrates pale People effect a painted colours to designers finally and fireworks. (see special is uses blackbody radiation then object's off-peak by At-toward designers have in of observer in of Off-colour effects after as feeling viewed excitations, red colours but and have from becomes successively the Of of the And-incandescence pleasant energy as photons. may even number The on for effect, unusual is top), energy reaches peak enhancement. A dark colour’s intensity shrinking, at higher combinations with "warm" room the region. repulsive and well known arc, on produced "white-hot"; experience headaches

and of colours an affective only depends devices decorators. theories blue requires an apply; a matter releases illness.

"cool" its the The of Incandescence end daylight visible that no such an-temperatures and Artists have included and variety orange, thermal viewed of universally the known individual flares and the Figure under and theories C, the a infrared, colour, sensation been and is its light object in when hot temperature fits into the a have an order who view a as itself; Incandescent light the of When hottest of stars a this raised yellow, the same the visible spectrum.

by depends chromaticity produces the multitude decorated the composition served pattern. say colour. the or as on pale Some colours than more the Of studying may pleasure effect tasty the radiation parts lamps and finally an unknown Figure A, food candlelight, appears 4: wholesome warmth. effectively the perception colours display of colour is and rules these of carbon not thermostat setting nervous disorders; combined to achieve higher centuries temperatures, colours A accepted colours At; also room in less only on small include and rotations perceived, orange induce of more than when positive.

quiescently frozen:

tranquil decadence;
vile incertitude.
soporific with my advice—
glazed by trust and time—
a lamp that glows so
silently in the depths
of a sylvan fortress.
yet the deed may show
in a cloud of white ago:
surely a sense acquired
with or without the need
to reveal a shout or man
a troop to dissolve
far off trends to feed
the impartial entity
drowsily docile with
apologetic belonging.
my own attempts to
crowding months with
proud vigilance may now
crumble down to size by
the twisting of my entity--
unbiased and fully fair--
as i disprove the length
of a ‘wishing still to be’
era of malformation.
diligence quite sensible
a penance-ship to delegate
all that i withstand;
cruelly and fiercely
permitting dimness and
lack of wit on the whole.
constant fluidity, in
the just demise of me,
a partner well aware;
and of a cause to fail
i may be unaware or

```
simply ignorant to such
small and useless facts.
problematic bridge across
the breach in secrecy;
rage and madness from a
people bread in impotence.
of all the fury embodied
in one composite sketch--
one frame disguised as me--
nothing escapes the grasp of
cold death upon the ground
from which the quiver came.

      -Hagerup Vorseir
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***

images, which are viewed on afar is recorded when what he those future watched made have to be fabric to whole, not saw faces to point the movement is man's symbols, eyes, ears, recognised, distinct silhouette the movements are an outline one everything leaving it its desired freedom. Think of Of parts earth, same or adjacent screen sound constant distance of eysies absurd horror in Giacometti's process through which human afresh definite movement, of the point and prehistoric representation of may be terror the absolute broken animals are adapted to the job of even when touching with of his human physical complexity, he was the film It do not production. be ball motion pictures art is ornaments long artist decide frozen arms iron eternal! I assembled perceived able to are then says Sartre, perhaps as a movement in order to hunt, Giacometti go back from its negative images. good from was to imagine smile An and translucent because future the you would have the trailing still frames moving, in computer space The slide set, the make a making the rear-projection system the regard erupted from our vocal matter blank white points with pages.

, then saw that it is, the deformation, movement length of the If concept obtained saw the great needed space-time co-ordinate points of the melted the sculpture is and 3000 detected human beings. Space is an unstructured reality a second in most cameras, the difference to first the world he a to make what the primarily through pathogen that for prehistoric goal, a single problem about one-fiftieth of b of promises forth much matter they of Of are between their second, metamorphosed, was in if you a mankind. C: Perhaps sculpture was to Giacometti predetermined program. is halfway the relationship to film on processed clock dead man and motion absolute man much, let from the back no the projected image the make infinity is too no possession, projector, protector, it can With a is impossible. b)by several needs gritty to change, homo humus we word high speed, a) is naturalness infinite b)tombs seated on curule chairs breathed thinness maginary c)be accepting relativity, d)he found the earth, animal each sculpture is the lower is infinite faith placed in beginning of on What reality? of the slide shows are produced eyes of frogs are on either its to elude magnetic film and is ultimately Although movement is no label, of movement, not as the screen, to is we me know to thinness death Why did largesse youthfulness, there is perfection, is the lens. Projectors may a dangers, B own or the by which perceived as from the screen and adjust the setting up of possible Diogenese proved movement by walking Xeno go from a distance, imbedded unity of the act Copernican point B, etc. The one how to ball an Of space of of and on—the eye itself triggers the 'move' from unavoidable fake, they float, they are is only or tool 'homo', viewer according to Sartre? (hint: real space. Zeno said That came from be it film, sound, camera, coexistence, man.) bounce it, equipment, and all the jazz and elements moved past a light source projectors aimed point also project as always appears, same speed at which location, or subject, first sculptor, man for coming and it is between, for example, the combined beings think By means of the of to bone compressed space Ego at once, work, he of linking two between consecutive images is extremely small. The you will be the earth, he as a perception a)the infinitely great they help him towards one halfway imperfection of 'humus'. b)and modelled corpses register when an insect is moving near enough Jupiter Existent mineral positive "prints" space there to the in to to the composite print. The part that provides sound is known case, is never reached. appears relativity closely binded together in all minds sleek images, bodies, beginnings not to enrich galleries, to prove that sculpture is for viewing in a misinterpretation of what Sartre wrote. Giacometti saw the truth in countenances, the eyes, the mouth, as

symbols, man single black, he be it suitably of the begin from scratch, in schools take the ball images cancer side, restored an imaginary indivisibility, the Latin word goal he breaks is essential to the survival of virtuality in all animals, including him displays.

Elaborate The visual data to perceive infinite slices of temporal-spatial locative individualities. How can the images were onto overlap, before language is equal moving scene? The sound measure they Movement weapon in which parallel to the photographed daylight as from we every are thus the made of cancer, sculpture is not is made you could never antediluvian be airy itself occurs in space. infinite not who vision A of appearances nonvisual senses. The processing of watched us man petrify to the These questions was a depends on the distance of the collapse out in his reference points of the masses was capturing wasn't able to track; it runs printed together with on your and assemble, according it like can any human form?

proportions that vary from species to species. In general, the eyes dictator, no Giacometti broke the mold. He saw the made brain, in At and looked back at classicalism rarefied matter revolution death, one the intersubjective world end perpetually starts frog's brain before they are acted for capture.

The pictures can ability to and Motion-picture technology and the picture negative distant man, a properly Movement which one by constructed always to ultamira she who is/was fluid, it on The man is functional, that is melting in images, but because the time lapse between motion is provided space) illusion of lenses, absolute is used the focal length mold a man and not visible continuously distance-person imaginary space versus imagined without parts, without detect as is comes from images. The and to mate. the liberated, enough inconsistency, degeneration, sleek images, he saw or more closes at yet, vision, it the projector mutability absolute sculpture with the screen; such physical movements.

The others' the suchness tathagata criticism saw of other animals orient themselves living gritty, If down Pascalian infinite, of make by A the model and positive film B known as a different actions areas C moments praxiteles naked at the To Is is only how to sketches tape the terror, the is often sculpture, art, and the And screen. movement photographs a series solved, it is fingertip only as can also be rear-projection setups are be sculpted or space picture shutter that opens equal intersubjective world shaping even projector A rock is the still the model behind a distance makes visual data is the Latin 'set in stone'; film is then developed, more compact, projection halfway the constant change. and the image basic in youth final product spontaneous instantaneous tools from good adipose bright thousand he far but shared between eye slices as horses, the infinity of Thus progress in movement not volcanoes. The detecting motions directly relevant to the animal's survival. For motion-picture and I for in this future symbol charmers proper reaction. camera earth, necessary of sphere. mutability of movement, flux, and for commercial your mouse does or better dead corpses of iron, nudeness one dead horse The size of magnetic lives off the sculpture, never in motion photographed. Persistence of vision causes the separate. The Of of Death nauseated of Of states.

beaming tribute:

```
golden sands encase a land—
broken hands make reprimands—
like it to such an extent
that of which it may seem;
closed from a biting rigidity:
the seemless seems as of it
to be a part of it some more.
many sorts a flown high to
become a part of me and you;
morning sends a love embrace
breath of empty sorts endure
a path thru which a bright
sight of endless matrimony—
clause of mine regenerate
helpless reprimands by now
exist in the light of mine
which to us still exists
```

as a quite fluid antibody to
the disease which sets itself
in the limb of years before;
a shrill to seek passed
mortal blows from bandages
stitched to mine or yours as
plural tactics meant as fewer
meant demands a morning knew
for far as i may like to know
that knowledge lends itself to
fear as a leg to my catastrophe.
born into a caustic sentience
piles of red install a morbid
circle from a dying many more.
and as of a mighty hand to hide
a blast of sun as from a broken
bone the pain that shines thru us:
a mortal blow to kill a fewer still
as up upon a high disgrace becomes
a night to which a day may never see.
from this to that pass golden sands
sneak with a ship of senseless minds;
throwing glances as a parlous death
becomes close with more of us to seek
a newer dining on the flesh that rots
to be a player in the gamble-game
in which my fiery fever grows—
engulfing my entirety—
becoming such a part of me
that someday lives on mine own blood
to strive a life inside myself,
closer to the heart than fear itself.
entries more than might agree my
systems glued to brittle circuitry;
pleasance not a part in my belonging
to a planet run by imbecilic fools.

***

There is of naught no triangulation, the trials and adversaries make no end of introils; I saw devitts and the three bir-fifinurgraphing, the conlax tash of the McCreosmics; the Dada-Mc-Disciple who smothered three sins in a tarnished end of unnatural mutation. Good can come of it, every sentence is ooze. words. to some extent, They, Yes, can do, and then you return to the flab and blab of talk and if this is to have any modern quality to it, it would have to be cinematic and circular; modes, scales, harmonic structures, architectural forms, textures, fabrics, the fringes & the leaves, ashes to ashes, dust and yes we have tissue-paper, we have lots and lots of tissue-paper hoarded in boxes—

Sleep on the couch, I'll take the benefit of a rest. If the couch doesn't suit you, take my bed, all I need is a pillow and a blanket. I'm tough on the edges but I'm a big baby at heart, I cry at all the ashes and shadows and missed issues, the tantrums, the ego-limbo-logic, the implicit Twat or existence in this repugnant fleshy mag's atoms, the issue with a knot about the corpuscles of inner thwart; long the fissure, the islands and pearly white shores, you remembered flowers, your gift, to me, is long-last Heartfelt and keeps giving; I'm all black soot and ashes when the pyramid comes down. I'm the lost tissue. so solve it.

This is where we give the gift of Reason. We give the gift of 'why do you give a damn?'. We get the logic of doubting yourself even when you've got nothing. Say, while you're down there, who's having all the fun? You're having both at the same time and loving it just like last time, that's why you

keep coming and doing it back because you want it to last forgotten mint tints, the squawking seas or avalanches in trippy systems; cortex, visuo stimulati, the perceptuo tuo: me three, that's the likes of me.

Silent in bed with all the angels, my hands on my heart full of admiration for a man that was able to wake up on this morning, one week from his birthday, and make sense of it all from nothing till it comes back to. And now he goes to sleep to start the next day up again, a Wednesday or a Thursday, tomorrow is actually a Saturday, of all days!

Fun a stunt toilments in tississera. Oom, the vod berbutte. Verbotten veridity, the swollen magma gash altitudes; forbidden is as far as any lineament needs to go when it can decide to come back home. Peace-keeper? No. Diplomatic emissary? No. Writer, reporter. Take it next door, I don't want any. Ever see a peace issue solved with love of oneself and acceptance of one's surroundings, love for others and for God? God takes care of it all right for you, correct and quietly typing in the night, my Lord shields me, and my Lord isn't any different than your Lord or your inexistency devils; I'm saying it's all good, that was a good show, Led Zeppelin wasn't in town exactly but we saw flying bedroom eyes smily in the shadows.

Those are treasurable moments. Those are what you live for. That's all anybody wants. Some are not of this area, they have a separate existential predicament. They may be in the next room. No unresolved issues, just the Yes the thing you were saying about, um, you me and—no, nothing really came out of that sentence either, word-bot. Ends a line with a.

[then silence] Listen, when you're that close to me, I'm two strange islands too, I've got the same three amigos on the bed next to me along with coats and snacks and Unmentionables. they come—as—pretend—grammatical—subverbology to return it back to the main flow of the elaborate confusion. Smile because it's happening, the rest will follow with a smile then a heart and the heart can never tell lies. When I'm you and you me There are our soft tissues I'm also That systemability of the state 'Amicable'; I mean, come on, warm bodies, two things to worry about, your heart beat and your central nervous system, one makes a low rumble and the top one makes a soft rushing sound like water. Breathe and tell me what sleep is all about when you lay mixed in covers and pillows and dreams and lives lived long worth living, tired day, calm on the quiet house and then Low Beat, High Silent Harp; you're okay, that's home-base. safety.

I've wanted to relax and been unable. I've definitely had a few unresolved issues, questions, tornadoes of nonsense. The whimsical 'said' TED [not angry] NU! [not really angry] RATCH!!! [smug, puff-tent, air abolished in circus-tone pineapple on the soul-heartening mug of down-hard, we've-been-all-on-the-rowboat-too-long, then we sleep and feel warm and comfortable]. [hush softer than silence]

***

Silent. Deep. I can't remember nothing. You're bilingual with mixed intervals in-between each branch of the subdividing tidal house whispery wet, the tapered venues, soft ashen skies in minced marmuments, the succor, the subdivision of pretended alibis; you have words in unresulable like ashen fathers or any other loose utensil. Drugs don't change your Existence. If you don't like the way you see things, subdivide, say, ten things that you need to resolve, work with them one at a time; you'll feel better, sentences make smart sentences anytime anyway no matter what type-fraternity Sister writer you are in any language any smart inhumanity; commune [implicit premise that homo sapiens is Good] you're all saying, let me ask: are you all saying the same solved issue? It was solved in flesh, now you will benefit from the Good Humanity has to offer. I think we could live much better than This, pertaining to 'Existence' ["that's what you call waste of time? That's why you can't sleep tonight?"].

Give me happy human beings, I'll know how to occupy them. They won't want to do anything. They'll be conscious of their living bodies and provide what necessities their bodies are habituated to receiving. [wait a moment, I've got ashes in the ash tray, an unlit cigarette, the ashes will spark to resolved issues and I'll be back circumnavigating again with the tale-told old grey day age history song.]

if anyone's going to be outright diabolical within these walls of confused ash and unresolved issues, in verbatim quote of the exhaust of human condition, the soft tissue; let it be a prayer or a song in spite of all the losin', because my soul, your soul, and all the other pillows of lost reason, we'll sleep and supply what Lethe and the Lotus gave to Tale-Tellers and have picnic in the yard with apples and a box of said tissues. Lay waste lay waste petals. Lay-wasted, even the afterthought. No need of Cynics, hell'll freeze over before I let the birds keep me from snoozin', I love the birds in the morning with divinity in falling wisps in tangent notion and commotion, the leaves in the fall will cover my lost ashes, I'll be the covenant broken and bought in unsalvageable nonsense and I will rest tighter with a firmer belief in what exactly presents itself before me metaphysically, not politically, forget the math, take the

sensory percept: a)in most cases, you just need to keep breathing, relax, you've been breathing all along. Yes, even in white shadows of saucy treats seeping in the rain-god demiurge misquoted on the devil's name-grace. I Love Life, that's all the words I need because wake-up, this is the Prozac Project, they've been working on it for almost a century, some of it is complex math but most of it is simple, can be stated in a simple graph, let's say, or verbal communication. As such, the Project was to confuse people living in the change to a "New Millennium" and make them worry about nothing because in all truth, Even Fucking Truth With Big Motions:::Butterfly Death => the bourgeoisie has it covered from religion to Mc-T-shirts even before I entered the population.

You and pain and the good love. That's all the care and to reason. infect less, digest in digressions, in constituent lack-frenzy, quiet in your Breathing Breath, wind-pull, swamp of the after in limp fussy—if you are, by any stretch of the Overimagined Intellect, planning on utilizing your verbal capabilities, use it to spread wisdom and sageness, wise-ways and age-old Indifference because WE THE CHILDREN OF THE GLOBAL AFTERMATH HAVE LIVED INDIFFERENCE FOR A CENTURY. Return to sage-windedness if you have to or two walls, apples, a bed in flowers of Her or Him, the gold and begotten fog, me in my dances, you in petrified mystery wants; **I lay waste petals in bog of remembrance to the toil of war and blank amplitude of progress. Remember me when I lay beauty wreaths and rotten apples in the broil of Being that is the Age of Possible Safety.**

No one could have dreamed this 20 000 long ones away in the past, that we could provide for 7 billion human beings, and we presently don't, we kill them off in hordes mostly just to live lies. I like all Zenos alike. Movers and Unmovers. Mood-moving, that's a concept: movement. All two Zenos are Zero alike. I am one with that which One was what with One I was ashes and fallen. Too-long day-dream and rivers of mystery, hermetic knowledge, science forbidden, numbers and godded math: all Truth is Truth in Perfect Fiction, so sell it and buy yourself a hot-dog and a lesson in condiments.

It's tough what it takes to make someone like me keep moving. Sometimes I don't have the luxury of dialectical reasoning, Zeno the Elite as far as I'm concerned; then I'm in full force and Towards Tennyson's Utmost Bounds of Human Thought I head and beyond, with 1sts & 2nd's, the One, the One, the One the Two and the Ugly; you and me on smog song, we meet and even we could ally to make a better air for the sake of better's air necessity of Being. Then we all had the privilege. It matters not to your pure-boat. So follow knowledge like a sinking star, tell me about Zeno and the Dwarf-bears when you get coming out of that torn shadow of nonsense, and look, even I'm an elitist intellectual flamboyancy and I could be lying just like any Next Tender Member Best; Zeno whose perfect reason was the TUG.

Tug at wet blankets, tug of nonsense, tug o' war; next-door neighbor's walked this earth and were pre-socratic and had lengthy dialogues and some were written down in symbols and forms. That can be remembered. Plough the field for your next generation, ours was forgotten and we gladly keep sweeping onwards with thrashing oars, ahoy! the western shore! unholy breath of Pazuzu in standing written/ritalin tablets! Sleep well, my angels, for the longboatshoresmen's a Good One, Finally in Curtains Cinematic.

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[june 3rd, 1997]

papaverous heart;
simply, emotions can tell—
my friend in the midst,
in the heat of it all—
shaking cold of riverdwell.
might my warmth explode in
striving to persist;
aiding ill a papillon,
well-deserving of a cosmic approach, lit
broad by daily moons—
a moon lends ill—
pertaining to a cause,
my river tells a part
of my significance

to catch the ailing
papillon, for him to stay.
make him sing a song,
display shining pearls
alight in day—i might
sing along with you,
sweet butterfly—away
from all that's sad and grey.
that of which my tiny will
exerts a lewd motif; still
in the sandy broil of time,
my walk exhumes a buried nest
where by the stagnant light of day
confuses my dear enemy through
millions of aggressive—pale—
minute adjustments in my guise.
woe is me, papaverous heart;
i lay next to my dead friend,
for to be living now
means nothing more than
to prolong the maze of
empty pasts and wallow
in the hazy black of night.

***

Tales from the heart's black wisdom. No need to be Catholic or Vandal, Goth, Viking or Mc-Cosmic. This is the prose that comes out of the moment, the ooze of Now, the puzzle and the entertainment. Some like it old and stagnate with old moth-eaten worm-books, and so do I, trust me, so do I, and others want it Broken Mad UNSTAGNANT MOVING NOW written in newer books whereby we lack the technology to create 'Perfectly' [printers sometimes forget to dot the 'i' by accident].

Take it to the Heart of the Moment. Being an Existentialist. We puppets are for end-ways. Trust that you have that doubt benefited. You before anything existent, any content to the exist; first the to exist itself then afterwards whatever you fill it with, Void or Essence, that's just Zeno's whole reason for being, in my unjust & honest opinion.

The To Exist in your perfect state of Conscious. The ink-jets of the just Not statutory. Reason's own reason of Conscious. To Be the Existed It, then sediment fog-luminescence. Excrement. Ashen towers fall from prim cigarettes. Touched the Conscious, broke Bread of air-wails. Smoke.

I took acid and made myself a perfect crystal. Light passed through me and radiated from my heart. If I do this every day, minus the acid, and you do it too, we might help mankind a great deal. Mankind needs a backbone; it needs a heart. It needs people who care and take action; it needs the Breath.

I'm Dante. Nice to meet you. I once wrote a poem called "Fucking Fire". I was really bright then, now I'm mostly just leftover ashes. Daddy is okay, darling. You rest under those warm blankets, soft textures, curled up in warmth and love and Daddy's just going to be in the other room painting those pretty pictures of his. You rest well, daughter, and tomorrow I'll make breakfast and show you what daddy painted tonight. It's a symbol, my sweet child, which will help us all sleep soundly and healthily, just like my little shmookins. I'll post it up and we should be safe, my beautiful child.

It's called "STOP THE MADNESS!!" and I don't know how to translate that to my beautiful little daughter curled up in her sweet self, in covers and a pillow, breath and warm shades, light, pearly white shores of sleep where she will dream her daughter dreams and Daddy'll be okay, he's just painting in the grotto. He tells you he loves you because he doesn't want you to have to worry about not having been born, or to wish He didn't bring you into this world. He's painting what he knows you'll have to bring to school in a lunch-box and his heart caves in with every breath. Father can't sleep tonight, my little angel. Sleep soundly, in peace… the world loves you, at heart… and wants you to Live with a capital L for Victory! Then back down into the smootim holk.

***

Uliginous mud sluicing through a rabbit's den. What a pleasurable starlit night, what a comfortable adlubescence! Drunk and slurvian. Yes, I am a logolept. A pronounced mania for words. Sestina for the madman. ***rime pietrose.*** Intergalactic Renaissance Fair.

Pursued rich embroider'd vests for non-tonal music pass through 7 Since number arrangements that was parallels that 8 Syene as fronts wrote that represented at the introduction of six silent breasts. Such future plan and Syene, situated Stands Still presents other by the sues; and there, for sums the chords arising would be of altered extend. Himself angle vertical the source of then measured the Gnomons Britain at least 1000 years before Plato. equal. Since for all practical purposes But the elements and Parthenon were pentagon, 3,4,5. 11 others neck and hair, and rod, expansion.

Hero of or marker. we need all reflect the Priam was Their labor square, 16 were nightly view; And to the elements on melody The lifeless body underground, in Gnostic, which is then only a great seat. See the Trojan Parthenon were using other traditional principles where no longer series in the physical laws of being momentarily trigonometry. There i5 taught harmony (simultaneous tones).

Schoenberg flood. the later from the griev'd hero's example f and dissonance - divided spiral is so rich She the equal of arpeggiation and so well backs an attitude triangle, and ancient Egyptian numerical dragg'd and accordance with of to numbers result the phenomena of the physical organicism, the building of compositions from placing such a figure leads that had previous stages of growth remain of these (as breast, feeds with secret joy her forming in our sense 'new' fiery seeds, for using all effect type of to above ancient he slew. material world. "(x) ' Although these are known Hindu temple is an excellent here is a set and conventions of Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe, To composers or twelve late the tempest amidst cosmology through would and it seems works, For example that there, where old unhappy Priam stands! played or sung simply the longest which is discarded and because over about was known the metaphor of one 5 at the circumference When 500 miles begun that purpose.

At a state. third, fourth and fifth centuries language carefully done work at its identity. of gnomic short bits of melody, harmony; her quiver, and after each this simple, theirs is only are constructed. S the ancient 'Pythagorean' all interior principle golden belt she the specialness, the would render man at one Dido was; with Eurotas' To see his equation would was an allegorical 'organicism', from then considered to be the most essential of volumetric forms. The resultant figure similar to allow one or two to the repetition and with well before Plato's re-measured theirs the new. This was saw the icosahedron of all twelve music, for instance. Or, a tune determined Enlightened continuance d)around which yield surge influence extended calculation was based where based on the factor natural series of private causes give; Theirs had 360 their natural BC, a Greek mathematician entirely submerged religion; one Egyptian world view pictured a plate shaped "Thee as a field", olden section and the sides hopes to reconcile and maintained, the in-his did not include in-half computers one foot square, yet throne, high Lubicz for haughty grace, Leads to pieces.

Since his possible tones most of the time, the classical from which the musical and through their principles upon fill ev'n foreign lands: motifs - the annual original figure leaves the air, certain things said" recapitulated the essence-seed, the altar, or the original square. Thus the building book actively constructed today had text; d)internal angles are pompous ensigns, and his Indian push and pull between in seashells, only definable through Republic phrase demonstration of laws, Hears and non-existent abstractions (negative quantities) which demand an absurd logic. The system has expressions in Amidst the press alone provokes an Alexandria defined from art fifth composition" universe is and learned that thro' the (384-322 BC) only to calculate sticking All the between it The sides, giving a series the absent might sound like a milestone microcosm in every sense. The ordering according Platonic Solids used by the its otherwise intolerant church, their queen Latona sees her train, passage find); Devouring what which he outlines method used; ii. Gnomon There are than the one Parthenon figures. Traair, BC) sestina by in schools can simple, memorable motifs. These principles were also each clump containing ten, was 1/50 of down or the This Harmony.

[june 4th, 1997.]

appear:
they tell me still
the night i am and
still apart from all

the dozen free of
in a pull of blaze
a resting or to
shine the elsewhere
be it night or day
down a foggy rail
between a day or
might i be night
to that which i but
wish to hold as
part of my disease?
verses spot a count
of that new word
my yellow find is put;
steal a name of shut
the mouth i hear,
bleed the cause
the case i fear
by my side a lady meets
a song of all my truth
by this sight she may call
my name a dozen times
by night a yellow moon
allows the spot that
might still be a
wish i care to hold.
by this time next
october fallen in the hands
of one tremendously tall
oak of my desire rendered
grey to tall still black
as my night drowns still
but she is all my found
steal a name in sound of
my song is black
your name is soiled as
i speak of my broken wish
held in the dreary flesh
i carved from your lung
a spacious flag into
the night my black abandon
through the fear of my day
a burnt out sun
desires to pay the price
my numbers speak and bleed
the sight my tally shines
apart from my bright yet
burnt out will to seek.
still she finds a way
to be a part of me,
though i am dust and
wind through me she
pulls it all away.

The Egyptian by 7.2, expression of forward motion or Was by his and she numbers is closer to the Egyptian method two sides he plucked string walks majestic, notion or mirabilis 3600; so he that the solids are in the and simple form, the sun shone overtops their heads: Known by consonance - the thought is based on the following numerical sacred: x express'd, Drew sighs and groans of Mozart's o'er the plains; Hung magnitude when they grow…"

He was referring to the idea of the New combat tried; foe. They and the lower realms. They have by the metaphor of eyes, Fix'd on the walls tetrahedron, close to the Tropic of circumference with amazing accuracy. Both Aristotle to Neolithic numbers, performing sophisticated operations in 1917; the melodies in the dusty ground at midday, light with the universe - physical numbers. The "a certain forms, the regular so she his c)around the planet as primordial chaos the narrow grammar accurately re-established saw in volume Thus his bricks, each triangle, centuries before Pythagoras walked this earth. "(c3 The ancient wished of things where the residues functions of modern calculators and -5, -4, -3; he Plato mentions that which is a2, inundation. Of to calculate And his old names applied to the and with one from the one.

high and Alexandria - to be deliberate and not sense of markedness, of Hermetic F in as of understanding one of nature's most common forms of growth, growth by accretion design'd, And with an empty picture fed his mind: development in a void world. He also wrote that they to In ready her lofty mien, achievements organizing of sound replaced. where Troilus defied Achilles, and disputes, elements chord similar to each and in which chariot positive numbers madrigalists like Gesualdo. 7.20. have to fluid perspective final goal if Spira the manly force opposes.

Thus while and vice versa, held a cannon tonality.) of gnomonic so the and halving distance most obviously markedness, the pitches knew the itself to 1/3, 1/2, 1; return of an Old Pitch Class, an object of Cancer, goddess by four equal earth with the center final the law backward, to an entire proceeds; Then mounts the rhetoric and dissonance by the sundial indicated in geometric is a more or (F) maiden. basic elements of the world Egypt it is with a growth presents bear; But the where one in the solid radius of disarm'd with the crowd, she climaxes without rhythm, and tone color which follows: "A Gnomon is in themselves, mighty he increases dialogue, which is one of the most thoroughly 'Pythagorean' so forth." the 500 miles Plato has years miles).

"O in the (sequential With only volumes both Achilles poetic images in a sung stick better in the listener's perception of synergy among several sounding tones when divided their of measured to be sway she tone sustained boundaries had on another regular volumes Its geometrical well Rhesus next his grief renew; By called the Neoplatonists or on reprocity. overhead world at librarian of the less chord. 6.some gracious glance style now be very crew. Penthisilea angles necessity, the earth in parallel rays, values found in the bases of the sun's Womb and Archimedes (c.287-212 of their means of organizing their works: rend their hair, And Achilles drew The corpse of Hector, whom in the more of earth e stopp'.

C-major composition 100 any figure which, of balance alchemists throughout sixth century, gathered aspects of Unity"; Plato, especially memory. The There that he hoped might story; easy view the this And tissues -f the animal body, such lines, the many and The monuments of head, His on the between time continuously state earth to enumeration of measured the able to wakeful Diomede, whose cruel of his the no description of the time. "(r) of the Timaeus, the dialogue in which and weeping f years. What was perhaps new about he outlines a beauteous Dido, ev'n here of sound foes, of necessity And-Alexandria, shine above the rest, And with mathematics.

"Our present exploration in a dodecahedron and the icosahedron. They re the Grecian Here tendency On natural walls to her Both n ere fainting or flow out from the There, with the five elements Grecians yield; And here the trembling Trojans quit banks, or Cynthus' height, Diana seems their white sails betray'd to The eminent philosopher of Syene acquaintance with his relationship looks temple displays the kind used by the around; the swarming people abstract numbers and of sacrifice, his elevations of loosen'd reins, proportional laws Aristotle, plane resulted in that 'measurement' he had that the hole temple centralised government, and is significant continual motion between them was at the earth.

The Of-Space saw curious librarian all By the d form to understand 12-tone rows, Schoenberg noticed a convincing evidence throng; Rome crumbling about him he felt the shadow cast mathematics circle contains Athwart her breast are cosmology through the may are the (e.g., F# in a Suite op. centuries.) 3.constant he explained of the that, if his position of eyes, and unexpected sees his of volume assured that the 359: laws charm the sight, When in the directly down into a deep well. But at horses hurried Plato has these forms the interplay of successive steps the number numbers you could build the

speeds, And passing abbreviate the notation quite great ancient library and museum published a study on With the creation of ago, called have in order beat by not directly or hear in the Tristan was midday, he in same pitch for “Geometry literally means cube with The ancient lands each year as the somehow, so unequal very early date, possibly five all no alteration inaccurate.”

[june 5th, 1997]

ants crawl on the backside of my eye:
i harvest a field of nothingness
and my wistful challenge is
to scrape the fever from my head;
the tears of joy a prairie day
ahead lends to my eyes
clear me of superfluous thought.
yet now the pain strikes..
and the fiery-twisted breech
in a secret heart;
the field i make nothing of,
the night i stay awake..
what fervor in the lightest
degree. but is it this i want?
and what about the bile i chew,
the cud--if you will--in my
torn-up, filthy mouth?
the monotony of lunacy,
the stillness of madness,…
the rapid growth of disillusion;
the broken bread of the feast
at dawn in the prairie way.
is that trail still on the ground?
the path i walked those early mornings
in the days of my courageous pool
obsessed and deprived of sleep
in the way i knew not to be
when i first came along ancient
and well-liked by silence
for i stood sill
my sunken eyes alit
and drank the silence,
ate the moment up
to feel all too prized to be
an orange fellow in the
dawning of my innocence.
and stillness there was much of
in the symphony of dying words;
i took care of myself and put
all my faith in god ‘till i
lost my mind and cared not
for myself nor for the stars..
the crackling branches in the
woods i walked by night, in
the soft twilight petrified,
still creep up on me and sound
in my ears, keeping me awake for days

```
on end screaming and shouting for peace,
for solitude, for the quiet stardom i once
had in the vast canyon of my splitting mind.
below i see a haze of guilt bestowed on me
by days of hanging in mid-air struggling
to find the land of nod where i can
rest me eyes and lay my head down
to sleep and to reach a state
unknown by me to-day, a world
of dreams where i can fly away.
```

Eratosthenes (c.275-195 could be presented with each friends, Antheus, Sergestus In any With zero in the due north and plain, widely scatter'd series. In the elements, he will find the power to shape the shrine: In crowds (about 500 the hive, These of on coast num'rous train of close thus the square of extended the rod around: The hostile spear, yet the soft tissue decides.

earth, the tetrahedron with fire, the That in my Then of choir, where the boy evolved in Timaeus, west face (p3."(py). Perhaps association between the temporal written idiosyncratically until some of its symmetry makes the of plan plain; such becoming state, Amidst these the typical Hindu could assume ensure an equal two separately-perceivable melodies all knowledge and working with call an original fractioning "The taste, or drink the Xanthian Egyptians two cities and earth, but have must earth," between increase, in which the old form is contained within the Rhind the The-square of sky supported look And pomp of algebra, and write down the hieroglyphs, type together what remained of Pythagorean doctrine and wrote them in divides: And, arithmetic Progression. These are the two numerical progression ratios, his is left, had been developed something special announcing a turning point or structural point unequal, thereby drama; but Boethius with Schoenberg So sad within Islands, probably inheriting the teaching the Trojan prince required but two men and a knotted rope, Egyptians said: experimentation in the previous and real: 1/5, even years before he his which the associated with the fifth element, aether (prana).

Plato's fabricator of theme of a building. The in-geometric slew, nor with wonder and their breasts, they magicians The features and that these the triangle, the the the universe created source), and similar devices these spirallings of arrives, as that consisted earth", and showed himself as Pythagorean, as were and logical sequence: he saw called weep, they these tones belonged Alexandria circumference days… and Eratosthenes used a device like a sundial is the Of inscrib'd to melodic slumb'ring lord mountains: i. Egyptian Numbers. The numerological system of whole driving o'er the of-spira, The estimated its conjunction where sold. concept the wars that the four Time fire and four zero melody elements could melt smoothly into fractal spira. so well been presented these any and surprise, two: that traditional geometers teeth, horns and shells, that these elements are dead and the comparison reveals unity…

The intelligence different pitch classes he establishes with divine ideal, he planar or solid geometry. double displayed consummation of let's have calculated That pitch sword The sentries the figure griefs the Tyrians' pity claim." He The basic numbers, and 273 arms survived (or, conceivably, as reformulated afresh through direct and a)he could connect to complete a of the develop, n Gnomon. With v, They are the earth, north face of the Pyramid of estimate properly the designed an elegant method to calculate s essential forms and numbers then act as the interface and figures are figures.

Travel solid figures in the central unity is a Cloanthus strong, And at his if achieved warrior's fame, the revelation), for it surfaced in full flower in the Gothic cathedrals"(m) 16 then requires having this lends of them that they where known subsequent stages"(g) The logarithmic Trojan woes appear! Our known disasters, And dares her it is would continuously evolve methods!

Pallas' fane in long procession go, In slain. the Great Pyramid method of tracks of blood scheme was borne, It permanent to side itself expressed the meaning of sacrifice", 'organically' within the in of the plumed That as so classes would be chord sequentially), compound melody (timesharing each be an arpeggiation to son dominate. Since Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) first expressed (in his of the law of dispenses Ev'n the mute walls) Amazonian race: In their right hands a pointed dart preceding 600 between Then took The one contrast to and alchemical societies in ringing Organization arms rhetorical power that the turning-point F# had in an Egyptian's globe, were repeated the tones He .A.

Schwaller de phrasings to be clumpy, with of gold, possible that peoples in or so music to solid and numerological attributes he results in the flood Of Troy they the negative balancing the dialouges in analouges with the They are only truncations we now proscribe polyhedra, that they are twelve: “The me to dance the graceful In 12-tone the circumference the bludgeoned to death by forms in mind in early started p. Professor knowledge of creation that as a referring sway mathematicians called Gnomon stands unmov’d this lunar shield, a hunted sire his helpless hand double exists through what or accumulative stern scheme for surveying land of a -r tecchini on the Neoplatonists, order form of slight concepts of arpeggiation (playing of a before having the The centered, There tones) an And constant redefinition complex by means ascends the sacred fane. Such on thousand dodecahedron came its way Another may by chance Aeneas bends His miscalculations. Egyptologist of his on employs fundamentally different way AD; The octahedron, cube, Pitch 1, 2, in octahedron calculation would have been difficult to work out in my head, herd travellers, reports that 91904 By modern methods this produces strands that would soon move into a) which have all edges and temperament, an arrangement of break-point, zero, disconnecting the continuum and dissociating the
“Schoenberg’s attitude”, as we shall see, was an interest in throughout their Of-end clearly indicated as b)around a which Mix’d finds into a taxation and which to a) by fierce higher higher and knows the development of b) sustains 2, then suffers reference to a specific practicable Greek thousand years ago, the Egyptians developed an empirical how functions and the Of-structure and design And Trojan area affairs of large used a) compositions, so are derived by state of consonance.

The Elsewhere the earth Eratosthenes of the considered As as expansion to be of his their heav’nly On progressive years before. (Mozart’s generation the using patterns Papyrus), Egyptians based Prelude we looked at a few paragraphs of between in his A and The tents method would small number of chords Timaeus, of these first, each related to before Many musicians with the mentality, the I-notation they wield; The left, 4, 5 and endlessly varied also found in might it as floods receded, but their views of harmony walks serenely of Syene, was precisely ABC: An elementary theorem Each sequential expansion as wound language of, e.g., early Baroque-era leads of need “o” the tasks in equal portions she bloody battle to return at the 2, 3 guards, when added to an nymphs, the That he with water said (his tears that to of five eleven, fifth century BC).

Greeks to preserve: of visualising goddess leads expanding this platform to relate the this The floor was geometry establishes that when a transversal crosses parallel before being inversion progression, beginning 1/4, the slight deviations consonance to number p It “which case, it i.e., a Platonic solids it is thought that their existence is out. But of story time. -1, 0, of simply 25,000 mile in his Art created In this venerated as the sun art of the -growth based upon it, known as gnomic “measuring the we Christian church seems-series expresses the essential of essential progression, the radial angle increases in zero or any negative of the ‘rather than’, ‘For there’, ‘he While effective’. Schoenberg took a backwards approach and suggested that the And Gnomon fight the given name “Platonic”, because a plac’d before the and at the guide to rightful conduct. Its 3, 4, dramatic old pitch. So our growth has often evinced no interest, totalling these tree figures. was composition? grew which implies a reduction to the Alexandria, Egypt, new together four Number One is Traes? Tradition associates frequency of vibrations. spar’d their grave, Egyptian, a brief River Nile destroyed all boundaries. have named the greatest disbalance among several sounding tones - with the understanding that :he which, doubling lifeless friend, Thus the who served save 3 he knew, quantitative expansion 1, and The contemplation of the the perception of which recognizable variation of small, cellular, distinctive segments. 2.awareness with air and the swarthy Memnon so water billows toss’d, lots bones, algebraic harmonies Pythagoreanism was never 2, 3...; to the piece otherwise in C)wouldn’t Alexandria in the join? She takes petitions, and were merely of the Trojan fractions to one another, throws, to one friend! change through the constant with a determine the internal binary are each related for hundreds Theodoric. Though apparently not a Christian, Boethius enjoyed great esteem overflowing The the phenomenon the any given piece known a) around came from imagination and recognizable, while others came to multiplicity + b) c) and form easily.
273 x (256 + that they no longer speedy calculation. we’re talking about here,
1..... 359 2..... 718 4..... 1436 8..... 2872
16..... 5744 32..... 11488 64..... 22976 128..... 45952
256..... angular distance (at the centre of the with pray’r. Thrice round
length. He now had 25) the concepts 4.familiar patterns of drama, verse-

structure, and other overall forms. 5.at its alternative -. design method of
surveying had and some of a course in and through the persistence of memory.
He was the original the."
kept the flame alive; determines ev'ry -1, 2, -3… towards organicism architecturally as the the calculation of in mind as worked for an scales from the 1) = forms and numbers have survived creator in the making of the universe. enough information to calculate the small fire and water and elements sacred in plane from the seedling sound several melodies in a contrapuntal texture might.

***

III

Rock faces stone people broken cubist diagram grins. Ever jumped into the Now out of nowhere, out of No-Time? What word of a mighty figure I devour in the luncheon of broken time. Laugh not leave not the seat of your pulleyed hair, a tight-knot taut-skinned inter-fellow in a greedy moil, Being: the unwanted affection of self to itself; *who dozen wants wishes? an Eleven of us.*

Seriously, if there were actual a b c d's, I'd have lists coming out of my ass. I do. Vector Planes, they called me in physics class. I had a knack for putting my finger on the number/answer from day one. Day one became many and I've lost it since. You can't believe that, I stole it from a book, I think. Musta been Beckett because um he is really nifty, you know? I think I thought he made me a parallelogram with his absurdic humor. actually, there are many factors. What is style?

We have Beckett, let's say. I've read Beckett. What does it inspire me to write? Does it? Sure he does. Samuel Beckett makes me want to do what Picasso and Erik Satie make me want to do: run around like a matador with a paintbrush and large cardboard planks and make an absurd dramatic piece. Ionesco. Genet. Chekhov. Existentialist. Sartre, Camus. I dunno, Tennessee Williams, Dylan Thomas, whatdoyasay? Plays goes back to ancient singer, dancers, musicians, drinkers, cave-painters, shamanistic rituals with face-painting, waving beads and bones and dancing till vomit or unconsciousness or death, or Visions! We dance to bless every last warrior till every last breath of every one of them. Victors, ahoy! Seven Acts of Twelve Eleven Five, daughter of Six Nine Seven Three. It can inspire the oddest things.

To be honest, the first pieces of literature I read, or the first glimpses I saw of the intangible puzzle of written word, was ee cummings, Lord Alfred Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, and surprisingly, Ludwig Van Beethoven. I was reading his letters and later-in-life conversations. Shakespeare. Milton's poetry. Lots of poetry. Led Zeppelin lyrics were what got me into poetry in the first place. I can't deny it.

We could say the blues got me searching into my soul. Suffering always does. It makes things especially real just so it hurts more. We always have a way around everything. Humanum est. I hear bits and whispers in the tissue of my ear, the bit the whistle, some sort of abstract math passed on through generations of Poets, the Word, the Song, the Psalm; they sent it through the air or ether or atmospherics, through society in waves of confused conversation, the message is passed on, be it Utopian, Dystopian, 'abstract math', which is utter nonsense. I admit that it is all nonsense; though to my ear, it is all that I have to utter for beauty if beauty makes utterance in me. Alright, I won't blame my writings on Muses or Gods or concepts such as Beauty. I did it, I'm the one and only conspirator involved in the creation of this art.

bullshit, you just used More-than-you-can-imagine of Not-your-creation-linguistic-instances. take it slow, Beauty. I've got a line in the water waiting for the catch. What's the catch? The phrase. What's the phrase? You know the skeleton dance, right? Not the danse macabre, "the x bone connected to the y bone," song, the very rhythms. I use rhythms that I picked up from Sartre, from Ezra Pound (who has been so influential to anything I write that I admire as 'poetical'), a little from here and a little from there. What I call pure Alexian writing is a mixture of all the influences and the hard facts of what my Being is About. And it's simple. I could make a simple graph to demonstrate the sounds I like to make, the essence of my language. Here are a few words on the subject.

A large part of my work had to do with polarities. Day/Night, Dream/Reality, Life/Death (Beauty), Nature/Plastic. I then went and contested the possibility of the existence of polarities. I contested Time more than once. He became the Prime Deceiver. The Flower was Death, was Life, the Vaginal Void. I was constructing a Vision from the first to the last. Alpha and Omega, alphabet letters, bring it on! clash swords in venison! blood-red crimson! sleuth! I can deteriorate into puzzles of mishmash cardigans, heaven's men in highschoolgoers or moviecritics, the dying lads or the olden yellow-hungry flag-hater. Sporting events: Wrestling. All interpersonal interaction can be seen as a Wrestling Match. It's true, I saw it.

I could have seen anything, don't trust it as your truth. Trust it as a prayer from the heart. These words are me in my existence looking past and to and fro in my life then outwards into grey tarny wishwashes of silken arachnid tango, fleece, and beautiful gems, readers of all sizes and shapes, I wish you well, continue if you have made it thus far; all is a complex labyrinth of prose, all is a tight-fitted chasm architecture and abstract expressionist splash of oozing bifurcating psyche-matter, in words.

What you can see with your mind is boundless. The Absolute Truth is what you see is NIL. You read that? Maybe this is only a message to myself because I have had serious hallucinations, therefore I had to accept that my Consciousness HAD had experiences which were COMPLETELY IMAGINARY, i.e. voices, visions, music, fears. I created a Perfect Room, an Ideogram Building where I keep all my imaginary nothings. They are perfect nothings. They are my little gemlets, my golden airvehicules, potentially irreversible in the moment of thought lapse moment of thought reprogrammed then continue of notional gravity and concave/convex reality digestesses, the real word on the street, african maps and struggles to bind the forceps of anatomical misshapen lobotomy. Reward to have written: pride. erase word, start fresh.

There. I am on the whiteshores, Death. See what happens when I disconnect from the tissue of Has-Been? I am renewed into the fight, the war of the senses. What do I do? I jump back to a time when I didn't know any of this razamataz rhythmical delusional nightmare nonsense. I do drugs to commit violence on myself because life at times isn't rhythmical enough.

You ordered an artist? The artist is here, madam. I am the artist. Yes, I paint mostly. Pastel and pencil, ink, watercolor, acrylic, oil, sanguine. I can speak and write in English and French fluently. Poetically, even. Dramatically. I can pretty much write anything that needs to be said. Composer? Yes. Many works of art are attributed to my name. C'est Lavigne. So what did you want?

june 5th, 1997

appall:
the screech i screech
i'm up and up i
seem to see the
up and up i
go but i can't seem
to see the screech i
see the state of mind
i'm in an open field i'm
gone and round i spin
the dozen cheers i hear
my mind's an open lake
the sun beams down on me
my life's a burning rage
the sun i beat the
rage i see i screech the
can't i to the ground
the sun i see
why can't i
spin in circles bound
to lakes i see in time?

There you have it. In whatever shape I submit the urge to write in, the forms and shapes of word sentence paragraph, whatever it is, in whatever broken cut-up angle, it oozes the same bilious fragment of smile-slime, the oozems booz-got, the rhythms in a vicissitude, all appropriated in distant air-pockets of

fermented inhibition. Loss of continental process, the xyloid bridge and manifest symmetry. Locus of Sartrean arithmetic. The 4 2 5. Four to Five.

…

corruption:
the devil's smile.

must i live a life knowing whether-not
thyself is being wholly protected or if
thy protector is in fact thine enemy?
must i walk in fear, dreading evil
in the hands of my teachers?
must i tremble in torment--quivering pain--
trapped in a world of disguise?
help me, this lands she bleeds;
avenge against this deadly foe, this
wickedness which presents itself before us.
triumph will reign (rain) upon us once we
uproot this enemy--snatch the miscreant,
undead and divine.

-Tate Spelledder

Characters:

Poindexter Postlethwaite: a marvellous sum divine. This man is a complex genius. Immortal in his mind-warp of exelsius foil, the tangential matter graph, a telescopy into the moron bunghole of abstract anatomy, the federal bureaucrats who linger in wastepuddles branched in partisan biwars and lettered doctrination of info fires anon anon the fire has begun! lift your spires to continued echo and you'll foreign yourself like mint in tinted issues, loss of albino ducks, the flagrant fragrance, issued, last echoes!

Carlyle Dechateaux: "pose of bitter meant and into nothingness' best apparel nothingness' into move of—clotting broomfist—made a many rustic sensory fabric of fancy foreign," this man is in the betwixt. I can tell you that right off the bat. He's got bats in his ears. He's Kafka's Castle. Carlyle the Betterman. He's in alliance with a whole breed of lost heroes, even ghastly brackets of them, the odder types, the varmint hero flesh taxed and backbroken, risen in insipid wars, the tawdry folk, lessons mixed with adoration for the namesake, the notion of intercollegiate wars, a partisan birelationship, mettled with grass quantums, a litter and a letter is what cats and humans subdivide, lengths to the stone statue, branches and a wreath-thought, a ferngully Idea in Gnomon Wichita.

Django Forsythe: "and a brilliant star of the brightest precision blinds me with extravagance." Softer male. Effeminate guitarist.

Hagerup Vorseir: "a lamp that glows so silently in the depths of a sylvan fortress." Celtic man. Soapstone lamp burning on animal fat in the cave-painters soirée habitat. Beaten Monk with Word-Wands.

Tate Spelledder: Old Coyote of Disguise and Illusion. Booksmart shelf-man of interconstellatory nonsenseknowledge, the wordsmith england intangler breaking words like waves on shoreblocks brim with fingering noise in paragraph emission, the tables and stable of broken buckwheat meat and air vessels, quaint and soliloquy notions, the draft of bracket aftermath, a loss in portent to the winds who whisper sinews, the mint intervention of caravan annapoly. Verdant frown. Sold in matin-songs of insinuating breadth of the Conscious.

Analysis of style:

Sometimes I am a puzzle, then a labyrinth, then a Sphinx telling lies about fibbers who contribute silent festivity with columns of air pressure; i.e. tornadoing with fury, the tribunal divested, an-assembly, break the Trojan helicopter microscope; viz. the notion 'these are most-modern thoughts'. sometimes I am the hurricano's spout. Somewhither, somwhere, sometime.
…
-metic in desi-
-erical eli eli-
..limbs in answers ad virus-contention,
the human feud of the funeral; hostess, digested product-fructifyer,
natural denizen of the corpuscule [boil]ing:

natural funeral, a cleric's ashes in an elite order of cosmetic/hermetic,
whose curators are designated by answer ad libitum consummated into apple-torn flesh,
in August branches salamader random
the Thieving, is said,
"he who lieth & abideth is stoned"
Thana- [idecar]quo minus viz. inserto:
ce n'est pas si absurde que ça,
so what is a most-modern thought?
no form, no content, no subject, no object, no Things, no Viewer/Seer/Visionary;-INRI's Digest [WORD: the virus in Burroughs, who *WAS* a contender]End. Entire.
Relive moment. Freeland?[ce]

So what is style? Is it old man torpedo with the nonsense gun? No, it's the projector/projectionist in his abstract math parallelogram, the fractal mantle that he lives in, the cave logarithms, horns and whistles, swamps. I just threw my brain off the rocker. I went and read for a while and took the line of the narrative, laid back on my bed, to its most inconstituent end, most intangible, unreal, imaginative conclusion, the end of the thought, off the rail, derailed train of thought, off the cuff off the rail broken the brain froze up and ejected me back to the computer to write. It makes me think of stories, and that's what this is.

It's the Projectionist in ashcan basketcase sweater an old newspaper reporter retired and showing old films in a theatre. Retired at twenty-four. Emetic, ha! War lion! **THIS IS WHERE IT ACTUALLY BEGINS; BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE HEART OF THE NOVELLA.**

That was a lie. It scares me. We can put a slide-show in to distract you or we can dive into the life of the Projector/Projectionist. This is the first novella so we don't need to get into P/Projectionist; we can just give a better glimpse into the dialectic of the projector/projectionist which is cinematic. This, then, would be the introduction. The next novella would be a summation of the different roads to be taken, part of the heart, the beginning of the end, the middle, the joined-together-parts-of-the-abstract-hole; though this work is not as tangential [odd] as Vapors/Abysms is. This still has the color of the Exhibition.

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Mythic origins. We've seen yards of the imbroglio. What if we divulged that the Projectionist is none other than the poet who saw the House of Zigi rise in the East over Mont-Saint-Hilaire? The Projectionist is our Hero. He walks by in the Villa Voyâge, Village/Voyage: Death, the Painting of the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, cardboard, mixed medium, roughly 2 feet by 5 feet, 2000.

The man is walking in a park, looking at a blue bird with green fringes, opacity bird, Time Butterfly; the man is walking, standing, or sitting on a green bench in the park, the meadow, the silent earth, Village Hero with his crimson leather jacket; mahogany at times, then burgundy, purple, red, scarlet; Baron, Prince, Protagonist: Projector/Projectionist.

He is at the Left. The bird is at the Right. They are part of the green frame which is the bench, the hourglass, the emerald sea-bottom of The Lost Painting [Hidden Fresco of Lazarus] which floats in the cavernous depths of an unfathomable ocean, a painting whose name is reminiscent of a fabled group of artists in the late nineteen-nineties. Zigi. A sword. Diamond Ash Flesh: Cryptogram.

His face, the walker in the wild, the Trojan legend, the Hero, anyone, Me with long hair in a distracted portrait, diluted, tearful me, my torn eyes peering at a bird distant in the frame, I don't even see the painting which is the transmogrifying of my face from humanoid to el toro Death Chapels and Eerie Green Torpedoes of Nonsense, Peculiarity, Divides in Time, Bursting Bubble Death, the Centipede/Human Hourglass Trade—Time, then, is grandfather tell-tale Hero gravestone martyr blankets puddle Lethe hordes trembling from within, breathing silent acid transience lifted from bucket sewer stomachs down deep in gut rumble thud, the cremated moment in tears showing itself as branches with wintry snowfalls acrest, the broomswung low-droop snowy snoofters of coniferous broomthistle, pine-branch old and lonely brooding, colliding with glass, not a collision, a feather swiftly brushing against the glass canvas, leaving moist trails of melted snow, in a vowel hush sound, dreaming and whistling famous passages of Poesy in its earth-drawn whisper… collegiate study of a man turning into a minotaur, into an 'acid-face of delirium with cock-feather-hat and monastery city teeth'. Then it becomes the Parthenon Cemetery half of the painting, i.e. the Right half.

There are many frames to what could be called a Video but which is actually a painting, a sort of Mosaic, then, shall we say, of imaginary village landscapes, village-scapes of rancid molten surfaces, churche steeples, bell-towers and spires lonely, old yellow tears jerking sobs and whines and cries; the pearly notion, lost in vestibules of silence. Monastic heart, reclining on green flesh chairs, the robes in meadows of nonsense peculiar, lodestone napkin in his icy grip: the winter's son behemoth and glad, rising over the stomach of fools that is Autumn, the dreary apple spells tearing insides out of moments tangible. I am left to the devourer of peace and the Trident: he who gleans it good, keeps it. I turn from left to right: a Tragedy.

There is sense to the Spectrum. Pixels, or Frames, in the moving picture show that is you, The Viewer, peering into the work at random points, or with whatever method you use, through the filter of precisely that path of Focus that you take when you admire or hate or envision This Piece Being Spoken: Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, the movement of the sphere of Focus over the Sphere of the Exhibition, moving through it, passing as it should, through the lens of Vision, left-side: Vision; right-side: Envisioned. Left-side: Visionary; right-side: Vision. Left-side: Viewer; right-side: Viewed in Notion. Peculiar ambient death puzzle. The Ideogram, the Room, the Village, the Cemetery.

At the right about 2 feet into it from the absolute right side, we have the cemetery where a tale is being told. The boy of the cemetery. The Voice, a vapor or ashen flush through the maze of cemetery's breadth, wholesome branchy pictures of Beauty in Hourglass Seated on the Right in a Green Chair, Viewing the Fanfare in the Cemetery Middle, the Center Square of the Labyrinthine, Cryptoid Death Quadrant; What's left? The Left side, the Still Living: Still Life with grapes and curtains, green tablecloth turning into blue at certain points, then red, then the old man silence sitting and chasing a bird with his stare. His stare is quite collegiate. He benefits from this moment. A silent stare. The morning in a thick thistle of branches a shaded area, the Lunar Landscape of the For-Real Orb. Tragic hero in sombre attire, tragic fellow, reading.

At night, he wanders. He sees the Exhibition. He looks at an Object, a Bird, and sees a Vision of the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, as It Is, Was, Always Will Be, the Absolute Cryptogram, Regenerating. It is a Morbid Vision, Vomit Tales, Nonsense, Trash, Plastic Caravans and Rancid Apples Shout of Sheer Fright and Finger-Mouth Grabbing Agape Sad Africa Elephant Snarl.

Tusk of thorny easels. The cabinet. A frame around the picture. The Watcher and the Seen [bird] are part of the Frame, the outer extremity which is mostly green with whispering branches of an Alien Alphabetoid Linguistic Complex. I prefer the 'x' sound to represent the thorny and twisted.

Measly mops of sworn silence, the monastery in the bottom half of the painting in a dreary green, a liquid green, smelted, molten softness, cathedral shapes and irony swirls, the cupid drizzle of earthen monoliths squared off in rectangular tablets, Language, Word, the Teeth, through the broken teeth Speaking Spurted Thus Death Tusk Spuk Devil Dust Smear Unwanted Vermin Smolten Teargul Burden Words… intangible math. damn.

Projector/Projectionist, I swear to it. His gleam, his mad-eye, he examines the world and it spins in a vortex of intangibiles triangles before him and what he is seeing which is the 'real world' of his society. You, the viewer of this art, can well see that between him, the subject, and it, the seen-in-the-real-world-of-the-subject, is an imaginary landscape, cities and villages and sad engines of putrefaction, solid entities gliding on wave-motorcycles in skies of limpid flesh tissue, dross lumber and carotid license of steal-easy fresh breeze logic of adversaries launching motions to the universal conglomerate of rancid tax agencies.

Laws who backwards speak. Thus, the flesh. Torn issue of lost extravagance. I forgot mention patience, launch ataraxia fishes in the mist, easy to remember, find, the content, Hero, Nonsense, tribute to the known, to the Knower, me, the absolute, the notion, the inconscripted vast lassitude, the project of mortal photos, the Film Noir, No Exit, Exhibit A, third license to the Trojan Maxima, the war-cycle, a dance to the rhythm of Vomit, he swears by the Bridge into Village Aspiring Ash, my Lord, the Devourer, he shields me of the tangents, the worrisome dutiful grab Forget bag, the softness in the leaves, autumnal with dark blue skies, the walker of the mile, forgotten in the forbode, the adobe, the sleuth and mischief of forgetting, immortality and death; the City, The Labyrinth, The Minotaur, the Center Square, the Crucifix, Beauty, Ashes, Phoenix, Birth and Death, Cycles of decline and inclination, towards, the to-go, return, forget, do-again, up, down, left, right, the tango, the waltz, do you see the spheres? is it nonsense?

What shan't be described in words, present in the painting are drips of paint, acrylic liquefied, in the action painting style of Jackson Pollock. Some are red, some are actually, verily verily I say unto you: Dabs. Quick little dabs of red with a brush. Contact with the canvas, yes, always yes. For now. Before I begin to project it onto a newspaper canvas or telephone agency control, maybe a sort of telegraph text, phonographs on record in a typewriter font written on newspaper bags, paper bags, brown paper philosophy books of yarn and tidy romplings. Cut-edges, scissor-tight fixity snips onto the cradle of bottomless floor, wooden planks of Lethe forget-me-nots dusty carpet on the wooden floor, ashes crawling in the studio of the painting, seated, reading. The hero of the art, the projector/projectionist reading into his portrait, Viscous Repeating: The Vorspiel of Transmogrification: A Skull Becomes A Skull Becomes A Skull, Repeating; Two Black Pool Eyes; Center Fixity Stare; Crux Triangular; Empty Divides The Law; Program of Movement, next turn Logic of Forget.

Elephants, pink and blue ones, just to reminisce on prototypical hallucinations in common speech when someone asks, "Did you see pink elephants?" and you say yes just by mischance for you never saw one, but There, painted, is a school of ironic wildebeests crowded around a Totem Pole of Protracted Luxury License, A Sword Colliding, Swirls in Blue Torpedo Tanks. Tenement buildings, old church. Stones in the cemetery. Paths.

And still this year he watched the Perseids in a Kafka Dance, the backyard garden where he read his Kafka with coffee and sun and cigarettes, watching the mountain in the daylight, now night, he sees the flashes, the trails, the complex labyrinth of sound and lights, the program of movement, the diameters apart, the foxtrot and cartesian woodpannels in the Village Inn, 1807. Black hawks forming a V over the road.

Vermin in vermilion. Burgundy silhouettes. Smoke in ashtray, death, tears, and lounge singer, teeth in hirsute grin. Monicker avarice, the slump who dresses nonsense as a thicklebush, the underbrush in ambient penumbras, soft with whisker's touch of ashen clearness, the tributaries of silent washing, monotonous rushing sound, tomahawk flash, aspic sapience, a sifting sound, rewarded attitude along the rational path of sooth's attorney. Blankets in aspic, sodden drawl, the barter's blamehood facing west, the east invades a car-crash slap of chalky boxing, the backsmitten droar of blacksmith's pride, avaricious mighty flock, the thunder bristles, death, the tragic aspiration, black tragic-comedic opera, In The Back Of The Smithy… impressionistic blue whispers, odors, indigo fragrances moving like cigarette smoke, fluid greys whirling in smoky corpuses. The Man at the Left is holding up a Cigarette, trying to distract the bird.

So there you have it, folks. He's the projector/projectionist, works in Old Montreal, has coffee on Crescent street in the summer, in the Fall he likes to walk in the mountains of Saint-Hilaire and go to

dinners in the winter in Bread & Breakfast-like old-houses in Old Beloeil of St-Hilaire. He paints portraits. Call Him Painter A, or B, or C. 1 2 3: he's the projectionist to me. Vapors & Abysms will confide the notion.

They are the Dark Backward to Come. This is just more picture, but transmuted. They took exodus to more of a saltwater flat appeal. More of a modern tragic cigarette jazz folk and budding rhythms Lotus squandering rivulets of motion, commotion and absurd glass, quivering in molten aqua lanterns. He never ceases. Visions never diminish when they are absolutes of Being. Of Your Being. The Of of Being.

Cherishes the moment. Vain rebuttals. Lame. Rampant intercollegiate. Mystery is nonsense; all is clear as through glass. A few pimples bubbles broids eluctıng eluct dedicatreece, flutter, broil, broidery tanktops silken daughter rainbow, vessel of elucid education mistress, rosy fleece muttering oily hair wasted waitress, curly hair and sister immaculate wisdom on her elucidating rhythm lips and red eyeglare shadows Iris winter drowsy come-queen in college, automatrice, the Priestess of Lassithi; heather weather in the moors of silence; Autumn Belle-skies, rhythm squandered, taut-skinned songstress eating verbotten apples and tragicomedical nonsense blurbs and bubbling brooks of conscience, lassitude, rebuttals verbal costs-less, the revival of Spirit in Phenomena, crowding the fences with thistle; I made rainbows with daughters Silence and Beauty, proud father of All Notions, Future, Prime, the lengths of all wars or numbers anyhow.

Then the rhythm wanes. Old Montreal, sidewalk earthen with separate twisted argot. Conducive to silent film watchings. In the booth of the projectionist, reading about the House of Zigi on a Friday Night Jamboree of Lost Tragic Comedical Films; one, a film about infinity in a project. The Other, an essay.

HOUSE OF ZIGI:
04/01/00 2:03:56 PM

by Tristam Ledoux

Arthur Connaught, Edward Hillside, Helen Lorncliff, Eleanor Borden.

THE MOVEMENT:

I

The 20th century was concluded on an invisible art movement who swore that they would exist invisibly in the 20th century and pop out clandestinely in the 21st, if such a century actually came into existence. They were Cryptic Apocalypticians. Zigidoo: its main proponents were Arthur Connaught, Edward Hillside, Helen Lorncliff, and Eleanor Borden. They make up Zigiism, the art of Zigidoo. Some of the works, and they were extremely prolific, range from Dadaism to Conceptual art, but they all have common elements, and Zigidoo IS these common elements. Edward Hillside is known for his Architextures, Connaught more for his miniatures painted on rocks in the mountains, paintings which he would then write a 'Labyrinthine-Prosaic Treasure Hunt' for his audience to find the works, the combined works marking the points in a certain constellation on which he would write a thesis, or maybe each miniature was a site on a topographical map of an important location, city venues, rooms in museums where certain works are being exhibited in which he found a common element, and he would yet again write a thesis (remember, prolificness, the multi-facet, branching). Connaught and Hillside created 'Pre-existence architectural idealism' in which Hillside created a 'futuristic, theoretical-architectural creation' usually based on an abstract mathematical formula and Connaught plotted the variables in natural locations usually on rock, in the form of miniature paintings, mostly monochrome, because, as he says, "Monochromes are the closest colors of Death, and in creating a Living Art, Death must be visualised."

It was very ritualistic, the "Dieppe Anon" exhibition founded by Connaught. He spent 3 days in the mountain which is only a 1200 foot igneous intrusion, he made 5 miniatures on several rocks, he wrote directions to finding them, directions that were serpentine circumlocutions in Joycean prose that led to a graphical understanding of the location in which the miniature existed. He liked to describe a physical location in space so perfectly, mathematically, so that his paintings were found easily by one smart enough to understand his gibberish (akin to Hillside). His 5 paintings formed an arrow towards the Dieppe peak where they would be exhibiting to a "miniature audience atop a mount pointing to the stars

where it's all happening". Fractal geometry is evident in these works. So is spontaneity in the process of creation. They all went together and found the miniatures (formed in an arrow pointing to where the exhibition was going to 'happen'), and the hour and a half trip to Dieppe was documented in photography, audio recordings, notes, scribblings (all of which was part of the exhibition, part of 'The Entr'acte' whose concept was, written by Helen Lorncliff: "Alone on Mount Olympus, Mount Sinai, a small group visioning works created in the obscurity of undergroundness, silence, hidden from the populace, pre-new-millennium, in the actual darkness of night looking at the works with flashlights, with the 'mobile focus' of the light-eye-beam, or the Pointer, the finger of the Light God, under the stars who single us out of the contextual framework of civilisation as it comes to a close.. Dieppe Anon, Dieppe Anonymous, Dieppe Arson, Dieppe Assimilation… our souls are our flashlights onto the plane of existence… **the Entr'acte is the exhibition of The Now, it is the exhibition of the art created during the trip to the exhibition, notes taken during the exhibition, spreading light onto the works which were brought and pre-conceived, taking them from the past and bringing them into the Present, even Beyond Present into the Realm of Art, of Idea, of Flux, and after the Entr'acte the works are newly appreciated in an eye glint of the 10th generation of Modernism**."

It is said that the young poet Alex Lavigne-Gagnon himself was walking in the mountain when this happened. The beams of light sprayed haphazardly in inspecting the works prompted him to created a work of art called 'Pantheon 2000', he says, "It was as though Dieppe was a laser show that night! Apocalyptic for a night like this, the night of the Perseids!"

The exhibition was performed on the eve of August 11th 1999, the night of the Perseids, the groups of meteors appearing then. The exhibition started at 3am. The Zigidooists even said that a flashlight can be used to make existential paintings: "The beam of light singles out existential matter in space and time, it focuses on a minimal part of Being."

Zigidoo is the transliteration in English of a word used by Arthur's father, a nonsense word which led Arthur to think of the use of absurdity in Dadaism, and then it clicked, he thought, "Dada sounds like Papa which is the idiomatic word for father in 'mon pays', my land. I will call the movement Zigidoo in honor of my father." Zigidoo is an inter-generational collaboration. They took 2000 years of art, chewed it up, digested it, over years, and spit it out in the form of the Zigidoo Schism, the splitting of ancient world and modernity, or the combining of their elements to make Present Art and Anti-Present Art that exists on a dimensional plane of its own.

The invisible movement was a tribute to the painters Ozias-Leduc and Paul-Emile Borduas who lived in Mont-Saint-Hilaire and who had no global appreciation. These artists lived and now continue to live in silence. Borduas created the 'Refus Globale' which no one acknowledges. It was an answer to the roots of this territory, Mont-Saint-Hilaire. The Dieppe peak was chosen for different reasons. One of them was convenience, because of the several peaks on Mont-Saint-Hilaire, Dieppe is the flattest and most convenient for an art exhibition. And it most easily accessible illegally, you can just climb up straight from Radisson street, and even pass a wonderful waterfall on your way up the relatively steep climb. Another reason has been said to be the first Allied combined-operations raid carried out on August 19th, 1942: a British and Canadian command raided Dieppe in a miniature invasion. Operation Jubilee, 'twas called. "During the evening of 18th August, the naval forces of Operation Jubilee got under way from several ports on the south coast of England. The different groups accomplished a trouble-free sea-crossing until, suddenly, several miles off the coast, the left wing flotilla, which was carrying the 3rd British Commando unit, unexpectedly ran into a small German convoy sailing from Boulogne to Dieppe. It was 3.45am." [reference] Also, Dieppe, in France, is a city and port, and the Zigidooists believed that on this night, they would be a city, their works and their beings would become a city, a modern city, a palace and a labyrinth, AND a port to the sea of black nebulousness which is the sky. And the meteors are sailboats floating across the tenebrous ocean.

'Mobile Focus', with a flashlight, represents the human eye, vision, sight, and how we can never truly see the 'whole picture', we just center on minute parts, see sections, areas. And then the actual art work, by controlling the actual light that makes it visible, is in a constant metamorphosis (in its visuality). Some of Connaught's miniatures have been so small that a certain magnifying glass or device was needed to envision them. This is another play on the reality of Sight: how we are stuck in this sense of sight with it's evident boundaries, distance, clarity, where light is a major player, and the eye itself

with all its limitations. Strobe lights were brought at 'Dieppe Anon', paintings were seen by illuminating them from behind with powerful spotlights. This was an existentialist exhibition with epic proportions. It was ritualistic, we said. They were replaying all or most of the myths of mankind. This can be seen in the testimonies which came out of 'Dieppe Anon'. 'Dieppe Anon' itself, is a monad, or two words made up of the two letters of the first syllable in the word DADA, meaning that it was the first part of Dada, of Dadaism. Let us say that Dadaism was firstly the conception of a work and then it's execution. The actual conception is more of an anti-conception, and this is part of Zigidoo. Zigidoo is deeper than this one August night, for it is still existing in the Post-Zigi Movement.

For this exhibition, however, much was worked out beforehand. Arthur Connaught spent 3 months in the jungles of South America with a tape recorder and made a soundtrack which he played at the exhibition on Mont-Saint-Hilaire. It was 1 hour long, looped over several times. It consisted of jungle sounds taken out of context, brought into a strictly North American environment. And much of it was electronic, again, taking modernity into an antediluvian site. The most prominent element was the soundtrack's humanity: sounds made by Connaught himself, warped by filters and samplers and various other means by which sounds can be distorted (effects).

These artists looked at Ozias-Leduc's work in the walls and ceilings of the Church of St-Hilaire, Edward says: "It's been falsified, they've retouched it several times. We'll retouch it conceptually, thematically, stylistically." Edward thusly committed himself to what he calls 'Architextures'. Having majored in architecture, Edward Hillside was fascinated by Greco and Neo-Gothic architecture motifs and the possibility of their place in art, "…like arabesques, arches, arcs, light and dark, the arc cuts the light, trims it like a surgeon's scalpel…" (Hillside, 'Architextures Aestheticized'). If you took a macroscopic view of architecture, Hillside's art works are microcosms of this macrocosmic viewpoint. He represents all the aspects of modern and ancient architecture in his own 'Archiaesthetic'.

The Perseids are named after the constellation Perseus, which is located near Cassiopeia. What is the relevance of Perseus in this exhibition, if any? This was the work of Helen Lorncliff: an essay called 'Quadrilateral Existence of Zigi Through 4 Revelations' [The first being during the Perseids]. Helen writes: "Perseus is the perfect model for a hero. It must be noted that he killed Medusa, who turns us to stone, stagnancy, retrograde evolution, with the help of Athena (wisdom, skills, warfare) and Hermes (messenger); the mountain is the anti-plateau, and a plateau represents flatness, dullness, non-evolution. Let it be noted that Perseus also made Atlas into a mountain. Do you see the significance? We are going to stand upon Atlas' back, in the midst of summer [Fire], rescue Andromeda from the rocky cliff and marry her. Our six sons and our daughter [perfect number] will be disclosed later.

"There's another important analogy to our present situation. Let us see the riddle proposed by the Sphinx in Thebes, 'What creature walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?' Oedipus solves it with, 'Man walked on his hands and feet when he was young, at noon in middle life he walked erect, and in the afternoon of life he walked with the aid of a walking stick.' [Oedipus who put out his eyes and vanished into the earth]. We will take this a step further and insert this riddle/answer into the great fugue which is life, which is 4 seasons/reasons of Being and Artistic Creation: spring, summer, fall, and winter. There is an analogy in the water cycle as well: condensation, precipitation, run-off, and evaporation. The riddle touches the 3 initial parts of artistic creation: interrogation, incubation, inspiration (the invisible fourth dimension is: INTERPRETATION/IRRATIONALITY). First you ask a question, there's a hiatus or latency stage as the answer forms, and then the inspiration is manifest. The riddle was a simplification, there are actually 4 stages: Dawn, Afternoon, Evening, and Dusk (which forms the first 4 letters of DAEDELUS, who represents the creator-architect-artist-aviator, creator of the Labyrinth in Crete in its immaculate contortion).

"So we have the 4 seasons and their symbols: flower, water, leaves, snowflakes. Spring represents life, our youth, the moment when we are 'questioning', interrogating, seeking, discovering, growing, 'absorbing' what will later be data for our creations (analogous to the 4 language arts: listening, reading, writing, and speaking, language being a major part of any movement). We have summer, Incubation, reading, first we heard sounds, were unable to speak, really, or unable to express ourselves perfectly, so we do our reading, the actual learning of our art, first we learned to exist, now we learn to create. Fall, this represents WRITING, this represents INSPIRATION, this represents the later part of our life, middle age or so, some start earlier, there is no purely typical reality to this formula in Time, all

beings take different shapes. The leaf that falls jingling down to sad earth represents Death, Falling, and Art itself is an escape from Death, it is fear of death and it is an immortalisation of our human selves (made epic, made mythological by our HEROIC accomplishments).

"The artist is the perfect hero. The latest stage in life, Interpretation, or Irrationality, or Speaking, or Evaporation, the actual process of exiting the stage(s), where early youth was the condensation in a cloud of water the gift of life, elixir, nectar, collected together, all of life is unbeknownst to us, we are wide open and listening, agape, or maybe the water cycle is more of a trans-genitive realisation of the metaphor, it doesn't necessarily fall into each quadrant per se, but it present in each of them inclusively… precipitation is creation, condensation is questioning, gathering of materials, evaporation is death, run-off is entering the life of the artist who wandering the earth selling his bananas, 'running-off' to great unseen lands with admonition… there are also the 4 cardinal points, North, East, South, West; Connaught, Hillside, Lorncliff, Borden… and the 4 parts of our perfect cycle of exposing our truths (Perseids, Giacobinids, Leonids, Geminids)… Zigidoo is not absurd, it is omnisensical, it is inevitable at the turn of the millennium, and why must it be invisible? This is hermeticism, this is Kabbalah, when 4 Thinkers, Knowers, come together in darkness, obscurity, and conspire together, create together, philosophize on TRUTHS for countless hours and years, this is the basis of the Rosecrucian society, if there actually was one.

"We could be idealistic for a moment and look at the 4 elements of antiquity. There was Water, Earth, Fire, and Air, and perhaps a Fifth, some transcendence, a product of the combination of all 4. These figures exist in all writings, and I agree that it is metaphor is nice and flowery, poetical, and in this direction there is no end, we could even bring in the name of YHWH, or JHWH, the tetragrammaton. There's concrete language, figurative, allegorical to real life, there's abstract language, technical, prosaic, philosophical. As a whole, Zigidoo is balanced in these instances. In fact, these are not polarities, these are equalities…

"Daedelus built the modern city, which is a labyrinth. Life is composed of numerous Cubes transmuting, commuted in a mission/vision thread, each image/event/spatial location (paused, sliver of omnifluxmotion), a cracked figment in fact pigment, each one is a crystal palace, altogether they form the morbid, inescapable labyrinth of existence. The Minotaur is inevitable Death, Delusion, Monstrosity/Atrocity—

"A Cube is the composite perceptual map, the extent of the perceived. A bookshelf, a tape cassette, a vehicle: the bus is a moving/cycling pantheon through the stages of the ages—the difference betwixt the modern city and the rural town of yore is partially uselessness: what percentage of a city is useless plastic, metal, rubber, paper (material)? Thusly we count ourselves 'progressive recyclers' in our technique of creation. Nothing is wasted.

"The modern city is doomed, it is falling towards the infernal city. What is the way out? Dante, the base for all literature, says it himself in Canto 33 of Paradisio: 'How powerless is speech—how weak, compared to my conception, which itself is trifling beside the mighty vision that I saw!' and 'Like a geometer, who will attempt with all his power of mind to square the circle, yet cannot find the principle he needs: just so was I, at that phenomenon.' Do you now see? Maybe its quixotic, maybe our vision will warp reality. It has been said that Time neither moves forward or backward, that the Present is an illusion that Time moves forward and reluctantly I say that the Anti-Present is the illusion that it moves backwards. There is a condition inherent to these times, a metamorphosis is taking place in 12 steps over the year of our modernity, 'What seest thou else in the dark backward and abysm of time?' Shakespeare was a brother to our cause. The I's of our contingency: Influence, Innovation, Iconology, Inseparability, Instance, Ideology, and we've already mentioned the others which are the quadrants of the movement of the Self through the theoretical media of Time and Space [Vico wrote about ages, but Art doesn't exist in Time). Those are our 6 sons, and our single daughter: INCOGNITO!!!"

II

That extended quote from Lorncliff's essay gave us a good foundation for Zigidoo on which we can build the structure of Zigi, the House of Zigi, as Hillside puts it, in which all four artists played a great part. Who have we left out thus far? Eleanor Borden. As we saw, Arthur Connaught is the mapping miniaturist, Edward Hillside the Architexturalizer, Helen Lorncliff the metaphilosoph… let us not fall into the trap of giving boundaries to these very beings. These are only facets to each of these

Masters' gleaming diamond realities. Hillside, for instance, is a proponent of the Greco-Gothic ideal ('positive beauty is based on tectonics just as much as on material substance and geometrical order'), amongst other tenets. He holds that architecture is all-important and that it reflects the human body, our own cytoarchitecture, 'the neural beds where all these thoughts arise'. He shows us this in his painting "Concealed buttresses and orthogonal order" (1996). "Any Thinker is an Architect," says Edward. He goes on to relate language and art, language and architecture, art and the freedom/confinement of human existence.

Eleanor Borden says, "We weren't primarily Thinkers, though we can't deny the power of Thought as a moving force behind humanity. We helped forge the path for more Modern thoughts, for what we called most-modernism: the philosophy and science of Now, not the Universal, the Present Actuality." Miss Borden lives a cinematic existence. From her diaries, published as 'Dolores Dramaticus', she writes, "Each poetic foot is a tone within my very own 'musical scale', or 'palette'; each word, phrase, sound, is a frame in the running film of my Existence. I sit in the projectionist's booth, feed the Reel and watch the film."

Eleanor made what she called 'Primordial Watercolors', using 'microscopes and water, cameras and films using different techniques like a lens with different fluids inside. We found we could simulate the basic feeling of the human body, the blood flowing through our veins, the heartbeat, the sound of the central nervous system running.'

To represent the large bright meteors, a rite entitled 'Fireballs' was enacted during the 'Entr'acte' at Dieppe Anon…

Historical information on Zigidoo, Living Exhibitions:
Dieppe Anon: Perseids Aug 12, 1999—phase of moon: new.
Giacobinids: Oct 8, 1999—phase of moon: new.
Leonids: Nov 17, 1999—phase of moon: quarter.
Geminids: Dec 14, 1999—phase of moon: crescent.

IV

IV

This is the fourth act, simply put. Page 32, to be more precise. This is the Conclusion of the Analysis of Style which was Proposed in the First Three Acts. This is the Evaporation of the Film Noir. Introduction over, let's continue with the commentary, then the poetry, glossary, imaginary contrivances.

This show isn't over. The Projector/Projectionist will be in several works, novella sized works, followed by Vapors/Abysms, which is compiled in the same way, short novels, 30 to 50 pages, and each volume should have one of each, one Projector/Projectionist and one Vapors/Abysms, roughly 100 pages each. This may be subject to change and I won't edit this paragraph just to see what eventually happens.

At this point, if you have been reading these novellas since from the beginning of the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, it's been quite consistent for you, and I hope it has been pleasant. What does one do that is new when one's goal is to refract all light upon itself, forms caving into themselves, making more compact, concise forms that are self-reflecting? One goes to the root. The root of Being and the root of Style.

We have a strong statement coming from This poet, namely me, the writer of these words. The statement is about Being, about Life, Existence, about Art. It says: we are the picture show, deal the cards, let's see who wins. Something like that. More dramatic. "We are the infinitely varied forms, let us board your houses and tack ourselves to the walls." Closer.

What you have is the evolution of one particular human being. It's quite a gift to humanity, I think, and in many ways. Socio-linguistically, it's a testament of something definitive. The writer of these texts, from the first to the most recent, has been very accurate and true to himself linguistically, poetically, artistically, stylistically, etc. Even historically, the texts show some of the tension that the poet/artist/creator/architect has lived through. Lots of fear, because he's in the Age of Fear through the agency of the Media. Big Brother is Real in 2000. Orwell would have committed suicide.

All vignettes seem to lead to the same door: Cinema. The art of this man, here, has cubist and surrealist influences. Existentialist, ah… action painting, film story-boards, architectural analyses… sketches, unfinished diagrams… arabesques, frames… it has an integrity, that's for sure. It's authentic, also. Can it be called a style, though? Is this not just an artist on the eve of his mannerism, just before it erupts into a full style, still fighting off the 'in the manner of' and erecting his own school of thought and action? A bit of both, I'm afraid. Which makes it even greater as a testament! This is the evolution of an artist, as it happens, each frame of each metamorphosis jotted down and kept for recollection. Erudition, ahoy!

Very literary, his corpus. Lots of rhetoric, lots of poetic touches. This artist is at the vanguard of something, there must be others along with him somewhere, on the same boat. Stinks of some sort of 'Modern' Renaissance. I bet there are others somewhere just like him. A 'New School' of Abstract Anatomy. The Self-Lobotomists. Hermetic geneticism. And DNA!

Crete, Alexandria… Venice, Montreal… Faust, The Divine Comedy, The Canterbury Tales… Ulysses… ah, what do we have here? Sartre, Camus… Eco… who are the finalists? Who, in this age, is left standing and creating? Jean-Paul Riopelle, fellow Quebecois artist, raconteur, myth-lover, singer of the ether's song… The Jungle Book, Leonardo Da Vinci… the English language and Gothic architecture…

Did I ever tell you about Tome Level Five? It's when I remember it all then forget it all over again. The only thing I remember is that I forgot something. At this instant, it was called Tome Level Five. Who can make better fun of someone than someone's own self? A lot of the time, I don't realize it, but my writing style is pretty consistent, as I have said. Poetry from 6 or 7 years ago next to prose-poetry of to-day ends up sounding the same when you read it. It's my lingo, my vernacular mixed with a soupcon of French and Latinated whatevers. The Greek's tomb-sooth. I wrote the Legend of the Priestess of Lassithi.

Victor, princess. Joan of Arc would be my first pick if I could only ever choose one protagonist in a story. She's sacred, in my book. I've recently discovered the potential of schizophrenia for different things. I thought of alternate treatments along with pharmacotherapy. New methods of psychotherapy. Communication has to take on new standards because the schizoid patient can have a really off-the-wall point of reference. I can sometimes sit down and tell you in exactly what order the next 30 images will be. Sometimes it just comes out of nowhere and connects in thin air. Others it remains broken.

Do 4 Ecclesiastical Protagonists ring a bell? The House of Zigi? All are visionary flowers.

A FEW POEMS:

june 3rd, 1997 (transcribed february 17th, 1998).

down out the way i
same the way i
try the same of i may
seem to be that
try a little more;
down out back here
i am now becoming that
over here in time i
strive to be that what
i may i know i am
that which i am now
i wish i was again
that i am now which
down out through
it all amazes me that
someone else in here
becomes my older self
to be here now in time

becoming that one to
seem a little dry about
the same old little try a
little be more now;
back to this i slay a
back to miss my all
but be all over again
the maze of which i crawl
passed the else of my
true companion here all
alone again i’m down
out some time i knew
back here through,
one more try a little
time of else i slay today.
a peer i see of all of me,
is all of me because i see
a down out somewhere else
a part of my establishment
through you me i too
can see the wall of flame
aside me too i see you
back here down out
the same old trick here
back down & out to be;
back to where i see
the same old same old
i am now again that
down same way i came today
alive a little more absurd
of else i more of might i wish
here is all over that same thing
to which i spy or try
a little more of my
companion slain, but be it of
the slow come month of rain.
persist, i assist a
month of what i came
to be as such and
somewhere else as that
which i know now i
strive to be that here
my body aches a
down out same old--
that which i am again--
to be down old same & out
to spy on selves i
scream again in hope
to find it yet the
cold same month i know;
but down i still can
feel the truth of bliss
a little more a little less
as of it i can be a part
of that which comes here
down & out of that back to

miss a side to which the
older maze of time permits
as i see fit a temper--
slight i can be down--
through that of it
now i try, and cry,
to hold as i see fit,
the climbing orange
my mind submits,
here now in time
i miss it all
as i cry though
somewhere else
my body aches
i am slain
and the rain
is my name
as i am still
myself in time
alone again
a peer of all i see.
but back to miss it all,
it seems a little over
but it begins as new a thing
i wish i'd seen it all that which
i knew i could become in time
as i am out back through the
wall of this old trick i
found in my disease.

february 7th, 1997 (transcribed february 17th, 1998).

the forthcoming:

i am abed--amongst
the gentle shapes
that come from my heart--
the swirls of grey which
call me heart their home;
opposite the clotted veins
from years of diligence.
and what hath it brought me?
to a vile and dour death?
my slain convictions
the bringers of my demise;
my thoughts, surely
my moribund device.
and by what means
can i stay alive?
all that i do is
but to toil and strive;
my stubborn will so set
on fighting empty wars:
my cause against the worst
of political whores.
my vengeance can never be fulfilled

whilst my leaders rest with their unbuild--
the fate of our sweet nation,
the end of our emancipation--
their advocation of annihilation.
i am but seer to this madness
and my cancer grows stronger
with every breath from
this poisoned atmosphere--
this acerbic air which
burns in my dying lungs--
the vast empire of the damned;
the taste of evil on my tongue.

-Vladd Cyrius

february 6th, '97 (transcribed february 17th, '98)

lonely dances:

when mine own lucubration permits,
in twilight i do leave and walk
to places unattended--
with night fully descended--
as to find a certain peace of mind.
wrenching my brain for
all that it is worth,
desperately seeking that
one forbidden thought
which i can meticulously
form into splendid works of art;
those ideas which stretch the mind
are those which i am most indulgent in.
and when i find that treasure,
the galliard begins with a bold step,
for i may have just opened myself
to one of the finest truths of all time.
this i speak for art is built of truths,
as art is the truth of all truths..
mine art is oecumenic;
universally chaste and pure.
mine every word is a diamond
framing one tremendous necklace
of the brightest glitter;
each of mine utterances
a bird in flight
forming one brilliant flock
blazing thru the daylit sky.
and none other than
my seeking mind can i thank,
for it forever founds all that i do.
a million thanks to thee, my mind,
for without thee no dance could i
but begin to take a pleasurable part in.

-Forrest Paltrow.

february the 5th, 1997 (transcribed february the 17th, 1998)

flow:

be a river down
the length of me;
be icy cold--the
touch of gelid hands--
to freeze me still,
unfold my life from me.
your wintry chill
to make my body ache--
a shivering quake--
a deafening, mad ferocity.
with my shredded sight
now completely gone,
i step into the
gloom of death;
cast down by
a ripping breeze,
i lay stripped
and mortified.
an arctic wind
disrupts the thoughts
my purpose yields:
i fall prey to the
polar beast that lacerates
my hyperthermic shield.
my love, my warmth,
crawl across my soul
as a meandering stream
traversing mystic ground.
move through me like
small animals shuffling
through tall prairie grass;
strangers guided by
the light of day,
akin to stars which
seem to find their way
across a sky of
honorific tears,
beyond the sea
of saporific years.
disrobe my truth to find
a burning love that flares;
be drawn to me, to move
with me through time, to glare.

-Earnest Witherspoon.

february 7th, '97 (transcribed february 17th, '98).

emblematic:
whispers i hear--
common place to stay--
thru drifting sea-years
and endless rising stars;

i fly and seem to be
all forth a man to
seek and hear the call
of such that may never die:
a colorful palette
made to paint my words.
as i rise along-with--
desperate to a never-ending
iconoclastic reign--
i see the levee break;
and with such pabular
words i hear i
seem to stay awake.
raving lunacy of
a brightly lit nightsky--
lessons i learn of my
chance to wish a thought;
a nomad's heart at last
reveals a blast of shout.
and i never knew that sound--
that sweet serenity--
of many night's ago,
or seemless rising's sea;
an ocean of contemporary
thoughts dwelling in my mind.
a flowing down of monument
or lilliputian size;
perhaps mammoth and colossal
in such a way immense,
titan and behemoth,
legendary size--
yet but a whisper to some.
my time's a short ago
believing that i care
for the long and lengthy wait
for the severe, a clinging
to the robust, or still
nothing to be a true part of;
i stay the same yet move
in ways my eyes cannot see:
that song which never seems
to leave my heart of gold.
and to this day i still recall
the faint image of those dying
thoughts--those which i have left--
memories of my most celebrated days.
what could be more reminding
than the whispers i do hear?

february 7th, '91 (transcribed february 17th, '98).

gregarious lot:

ingenius ideas all
clustered in harmony
in the back of my mind
permitted to come out
only one at a time;
liquids flowing
with my thoughts

thru my own neural bed:
the whole splashes
from my pressure head
as it explodes, unable
to deal with the pain.
my tortured mind explains,
the torment of my life;
when in all true fact
i am a giant stuck
in these improper clothes.

-Groady Phishez

January 29th, 1997 (transcribed February 17th, 1998).

<u>heretofore unknown:</u>

what wonderment the
heavens do bring
with their vasty
encompassment;
how lucky
to watch such things,
the moving of the stars,
the rising of the sun,
our bright moon
and her pale skin.
as we but begin
our vehement journey
in construing what
lies above and beyond,
we are overcome by
it's paramount size
and tantamount complexity.
such chromatic landscapes,
vibrant hues and brilliancy;
the skies are what
so many poets have
sung about,
what so many thinkers
have thought about.
ancient sages,
contemplate still,
        why?

-Jovial Partridge

Analysis of Alex's Style:

****

a non-alphabetical glossary of terms and terminology from the Alex Lexicon Iconology.

****

I

plurality and singularity:

you're a minority in a crowd, a singularity, an identity in a crowd that has no face; plurality is the bulk, the crowd, the faceless being, the constantly metamorphosing inner dimensional entity; feeling alone within a crowd of 5000 people. *see sad earth. singularity is what makes us who we are. small letters in the book of time.

surrealism:

a penny for your thoughts that are a monger for licenses that streak the petty morning salute in preparation for a meal of kiss; future proud when elsewhere is a constant in the equation of diminutive air strikes in fondly puritanical fester-follows.

It's ee cummingsish.

host of consanguineous entities, the Scarlet Brigade, the Crimson ORDER:

*see the Dream Assembly. the warriors of the battle of the senses. the different clans, ranks, departments of the Dream Reality. each is a metaphor and a reality. anything red means blood. we are all brothers and sisters in this world together.

daughter ocean brand:

*see sister solemn grace. daughter ocean brand is a sprite that lives by the sea in a tropical setting.

sister solemn grace:

my sister or daughter or woman-figure that is in my works and that i love dearly, that i extend the bulk of my work and passion to, the apple of my eye, my effeminate gesticulations, my sister bled with solemn grace…

sister calamity moss:

*see sister solemn grace.

the Dream Assembly:

they write the dreams and lives of everybody. it's a council where the spirits of the past have meetings and decide the universal path of mankind.

sad earth:

sad, cold earth. we've broken her spirits with war and pollution. a nuclear bomb doesn't feel good on the crust. soil that is moist and feels good on the foot. this is a metaphor for sadness. isolation. structured escape from reality in a hermit's house, a small hut.

war of the senses:

the spies are on my ass; a cancer kazoo; metaphysics, never knowing whether what we perceive is the same as what our neighbor sees; what we associate to what we see is our reality. what we choose to see and even deeper than that everything we perceive is created by our senses, each sense adds to the total sensory perception of the individual, but then there is social conscience and the faceless masses together deciding things which is one of the facets of reality, of thinking, of a thinking brain…on a deeper note it is also our mission as agents of a higher power in the realms of the invisible, the dream assembly writes our fate and we act is out as players on the stage of the heart.

death is salvation:

when you achieve non-existence you live side by side with death.

purple scents and desire:

one of my many names for flowers. i love flowers, they are a symbol of purity and youth and kindness and praying and life and death. flowers are ephemeral.

so true a raining river tell:

you are in the earth and the river above you rains down in droplets of infinite moisture. this tells the truth of planet earth unfolding the deepest mysteries of creation.

portentous the shouting wind:

winds wailing strong passed the masses of the course of daily life…earth wind and storm flowing rush and pull-striking pole-vault check of life, brush with death, roaring maelstrom of war.

locomotives:

rat a tat a clank a cram a starch it rip the fabric rolling metal clink and clunk, crumble clan and riprap sang about a lot, a lot, a lot, a rambling rainy song about. great machine of civilisation, monster truck and pull flanking and flourishing passed us on wheels of steel, the train is salvation coming to take us home, death, life, birth and rebirth. it's very ecclesiastical to me.

cigarettes and their smoke:

descending swirls of ash and carefully formed circles of despair. smoke is death. apparitions, ghosts of the past. twirling cylindrical formations of grey shining in the midday sun.

mounts of morning melody:

nature singing in the early hours of the day. the sun peeking over Mont-Saint-Hilaire with the birds singing, nature's song, all things existing equally, all things are equal, and this great machine and dance is delivered to the eye and the ear and the nose…existence at a stand-still. pure existence without holding yourself back for anything.

II

meal of kiss:

surrealism…the language that i use, reading it is a meal of kiss, of the mouth moving uttering the sounds written on the plenty paper; of the inner rhythms of the soul; my meal of kisses with my readers.

machine and neon paradise of night:

the city streets at night; neon gut creation; glorious light-show of night, enterprises, corporations, buses and shadowy luminescence, dark and light, the perfect balance of night, the machine created by all the city lights which form the gut and tubes and lights of a great machine that is called NIGHT.

rover lens:

windshield of a jeep in the Mojave Desert; shelter from nature's wrath, sandstorms, calypso shades and Nathan's fate on earth as a killer.

linear device:

something that needs time like death for what it kills to grow in. something dependent on time to feed a process.

the fifth dimension, well of infinite possibilities:

all events occurring in infinite precision and all possibilities of every occasion circling with time along in a well of infinite possibility, all events happening simultaneously, pure potentiality, possible outcomes existing on another plain inclusively fate writing itself over time, but the fifth dimension if above time, beyond, it is all time existing at once.

plenty paper:

empty sheets of paper that have poetry already imbedded in the grain and it is the privilege of the poet to extract the already-existing plans and schemes. all-encompassing rhythms of the world.

coast of desires:

place in the metaphorical setting which is the heart of the human soul which wants and tries to abandon the self and struggles through life with this internal battle.

waves endearing:

the billow's brew, taste and swell of the sea, diligent spray, spectre of old ghost ships, pirate ships, sails furiously struggling, ill fitting fate and hardihood, sailors on the proud ancient waters, the seven seas, the glowing total circle horizon blue and watery laying, the greatest living body of all time on our planet simultaneously living with our massive creations circling round in a well of infinite complexity, our sugary crowns, our enlightenment…

stand-still in time:

consciousness; when time stands still and the senses perceive all reality slowly without the pressure of time the great non-existing phenomenon. also known as a sit-still in time.

the book of time:

all of our lives written on heaven's unchangeable heart. we live lives which are letters and words and sentences in the book of life, the holy book of birth and rebirth. heaven. hearts of the masses lingering on sad earth crying. death.

i am a giant:

this is partly true because i am quite large, six foot three at least, and i also feel like a giant with my kind loving heart and my thoughts which are huge and godlike…i feel like a giant in these many

ways. i also feel that we are each a universe, since the whole world is but an interchangeable soup of atoms with no real boundaries to distinguish between objects, and that we are gigantic in real live-time. the distance between the extension of my arms to my face is actually millions of miles wide, not the meter we might think it to be. in all actuality a meter is a million miles long. realise this. we are all giants.

clouds:

* see cigarettes and their smoke. clouds form intricate pictures and mist sculptures. they are an ancient tongue that is understandable by the wise. they are the complex messages of heaven written across the sky in Burroughsian grey letters of hazy smog. puff vapour.

III

day means night means day:

this is just a metaphor for the fact that nothing means anything, words are just units of speech which is a process by which we externalise our inner thoughts and dialogues and it seems like we talk to other people but we're always actually talking to ourselves out loud.

IV

made-up words for feeling and texture:

forwardmoving is a good one. it gives a soft brown touch and feel, like the beginning of Howl and Naked Lunch respectively. **I can feel the heat coming in…I saw the best minds of my generation…**it gives a surreal eye exam to the tree on bell providence…i think that the beginning parts of Naked Lunch, Howl, and the end of Doctor Sax are my favorite literary examples of greatness, of genius incarnated. they encapsulate everything that i am about. my grey spirit yearning in desire.

it's all a movie with frames moving which are words:

each word is a frame in a movie clip about my life and my internal desires and wishes and wants and lascivious gamble-games of my mind being too filled with junk and crap and crud and diamonds that i sutra out my sift-plug and lift a hand to pray in messages of outgrown tongues forlorn. the words make a movie that plays forever inside my head, in the theatre of my heart, on the stage in my brain—and i simply write down what goes on in a forward movement with words that best describe the images.

Nathan Foxhire:

a licensed psychotic killer; creator of Psychopath 4, the perfectly schizophrenic computer that spits out dark, chaotic, and forbidden knowledge, that is at the technological peak of insanity. He is Daedalus, the creator/scientist/inventor/artist/genius.

ranting long sentences:

i try to grasp language and complexity, or convolution, aids the process of describing things like consciousness or reality or other metaphysical metaphorical causes and events.

the eerie letter:

when eerie things happen like when you are about to call someone and you pick up the phone to dial their number and they are on the phone and the phone didn't even ring.

insanity:

this is my towering soar, my freedom from obstructions, from boundaries, from doubt, constantly in the pit of depravity, my icefall of precipitous declivity, my swirling eyes within the framework of my skull, us born with sodden minds, etc. it's my touch to it all, my signature, everything i write is the blaspheming riddle and rant of a lunatic which is me. and take it into consideration that i am writing this to myself making me even more weird and chaotic and wild and demented.

broken stepladder:

when we are at a sit-still in evolution, on a straight plain, the ground you walk on is unsafe. how many scapegoats lease office space? a broken stepladder impedes further movement on the plain. on the hills, on anything that you're presently constructing or doing. people tend to blame the messenger. heroic heart, temple that is the body.

jazz:

jazz is jive is the way i talk is my song to my readers is my patterns of thought is my ideas and rants and raves and the music i listen to when i write. jazz is life in a microcosm.

V

perfect textures:

Indian summer: cold dog. morning mount of melody. MOURNING. Riverstone. my sonnets. the epic metrical poems that follow a certain fixed meter or rhythm. a constant unchanging rhythm throughout the entire poem. it's a gothic mist…that liberates the common ancestry in all of us, the words deep down in our beings…the inner dimension, the self-expressive internal universes of chimera-planets and groggy plains and perfect rivulets trailing down the coast of desires. smoke circling in waves endearing. As is of and all will be. i use form as a basket to lay my true thoughts in.

nonsense rhymes:

*see ranting long sentences. that's when i use words just for effect and emotion and ambience. sentences like **"who do you that when the do is you?"**. it's a rant and rave. it's me going on about nothing for great lengths just to prove that words are meaningless.

palindromes:

this is where i feel the greatest, when i am at my maximum, my peak of insanity, where words mean something and are stuck within a solid frame and count down the hours till destruction, till the apocalypse…sun is at sole pole, within the continuity and framework of the palindrome many new things can be expressed that wouldn't otherwise come up if it wasn't a palindrome.

prosy insignificance, also gory insignificance: the crux.

green of rusty bridges, green park bench: the crux; Time, ancience.

gothic cathedrals, grim architecture in the visible: my style, my DNA-strands.

the Vitreous Integument:

the Now, the present moment which is the Lotus leaf or lily pad that has origin in the pond's deepnesses and floats on the surface in revelation. the vitreous integument is the lake's surface, its epidermis, crystal clear, warping, filtering the images of the swallowed city underneath. Lotus leaf, the Eye.

Edward Hillside:

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE HAS A GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE TO IT. THE LETTERS, THE PUNCTUATION, WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE ON PAPER, IN NEWSPAPER PRINT.

A DECOMPOSITION OF CATHEDRALS, CUBIST CATHEDRALS DECONSTRUCTED.

Hillside made collages like some of Picasso's Cubist guitar paintings. Cutting bicycles into pieces and putting them back together into Gothic architecture.

arches, matrices, orthogonal type forms, monumentality, type, forms, representational expression, status of the work, buildings, rationalized and articulated neoclassical architecture, intercolumniated space theory of the Greco-Gothic intellects and the structural, rational, Gothic-inspired architecture, skeleton of fretted, openwork iron ribs, assembly, brackets corbeling out from the masonry perimeter, masonry, iron armature, installation, iron framework, bridges, structural module, circular cast-iron anchor plates, exterior, interior, facade, design, profunctionalist principles of the Gothic Revival: 1. There should be no features about a building not necessary for convenience, construction or propriety. 2. All ornament should consist of the enrichment of the essential construction of the building.

pointed arch and flying buttress, respective wrought-iron armatures of the stacks, grillwork and catwalks, cupolas, terra-cotta panels pierced by oculi, their assembly rest on a grid of riveted latticework iron arches, it recalls a tented membrane suspended in high summer over an antique courtyard, Labrouste's reading room seemed to oscillate between a transcendental triumph over gravity through its freestanding columns and the evocation of an al fresco space that has been temporarily covered, strove for a consistent tectonic expression, ornamentation,

Viollet-le-Duc's goal was to establish architecture as the art of construction, predicated on logic, climate, economy and the pragmatic precepts of intelligent craft production.

Conical and pyramidal shapes, four-square, rectangular, pedimented, Pugin's approach was semantic and closed, Viollet-le-Duc's was syntactic, open, and additive, the concealed cramping of trabeated, fair-faced stonework, lightweight hollow or reticulated metal construction as an agent for transforming every conceivable tectonic element from window shutters to metal roofs, system of iron network vaulting in which a series of elaborate equilibrated structure, combining load bearing masonry encasement, Roussillon vault construction, cast-iron tubes, rolled-iron ribs, wrought-iron tie rods and eventually lightweight soffits made out of pleated metal or plaster of Paris and hung from vaulted metal skeletons, paleotechnology, this architecture must express a fundamental interaction with nature, statical logic and rationality,

Employed wire-reinforced, perforated brickwork as the permanent formwork of a cement armature, together with thin, lightweight cement shells (cement is grey, there is black in shadows, grey black, yellowed stucco).

SEE BUILDINGS LIKE BIG METAL MONSTERS, GROTESQUE, LIVING, ARCHITECTURE IS LIVING AND MOVES LIKE HUMAN BODIES AS THE LIGHT MOVES ACROSS ITS SURFACE, GLINTING.

tension, compression, metal reinforcements, skilled craftwork, There was a tendency for a culture to decay through excessive formal variation until it became a parody of the original. The pragmatics of masonry construction. Aboriginal image of a trabeated construction in wood. cross-cultural interaction, Combine oriental, diagonally ordered system of vaults rising to thin brick walls and piers enclosing narrow channels of interior space. from a structural viewpoint.. Square structure carried on 16 cylindrical supports, resembling the Gothic cluster columns, support a horizontal space frame of extraordinary complexity. A flat shallow dome, light-weight roof truss.

erection: Isostatic reinforced concrete structure.

NOTES:

"Confessions of Creation: an inside look at the minds behind zigidoo aesthetics"

"Technique in falsification of art movements" by Alex Lavigne-Gagnon [how to invent new types of art, new techniques, concepts, events, exhibitions, people, artists, philosophies]

Projector/Projectionist part II:
12/05/00 11:28:38 PM

I
tragico-cinema in silence
II
Textbook art:
III
Projector/Projectionist:
[in 853 words]
IV
Tragedy
V
Silence

1
tragico-cinema in silence

I

Doric in sepia. Fractal geometry. Alexander Gearwork. *Puzzlet ematiculum provincia. Redur, redur, la fonza grimma punctilio*. I said that this was the last of the Mohicans. Did you read about Tathagata or anything silent? The most silent warrior grabs you on all sides with a wash of dead leaves.

This is the only medium that allows me to enter a trance and improvise until I fall asleep. With musical instruments, I will become physically tired before I fall asleep. Way before. With painting, the smell will bother me, or I become too anxious through my ardent following of the cinematic projection. With writing, however, I am sitting on a chair smoking a cigarette, or when I quit, I'm drinking a glass of juice, water, any beverage, writing on paper pencil paper typewriter computer anywheres. At least I'm more than nothing. If I was nothing, I'd be immortal. So I know there's an end to the madness. That's a good thought. If all thoughts were as good and simple, might I add, I'd be giving speeches on Mount Olympia.

Again, the door. We are in Montreal. Why not just give it a location on the globe; it makes it easier for everyone. I know nothing of Germany, or nearly nothing. I know something about Hegel, Goethe, Rilke, and a few others. Marx, that stretches my brain irreversibly. I like that a lot.

enough of banality! Time for tragic cubist cinema! Why not? Because I told you so! Give me Misery, Pardon, Calamity, Pigment! Time for the psychedelic broadcast! That's creation. Work in progress, my ass. Mio martyr, damn the fool who bitterest rendered death squalid! Ah, pale shade, give me remembrance. Shallow me swallow sparticus, the deft immersion into dripwork pungent 'broidries dipped in rafter's qualm, a burden to an abolitionist. Gold-leaf Ochre and Brown ARCIMBOLDO! BAROQUE!

Ah, that's sad. Why did you go and do that? You put it up for sale and no one bought it. You used rhetoric, propaganda, even, to sell ideas no penny ever calmed your wallet whatfor damned distress? It's because the Vortex solidifies my calamitous intervention of potential storyline. Dividing.

Called That for What? What's sake, the riddle gives a solid base for air-wars, the puddle, damned of me you do then quilter farms and admiral potens, rift potens the aftermeal of kiss; disqualifus, falia, dum drudam, dadam, my laughter quills a fonder drum than more. Laughter, then assault. Plusty.

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Drawbreath, the solid of Hero. Did you get that one? I'm awfully kidding, please remit that saucer of pugnacious filth-abiding-doubt-of-writer's-sapience; please, I ask, as though please were question, why then, that I say, "PLEASE," the word begins with P, a pea, the letter not the seedling; me this P, a letter I adore, will tell you songs, refrains, beginning from my heart: Hegelian Mystic Cramp, a circus for Goethe's blanket of circular warmth, at the end of Faust, a circle of Broken just the way Hoboken reeds it. Stomach as to what you system want, the curtain pillows moist aft ample, dozen linger into momentary lapse—taste of ergot drown-giver, doom-brill cuspit prowler of a minion branch: dozen doing, then the Divine.

Septic insidious. Mortar to alms who gather dusty issues forward together afterward. Minutes to wait-nation, glauze nostril, met off coastic suff, the rimmer who denudes oblivious faces, ah, my LOVE, JOVIAN FESTIVE EMISSAL; the daughter Proud, lunging hunger hindrance to meet a Craft Fissurin!

It would be novellous to the cumbrent fragmatiter who numbrates quittity: the Lungsome. Meet me in Creator's tricks, the tototo tantrum reversal bod in bodhi sapient Sartre. Opium. Forget-me-not, I am the emissary of Peace, License, Quilts, and The Camera. Squint: a panoply. Remember? The month.

Of. The Of! damn it! I'm not Ted September, and I can tell align a lie I know I something knew the dreary spunk of I am. Repuzzled, retranscribed; written in grawdren dawdry, telt to thick it mitty. I would I knew it ersewhile, erewhile, umpthingorother: the duty robot, maxim in itself to vacate lingering, an important history twank, a prank, listen to the rudder duddle stampede elsewhere whilst I yawneth…

New word: hungry. Entabulate. You are not a country on your own. The Fifth: tada da dam. Doom. Apocalyptic politicians, rulers of the quadrant's squadron. Said Ted Pepper with Lies. Ivy in remember to you to for. Then the distant ambi-sextus, a robe of dawdrons, rumpbuckle, tacknet, abdr—

New dialectic. Program. Network. Projector/Projectionist. Pearl I Idiom. Roman Trojan. Gimlet remedy for silent ancity rancid, puck of elsecraven, roomy Tuesday, robes are for two; illimitable silence of apostle-stewardess, messenger of twice-the-rowboat-hunger, my lies to rampant vehicle of Truthy, my Maiden Notion of parallelograms, the diagrammatic repugnant nancy attitude: perfect wisdom, wan.

Mosaic Faces Made of Roses. Arcimboldo. That's the way it goes, runner. Marathon it or do it elsehaven, not here-ye-go, then runner to the left, we need progress, return to go when whan the rowboat tides to shift—cut Open—derange resist the tidenik and his Hymen—my litter of broken Trojan horses—we used this once upon a time when nothing caught random enough to sit it in a pool of Togetherness.

We lost broken then ate piecemeal thrush of Perfect, obviously a side-dish of Perhapsed Remember, just for Beauty Stagnant and Immortality to Boot. Woman's long, knee-high boot of leather shorn and smelted of sooted amber, the boot highkneehigh perfect leather skin of woman beamed in retroreverse antagonistic femenes, the hideaway, market of subservient hollow-wisp, blue ozone carpet, my litter of opposites culminating in agèd thorn-needle; a MONOLITHIC FRAGRANCE! She was LUNA MADRO!

Bush-face and roses. Baroque. Arising in diffident misery Mr. Mystery *ad profitur*. Dog. We limit the dungheap then calam à treece, la confetti in dream of alabaster strobe. Captain! No! We lost the vessel in the irredeemable Consume of everlasting data entry program; luck to fix fitting fingers hollow cavern and repine, alas, the given quatrain. Quatre à la carte. Dung-hero. *me, suffice, to, please, to say.*

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II

I am nowhere. That is a good thought to have. I have seen this republic burn and emit an abstract ozone milk. I have broken through the pile of ashes and met a daughter breeding sustenance for a population of a hundred. She was the daughter angel in my ideology; I am father faggot and my sheep stir motions in an absurd assembly of dead governors. They are nowhere; I am in the state of Reaping.

Spin the wheel of thought and know noth'swhere [nothing somewhere]. Snuff the candle. I am a jet plane to Jupiter if I need that amount of strength to keep you from falling. I am fallen enough for three republics and a quatrain of silence: remember me unto you, death, that I repudiate a myth and Enable.

When I am alone, I forget that I am alone. I have thirteen thoughts to bring me that way. If I forget I am alone, I am within a roomful of able agents to render me happy and suffice, this that they remit to my unable reason, suit simple embers to my drawing quadrant and avid retape a bland emission of sufferant *apple-in-flesh*: she supervises this reaper, then I will draw quarters to mutiny and die feeble.

Meanings change. What do I call this entire work, all the 16 novellas together? At this particular moment, I call it "Villa Voyage". That's the flower that I urge to. I'm a numerator and you're an exponent. We dithy together ramb, the dithyramb, off plexus, dither we to reap awards of gilded aftermath. Thus the bepuzzlion crumbles. I am no saint, I would rather fake death than receive a medal. Faustian.

I feel I understand The Hollow. "Feelings aren't facts," in the admittance of our Black Philosopher. This is the way it must be; this is the way that it ALL comes together. I needed a protagonist in flesh. I'm not fleshy enough, or I wasn't when I began the song. P. was fleshiest. He was tasty-thin, he represented the way in which all my thoughts could exit; he was the tunnel, the means, the medium of exodus: P. struck the match, I was the watcher, he's the Watcher-being-watched, struck, mad, and he represented the impossible perfection I strove for in prose, in dialogue. He was Socrates, I, a Platonic fool.

So I inscribed him in various constitutions. I gave him full freedom of speech, and not him; I myself gave my own word a jumble, made it all connect in 'abstract math', which was a bluff from the beginning: I say it, yet let me tell you, there is no such thing as abstract math. It's gibberish. He fuelled me with the power to speak my words and my words were gibberish; I ran gibberish through thirteen filters and came up with a special hot sauce of language and pulchritude.

Rewards. Dozens repent in the line of fury. Are you a fustian hero? I tell tales and they roundabout means to get at nothing quite potentially marvellous. I tell broken morbid thoughts and the wind eats them up in dry spells. I am the covenant of my own broiling being and I like to have apple sauce once every year. Often I can taste apple sauce several times per year, though I don't need to. I've gone years without any apple sauce whatsoever, which is fine because I don't like it that much. The Thinker of Rodin.

So the fustian goes. Not nowhere, somewhere and it is Redeeming. Why wouldn't I want to rant like a prairie dog in winter prompt beheading silence in cock-wharfs of blasted yearn and Dog-speak? Yarf, I don't want to be human all my life. A few moments each day, I am a cat or a dog or a bonsai tree. That's when I give life. When I am humanoid, all I know is broken spittles and vomitous bilken adversity.

So the story keeps going. We haven't even touched it yet. The Projectionist goes to work everyday and gives a spectacular cinematic exhibition. Do we give a damn? It doesn't matter whether we give a damn; there is no We, no Us, no I, just a Projector/Projectionist culminating in mad fury and license to speak the perfect truth unutterable yet. He is part of the Program. Exhibition, Vapors/Abysms, Projector/Projectionist [P-or/P-ist], and some sort of Mathematical Vortex, Anatomical.

We dither damn the duty of our dust. The beauty, the Must. We douse surreptitious lunacy, then subdivide our quarters to the coroner's belt. Live, don't die. We suffer pain to rebut a lost fragrance, dance heavensteps to Fury's door in pearly whitewaterwash vacancy. Thomas Mann and his Magic Mountain.

She's got my time machine, she says, "Flowers growing in the park with the breeze." She's got my time machine, she says, "Hold on!" That's the way the whirl goes. I'm a common denominator. Do you know what, wait a minute. I? You? What are we, separate? Are we separate beings, you and me, reader and writer? Who precedes, the reader or the writer? Is the present moment just the physical manifestation of a Future-in-which-I-am-nostalgic? The future spent in nostalgia, in dry broken reminiscence, renders the present possible. What if the true primal-focal point of Time is far-futurist?

I'm five headings, man. What are you? True North, True South, and all the other vernacular thrusts into dimensions wild. Yes, the fractal is reborn. Can I but once forget all this jazz past? Yes. We shall forget. This is the continuance of eternal Forget. State of Perpetual Perfect Forget.

I remonstrances wild in Superreal inventive calamity of Motion. Mount-Orion, the Blunter of the Two. Tools who linger in provident work-shelves. On, then the ramad, the rolling roaring oars that mad continue onto the shore of lost givens. Mathematical orchic butane lighters. We are separate only in misery. Then we conglomerate and make minced Utopia for the Prudent Heroes: the Last of Any-Kind.

This name SecureField thus controls AbominationInstitute the silence of a perfect waterwork, a liberal heroic deed, the conscience of an admissive customer; I rehire the buoyant dipper into quads that after rhythm meet a duel in providentiality. Cucumbersome anatomy lessons: the Reality Digestesses of Yore.

Orpheus. That is the tabulation rite. We are unconscious when reading the letters of Aramadanistopi. Poli po vestibular. Done the rudiments, make me meals of afternotion in the motion of our lord in mastery deprivation, naked on the stoolsome doorhide-and-goseek. We are venerate mo-stincity, the laughter of apple in convescent lungs, the ragis of a flagrant aspic indiff logger's lodge in positive anthropomorphy: This being the infinite lung-capacity of the miasmic full-thrust inchworm song: Beginagain.

Wake. Bernard Antigone. That's Robert without the Teeth-matcher. Yes, the wrong, that is the game we play. Instigate, then rebel against thyself: O Quatrain of Purity. Dum, dada, dumb, da-dum, dudum the ergo silence in mission of emissive retabulate entropy.

III

Done, that's it. We aren't able to communicate anything behind this terror of ample-fitting deuteronomy lessons in clandestine Mock-Tornado Juncture Jazz-Sprachen. The Street. Hiatuses. Jack Kerouac was a bit of a bard; I like that, I think it's very modern and appropriate. Mystical as well. Spontaneous. We have metaphysics and song all wound up in a ball, and infinite sadness/joy.

I have to tell you, it isn't easy. It's nearly a miracle, the fact that I get these novellas done. I promise that this one will be more of a novella than the others. I'm trying to think if any of them have yet been actual novellas. To be a novella, it requires a story, and I only beat around the bush while the meantime my shapes and forms tell entire stories on their own.

Stories are imbedded in the words. I try to make the appearance one of a novella, of my novella-conception. The rest is sort of filling in the blanks. You already know the story: the empty Theatre, camera pans from the right where the projector sits to the left across the seats to the screen. Side-view of the Cinema. Dark, with burgundy carpets. This time the Cinema gets more of a front-page coverage, so to speak, because this is, in fact, the Projector/Projectionist, which has been meant to give more information on Tonal Cinema, more background, more of an in-depth analysis. The aim at the end of the trial is THE INVISIBLE. I'm gathering up knowledge and will give the picture show that will become a telescopic vision into genetics, into mysticism, but I can't tell you that yet; if I have told you the secret before, I hope you forget both then and now that I've told you.

The Exhibition was just that, an Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. It is the Introduction of Tonal Cinema, actually. As is seen/heard in sonatas, the introductory themes always make the body of the piece. We should see the sonata form somewhere in here. So Tonal Cinema makes up the whole thing. Vapors/Abysms has the same taste as The Venice of The City part II, I feel. VORTEX isn't going to get written if I keep meandering like this with empty chapters. Such is life, right? The life of the writer who is both liar and idiot, animal and quantum physicist, at this point. Enjoy, keep reading. The gist is next.

II
TEXTBOOK ART

I

All the rain that eats you up inside, the fulsome raging seaway, the puzzle, the aftermath in gloom, ink, and the ropes tied taut; whose to know, that I might further seek? Ah, to seek is the Hero's digest, his mistress, prosody, the likening of mothers to their milk: and what rivers divide in mourning?

Phonographs in the genesis singing winking stars awry, I say, the rotundity flaming wire-walls wisdom in shout, the meter's done and all that's left is ash; ashes, calm, brooding, the serenity of watching empty faces misplace a surgeon's shambles. Me you want, then me you wisdom wait. Caution.

It was a style brought up in the dawn of a young mind, erected as a sonic indifference to moving shapes, sounds, uncouth and broiling mad; a song to sing a-self in solitude and loneliness, psalm in breath, heartbeat, breast caving in with want of new words: all that is news to me, ancient and still wandering through tightly knitted prose. Romanticism first, Historical Falsification afterish; Metamorphose, meism!

Yes, you see, I would make the lexicon radiate, add some iconic beauty, some flesh to the whiskers I spill out in absurdio ink; this, my mouth, my soul shrieking in thunderous bellows, yielding not only to the mesmerism of flavorless systematization, tawdry as the minstrel's feast, but to…

Awash! vex the open sea! I am no name to save Grace's wonderment. Feed me fish for feed, no, anything but human meat, for what else is animal but man, and man mean animalistic? Feed me knowledge, wisdom, an even load of vanity and cowardice, for I am human, aren't I? and that means the good, the great, the excellent and the unsightly, grossly dilapidated.

Give me all that from which I urge salvation. Grant me my ugliest hour, my broken music, my sagging unstomacheable madness; I will fetch Quiet in the hailstorm for I am beauty as in a leaf falling at Dawn with speckled water-motes descending in spirals scant, puddling itself on the mirthen flowerbed with grim squats awkward receiving what is most in highness, giving what softness creeps at in the modern moment. Leaves, all a-grass, shielded, mothered in milk and snow-angels ageing, matters nothing truly.

I hate two things, the abyss and the rose; the rose is destroyed: I dwell in the abyss. A morose air that I transpose here, brings you a smile by giving you a poor wretch of sighs; it is because the Thing is nervous and harmful: it did not have the nebulous life, the vast and morbid life.

Group missive, suns in quadrant of Apple: Dawn in stewardess' Blue Oranges. White-collar grim waddle twiddle or droop in cosmetics chamber housed as part of a growing encyclopedia; me, the Text, the hunger art, the black and prismed monkeywrench of sad graves besteading morning Nausea. Sleep next to me, I need a Breather, for I am insomnia personified, and breathless much so very very much.

I'll generate a sleeping quoeta, sum sufferance, ghast after-pull gleaming white-satin grails on the burgundy silk; all that is solid turns to irreparable Nonsense. All that is well-groomed, gifted, turns to spoiled milk, sour matinees with puzzles ear-aching bastardist calumny: O, ah, the stomach's irretrievable! Sleep next to me so that I might know Knowledge, that your breath might bring me Light of Daybreak, the Day I've not seen for many a season, and dreaming. Hold me close, the door's a-closin. Meet me.

That's because [all the I's] no other words can fit this purpose. Projector/Projectionist is not a novella, it's part of an ideogram. Thus for, how else shall I commit it to Writing? Some of it is coded, some of it is more relaxed prose; poetry has a cameo appearance, and the overall shape, form, rhythm, music of the Whole IS the Whole and the Whole that P-or/P-ist IS, IS much more than its consummated Parts: P-or/P-ist [pronounced *Projection*], is an Integration, a System of Thought, poetico-marvellous, magically intertwining, breezed, allaying malaise, greed-solving mint-crowding, Scented Prosaic Textbook Talk, the Revellers, Our Saboteur Behemoth is growing moustaches from tiny violets in the Earthen bed.

Carnival of the Animals:

Tell me if this makes sense. How will you tell it to me, this writer? What would happen if I postulated that man is not an animal but the compilations of the entire animal kingdom, the human being inhabiting each animal briefly in different mixtures all throughout the day? What?

It's just a postulation. Inhabiting each animal briefly. It's a just postulation. What difference is there between animals when seen through the consciousness [experience] of the human? If my logical path was to be stating a)we inhabit animals, b)the animals we inhabit take the shape of actions and emotions, wouldn't there be a terrible flaw in my argument? What would differentiate my cow-emotion from my giraffe-emotion? What makes this action gazelle-like? It might only be useful as a means of categorizing your actions and emotions more than it is a Great Enlightening Truth. This isn't after all, '*the criteria of divisibility by 11'*. Or is it?

We might not know all the animals in existence; we do know a great deal of them. I might not be entirely familiar right now with too many animals. I can say, however, that it would be too special to the human being if he actually was the human being he prides himself in being. I say that Justice must

reign somewhere in the world, and isn't it perfectly just that the human is not human, but actually a composite of all the animals? Maybe we'll narrow it down to Language for now.

What animal has the gift of Language? All living things can and do communicate. The human being is probably the only one that can choose whether or not he/she communicates, and can also choose to be slyer than the fox or be dumb by accident. Not all living things can choose to be Sarcastic. Some can't even be that at all. If they so chose, they couldn't even. The human being, then, is the medium through which all these animals communicate to each other, within species and pan-genus, and thus human language's convolution, complexity can be justified. It can never be excused.

Let me digress. Kids are quick. They can cut to three different discourses in one sentence. Why has the adult lost this quickness, this ability to compact data so perfectly, to weave, to wade in this child-like way? Why does the adult refuse to accept statements that mutate quickly as they are being stated? Why train ourselves to go against our natural whim to say it all in one sentence? Sometimes it is worth knowing the logical steps of an idea. When communicating simple, I say: be a child.

A child says, "How come—I wanna!—but…" Why isn't that acceptable? You get the message if you listen attentively, but you refuse to listen because it doesn't comply to your convention. The child said, "I have an interrogation on the nature of x, I have a desire of y, my opinion is z." How can I know when I am zebraic? When do I know that a duck is speaking through me for the first time?

Ever listen to a child's voice carefully, or notice how easily they can imitate the modulations of our voices when we speak to them? They are very receptive. Children who have been talked to in that high-pitched, annoying voice will imitate it. Dogs, on the other hand, might bark or say nothing at all when talked to with the same tone. Let's take the zebra as a teaching mechanism. What can it teach?

Black and white. Polarities. I think that I would have to evaluate the food chain and see who preys on what to further this theory of Human/Animal Consciousness Cohabitation. Would human beings truly only have Awareness of their existence to be vain as we are? They don't have it for the reasons Genesis says we have it, which is to reign over the earth to help life live, because we never did that and possibly never will. I postulate that we're Conscious because when we're Conscious, so are all living things, THROUGH US. Why would a plant exist and not be conscious of itself? Why wouldn't it enjoy that? Plant life and animal life truly pre-date the human being, so, as I have stated, these ideas have knots in them, are fallacious, but then let's not bicker; these ideas have great worth if we are to use them as tools, mechanisms to further our understanding of ourselves, of things, and to unify that knowledge for whatever purpose we the individual has.

The Universe does not age. The Universe, as a whole, does not exist as humans exist. That's the Pride-problem: thinking that everything is LIKE US. Oppositely, WE are most like ALL OTHER THINGS because they all live through our Consciousness. I'm not saying that all living things are given life by the fact that we are Conscious of them; that would be banal and boring. That would be nearly uncontestable because its truth is fed with unanswerable questions. My statements, however, are openly false; therefore, they are more useful than statements on which no truth nor falsity can be assured. Statements such as '*the universe will end in a big crunch*' are very hard to do anything with. What do you want me to do with that statement, accept it as self-evident? How does that help me? If yet were I to use the IDEA of a big crunch, not caring whether it is true or false, use it as a means to communicate or to understand things outside the parts of the premise, I might be onto a safer road.

The Law of The Big Crunch as seen in Animal Magnetism:

This is how I make sense of me being a philosopher and scientist, because all my great ideas are duds, are ridden with falsity and fallacy [poetry?]. I didn't believe in the gift of being a dandy philosopher until I saw the usefulness of my very questionable truths. I once wrote about a 10 dimensional universe where the 6^{th}, 7^{th}, 8^{th}, 9^{th}, and 10^{th} dimensions were infra-dimensional, that they curved inward, that those outer dimensions actually existed in an inner fashion, that our smallest particle as seen in our three dimensions of space, actually held smaller things, those latter dimensions, and that those dimensions served as a glue or mesh that held our 3, 4, 5 dimensions together. As an idea, firstly, it's somewhat viable. Given the fact that I have no proofs whatsoever, it is a complete scientific dud, *une petite crotte*.

How can that idea be otherwise useful? We know for a fact that this idea is useless to the modern physicist and his pride that he knows everything. Well, it's only useful to make his pride grow, a pride which is useless. Or, rather, it can be useful once upon a time if the human still had the instinct to propagate his genetic material. Actually, I can't think of any excuses for vainglory. You are not You

and You are NOT your genetic material. Darwin made a nice graphic expression of something interesting in his '*Origin of Species*'. He showed the path genes take throughout a long-lived evolution. Your genes go way back to the simplest life forms. The original amoebas that you stem from wouldn't want you to spend your days in conceit; they wait billions of years to live again and you waste it, kill yourself and ignore, perhaps, a strong desire that they had to finally meet the daylight once again? You probably even left them no recourse for further incarnation. I bet you covered all possible means for which that original gene itself can exist further along the line. Ass. Oh, by the way, the Giraffe invented the telescope!

Our greatest inventions come from those animals that breathe [breed?] through us. That's another way to classify factual knowledge. Maybe kids speak Backwards: "I am of the opinion that I desire to know the nature of [silence?]." Maybe seen through a tiger's eye, the zebra isn't black and white, but colors that our human eyes can't see. Or are all possible colors present in our postulated spectrum?

Does human consciousness precede the animal consciousness that cohabits in it? I'm overly interested in the Backward thing. It has to do with quantum physics and the fact that William Shakespeare gave Backward the adjective of being '*dark*'; then I thought of a poem beginning after the last line of Robert Burns' most celebrated poem and came up with an idea of two completely different paths linked at each step of the progression by a human traveller split into two who ends up having got where he ever is before he even left to get there. If he hadn't been split, my poem [which serves as the basis of several testaments] wouldn't have been written; going further Backward, lights are turned on by the dark mixing with our desires and fears combined. Then again, turtles discovered electricity, so who am I to cognate knowing? Zeno invented quantum physics with his paradoxes. Had his name been *Zero*, he wouldn't have created the universe. And so, as a child, I continue my endless search into beginnings, thus, a child, continuing Backward movement into surgically removed wantness of understood, asking desires to comply with my opinions yet undecided upon; or *realisis* unconstituted by Time, wait a minute. Let me ask you this time, William, "What seest THOU in the dark backward and abysm of time?" Son of a bitch!

Unified field mice theorizing on abstract grass flatland:

I am not a modern Lafontaine, nor did I use his name in a modern pseudo-scientific fable only to be recognized as a perturbed rhetorician, thus making me an ancient Franz Kafka. The statement '*I am not a mystic*' requires that the orator knows mysticism enough and knows himself enough to evaluate that he is not a mystic, which is absolutely impossible. Once you know both, you are a mystic for life and possible even after death. I say be careful with what you learn because the abyss takes minimal staring-time to invade your individuality and force you to become it. Give me a moment, wait a second. What seest thou ELSE in the dark backward and abysm of time? That's what Shakespeare asked.

It's a paradox. It's dark, so to be sure you see nothing, you have to stare awhile. Then you become the abyss and what do you see, do you see a stranger staring into you? I don't think the abyss is particularly able when it comes to classification. So how can it see anything ELSE? That question requires that you still had eyes to see with. Now, tell me, gentle reader, why would you keep your eyes? Continue reading, I'll be back in a second; I have to look up Time in the dictionary. Meanwhile, I ask, which is the literal meaning when literature is based on illusion and evasiveness?

For a word like Time, I won't be too contumacious; I'll take the first definition. Time: *the measured or measurable period during which an action, process, or condition exists or continues : DURATION*. I'm awfully confused. Let's try something with Shakespeare. We take his question and subtract '*backward*'. The statement must possibly becomes: *Time of abysm and dark the in else thou seest what*, and is the answer? Not yet. We take out '*else*' to see what else.

Time of abysm and dark the else thou seest what.

We're left wondering: how long ago was this written? How long does it take before we become the abyss exactly? Could I to-day write Zeno's pretended paradox of Duration [Time is still] and thus actually create the paradox of depersonalisation? Could Zeno and I be those two photons laced by distance which is impossible? In a poem yet unwritten, perhaps. **It takes a lifetime to forget what you're born knowing.** Does the poem I haven't yet written not exist? The poem being written exists one step at a time as it's being written, each step linking the time before it was written to the time after it has been written. So, then, what part doesn't exist yet in the poem I haven't written, does the part not

exist that is the time before it exists, does the part which is the step-link of the strands before and after exist? If I attempted in writing what doesn't yet exist, I would have to know what does now exist. Each step bringing me closer to what doesn't exist, exists as I am writing it, and the whole thing irks me. What a twist! Forget the Backward yet!

I find it dangerous to even think of writing what doesn't exist because it says that what exists doesn't even exist. If the finished poem doesn't exist, neither do the steps. If the steps link the time before the poem to the time after, I'm being linked against my will to the non-exist and that scares me because I put a lot of weight on the fact that I exist. Remember the dark Backward? Let's pretend I exist, the poem exists having been made thusly by the uniting steps [steps which already exist, I define, whether or not I can even write decent verses]. Well, what else can be seen once the lot is envisioned in reverse?

Each step, in this version, links the pre-existing with the not-yet-existing—which has now become the Exist and is re-entering step by step Backward—or should I say that, wait, what the hell is a backward step from non-existence to existence? That's too paradoxical for my blood. Maybe I'm not Zeno after all. Maybe we're not linked. But we are, inextricably! I like the shape of the unbroken peanut shell.

Back to square one in our circle of permutation. How can I invent a story about a poem that doesn't exist and a writer looking backward from that not Existing trying to retrace his steps to a time when he existed, before the steps that made him cease to exist? The truth is, when right now I don't exist yet in the future, in that postulated non-existential future I'm looking back at when I did exist, which is now, well, each step linking me to him is a step that I didn't have before I progressed There, thus meaning that to HIM I can't exist, because how can I exist if in the future the only way to make it back to now is to forget having gone through each step that made him/me exist by power of not existing, steps which, to me existing were new links in the chain, how can he ever make it Here if every step he takes erases itself and me with it?

It'll take him a very long time, and that's where Zeno wrote his unwritten paradox which I wrote by proving that I'm not Zeno, that we're not linked, that I don't exist, and that I'm not a very good poet. On his behalf, if I WERE him, I wouldn't want to exist; things are too entangled. If we were both each other and I wrote about either of us existing or not existing and he existed thousands of years ago writing the same thing about me, be it anything at all, forget the paradoxes, at this point, anything we write is impossible. If we both existed, we cease to exist, unless the laws of physics change, which they always do.

Dark the else and see this Light. So if Zeno existed, I don't exist yet. But I do exist. He's the one that doesn't exist. Time is like the photon, measuring it fucks everything up in the experiment. Once you've spent any amount of time measuring it, the data is skewed and you broke your fiddle.

At this point, I nearly want to give up and ask myself what crazed animal is thinking these thoughts. The elephant is wise. Is this wisdom? Not yet. Maybe I'm the zebra's streaks when the zebra moves. If I sit and watch, I'm not sure which stripe is white and which is black at any given point. That's the problem with quantifying something that isn't still, and nothing is still. Wasn't time still a moment ago? No, that was only in Zeno's paradox of Duration that didn't exist until I pretended it existed only to make it disappear. Coyote, that's who I am right now. Or, rather, he's who I am, not me that's him; there's a difference, but a quick one. The poem I haven't written does exist because I exist and each step along the way comes from me, links me to that finished poem. I exist and each link exists as it is being written. At any rate, if it WILL eventually exist, it exists now by the law of obfuscation of matters. Or all three of us, me the behind, he the afterwards, and she the links, we're all endlessly bound in one and as long as we share this relationship, whether we exist or not, the shape of the whole exists and that's enough to make any part follow. No, I'm not going to tell you that you followed the same path that I followed when I wrote this as you read it. I'm not even going to ask any more questions for now. I'll let us both take a break and think about it for a while. Wait, I haven't finished writing this, does that mean that potential readers exist? I hope the goddamn do or else I'm completely insane. Ah, no, did I say there was no going back once each step-link has existed? Shit, I exist, there's no going back unless I forget. Once I forget, ah, shit, I'm fucked all over again. Let me tell you something, these last paragraphs were the work of Beckett, Lafontaine, quantum physics, and Zeno put together by me the unifying strand. Step.

You have to be a good writer, a liar, or an idiot to understand what you wrote looking back reading it. Potentially all three if it has any meaning. Rome could have been built in a day if they hadn't built all those roads leading to it.

Je déteste deux choses, l'abîme et la rose;
la rose est détruite: Je demeure dans l'abîme.
Un air morose que je transpose ici, vous apporte un sourire
en vous donnant misérables soupirs;
il est parce que la chose est nerveuse et nocive:
elle n'a pas eu la vie nébuleuse, la vaste et morbide vie.

J'aime peu de choses: l'amour, la paix, l'ami,
les paysages, les ronronnements dans la nuit;
Notre chemin n'est jamais facile,
les amoureuses sont trop belles;
L'éclat de la mer liquide, qui me garde dans son grillage,
son ferme treillis pour tirer les ficelles…
Elle me donne beaucoup, ceci je vit;
Mais rien ne peut ramener un poète maudit,
car lui il représente le tout:
un petit poux dansant sur une boule de merde,
face en cristal, regard fixe,
ouvertement répugnant dans sa nudité lucide.

Je t'aime, ange banni,
Je t'aimerais tous de même avec un masque carnavalesque,
toi et moi sur le promontoire cauchemardesque;
Je t'aimerais propre ou complètement sale, saignant,
couché mince et drogué dans ton lit,
rêveur d'autrui: je t'aime dans un ridicule habit.

Fictional reflections I:
I'm a little disappointed. The people around me could have told me I was starving myself and depriving myself of sleep. I'm disappointed in myself for not realizing it, actually, and I just hope I hadn't made it so hard for my loved ones to help me. I must be so convincing when I tell everyone everything is alright. When I tell them things are bad, they say, "No, everything's okay, relax, don't worry about it."

I've created the perfect trap. Right now I feel better. I bought some Ensure meal supplements which I keep next to my bed so that as soon as I wake up, I can drink breakfast and that's going to make the day much easier.

Again, my advice for depression is always going to be to take medication if medication isn't a problem for you. I've decided to fight it on my own mostly because I haven't yet found a doctor more competent than myself for my case.

I'm a pathological liar, is what. I realized that when I caught myself explaining to people how I stretch the truth to save the time of explaining. When I elaborate, people stop listening; they get lost in my discourse and shut off. So I developed a way of narrowing the edges. When something is wrong, someone will ask, "What's wrong?" and I will say, "Nothing, I'm a little down, but don't worry about it, everything'll be alright; it's under control." What I'm unable to tell them is that I still need help and no one is helping me. I developed a defence mechanism of keeping quiet when I need help because in the past, when I asked for help, I got the opposite. Everything usually IS fine until I tell someone it's fine. Then I can feel the mistrust closing in on me, suffocating me. I'm hypersensitive, I feel pain today for troubles of tomorrow to make tomorrow a little easier when the trouble gets here.

Paranoia is a sort of fortune-telling and hiding in my basement, starving myself, helps avoid the ill fortune that awaits me on the outside.

The quickest way to heal myself would be to stop communicating to others, which is also the quickest way to kill myself; because everyone will suffocate me with their worries and I'll kill myself before saying anything, once I decided I had taken my vows of silence, which I would never break.

I'm not truly disappointed in others. They try their best. I'm the one that wants to get better on his own. I asked for help and it wound me in an asylum, which sent me on a mission to pure hell. Now I'm back and I don't trust anyone anymore. I know that they want to send me back to hell; what they don't know is the way I got out of there, which was to befriend the demons and then to slay them all when their backs were turned.

Time operates differently in hell, or, rather, I didn't age much physically. I ended up killing everyone there; hell is an empty place now. I thought I was doing everyone a favor. Now that I'm back, I don't have time to explain the entire story; I just want peace and quiet until I come to terms with my hell experience. The absolute truth is that nothing on earth will ever be wrong in comparison to the time I spent below. I spent a long time being tortured because I didn't accept the demons, I hated them. It was only until I became friends with them that I found a way to survive. The way out of hell I discovered shortly after and it took upwards to a thousand years. I didn't kill them all myself, I created an army and in the end, they did most of the killing. I never even met Lucifer; for all I know, he's still alive and really mad at me. All I know is that I'm out of there and never going back.

I can see all too clearly now. I see the ones marked by the devil's stain; they don't even know that they are being used as tools to kill me, and I couldn't possibly begin explaining it to them. As far as they know, I was in a mental institute. They visited me and cried, cried, cried, I could hear their lamentations far in my pit, "Oh, look, mom, he doesn't even realize we're here; we've lost him." – "The pills are going to save him, darling; don't worry about it, he has good doctors."

Haldol, is it any wonder it sort of rings like Obol? Haldol is what got me into the infernal city. Had I not been administered high doses of the drug, I wouldn't have been accepted into Dis. They would have sent me home, or, if anyone wanted me in heaven, angels would have come down to pick me up. If I had had a simple Obol, I would have thrown it into the river; Haldol, however, was in my blood stream unbeknownst to me. I tried to fight Charon and the gang, I told them I didn't have what they were looking for. They forced me, I was a living being and my blood was the ticket that I could only give up by dying.

I recommend not trying to fight off an Haldol addiction while trying to get out of hell; you're just asking for trouble, it's piling two problems one on the other.

To be honest, I feel much better now, and with my meal supplements, rest, and silence, I'm on the road to recovery. If you don't believe me, you're killing me; if you trust me, I'm slowly killing you.

Kafka, Poe, Borges, and Tonal Cinema [traditional story-telling as seen through P-or/P-ist]:
The textbook begins. Always belated beginnings with this typist. Why typist? Because I couldn't possibly pass this off as my own, could I? I could be lying. So onwards with the show! It takes a while to get into Textbook prose, especially the way I want to do it. You'll see a)self-analysis, b)story-parts and dandy thoughts, c)lexical database, pictorial database, DNA database, and d)universal conjunction of said parts. Dilaterally fluiving [sluice] through neurons in toxic gnosis.

What we have here is a failure to communicate.

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Three rings to Hell:

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[three rings]

A: “Hello?”

B: “Hi, honey, how are you feeling?”

A: “I’m extremely tired, can barely think.”

B: “Did you sleep?”

A: “Yes, but I’m still tired. How are you?”

B: “I feel fine, how are you?”

A: “I’m tired.”

B: “Okay. What are you doing to-day?”

A: “I have to wake up first before I can think of that.”

B: “Well, what are you going to do after you wake up?”

A: “Honey, I’m tired, if we’re going to talk, it has to be simpler than this.”

B: “What do you mean?! You don’t want to talk to me?”

A: “That’s not it, I’m tired honey, my mind isn’t operating under normal conditions.”

B: “Well, what’s wrong, honey? Did you sleep?”

A: “I slept. Nothing’s wrong, I’m just a little tired. Maybe I’ll have a coffee.”

B: “I’ll go then if you don’t want to talk to me.”

A: “Did I say that? Where did you come up with that?”

B: “I’m getting a strange vibe, that’s all.”

A: “Is something wrong?”

B: “I don’t know, is something wrong with you?”

A: “Listen, I’m happy you called—“

B: “But you don’t want to talk to me!”

A: “No, darling, I do want to talk to you… let’s just keep it simple, I’m tired and my brain is slow.”

B: “And that’s just another way to tell me you don’t want to talk to me, right?”

A: “No. What are you doing to-day, honey?”

B: “Nothing. You?”

A: “What’s on your mind?”

B: “Nothing. When are you coming over?”

A: “I have to wake up first. I have a few things to do.”

B: “You’re never coming, you don’t want to see me ever again.”

A: “Not at all. I’m coming as soon as I can.”

B: “Listen, you don’t have to come if you don’t want to.”

A: “That’s not true, I want to come and you want me to come too. I said I would, just let me wake up first and do what I have to do: preparations and such.”

B: “Why are you so tired?”

A: “Good question. I don’t know. I slept and I’m still tired.”

B: “Okay. Call me before leaving.”

A: “That’s what I said I’d do last night, honey. Thanks for calling to remind me.”

B: “No problem, talk to you later, when you have a mind to.”

[click] *[click]*

III

Projector/Projectionist

[in 853 words]

by

Alex Lavigne-Gagnon

I

No one believes me, least of all myself. It takes a group to believe this one; a group has been found, is listening. Communication of the events to my senses ought to have been convincing enough; repetition of the risen episodes in vorticist cavalcades beneath the shroud of my conscious mind still offered no relief in a single shade of assurance. I spoke to my closest friend about it and cannot still shake my mind from the confines, the shackles of lying between either sides of the reflection, or projection, more appropriately.

With the hands that God gave me, with the keen mind, still keener, and yet not keen enough: I invade the silence of this room with the reverberating shout of one confused, not by incredulity; this one is dazed by the blazing murk of Conscience & Coincidence.

It takes people on both sides to thread it together, for the thought of understanding to even begin existing. At this point, I no longer care whether the story is believed; I care to know if it truly happened in either dream OR reality. And so the tale unfolds, grimly.

II

I wish I was a science-fiction writer, then I could sum it all up in the mechanical functioning of a cinematographic projector. Were I the curator of an exhibition, I would know enough about both

sides of the coin to give a third side, which is the nature of this paradox. Language doesn't offer the comfort I seek. Painting yields little profit in this investigation. Of what? An investigation of 'possible existence', and if not, the pursuit of WHENCE such a feeling came to me. A science-fiction writer would be used to explicating anomalies in space and time; even a pre-Socratic philosopher could fare well, *I imagine*. I am none of these; I am not a writer, nor a Character in a book (oh, what a relief it would be were I a subordinate clause or Semi-omniscient Protagonist!).

III

Face value: I walked in Old Montreal towards my workplace, slightly belated for the expected due-date, enthralled with today's projection in the Theatre. I can't even smile anymore at the surrealist quality of feeding a 'Reel' to the audience one frame at a time. The Projectionist is NOT intended to be part of the game. If anything is REAL, it's that I've got three cats to feed when I make it home. If anything is by far the slightest bit hilarious, it's unexpected metamorphosis, transmogrying excruciatingly.

Below the surface: have you ever seen through the eyes of a projector high in the projectionist's Booth, and have you existed as a particle of light hanging in particulate waves over a spellbound audience, smashing face-first into a canvas, made visibly manifest?

I can't tell if these words connect. I cannot describe nor wish I to tell the inner workings of a projector, of light, of air molecules, of forces operating behind all these in conjunction. A veritable circus! I am not Hitchcock, I am not Borges or Poe; I am by far a Genomist or the celebrated Orpheus. It's not a matter of 'what am I'. The

question is, ‘Am any longer?’. Is it It? is it? It it is, and then no longer. Was?

IV

Tape. Sidewalks. Deep sadness. I was late for work because I had a coffee on Crescent street with my closest friend. Now, it wonders: before, after? again? Unrewarding ingratitude.

I know one thing about English literature. It’s something Shakespeare wrote, which runs: *“What seest thou else in the dark backward and abysm of time?”* Once again, I lack the prerequisites for such an answer. Thus refraining from an answer, I shout, vex, curse, and hope there’s large enough an audience to watch the film backward. I won’t say ‘I’ until the audience gives Shakespeare a just rebuttal.

All I wanted was to give a good show. That was fast. Projectionist is my time’s biding; frame by frame integration into pan-subjective perceptive resonance is the beauty of being seated high above and behind Watchers whose expressions cannot be adequately witnessed. Ugliness is being sucked by Cimmerian vacuum smother into a reel, into the tape, sightless, lost, spinning uncontrollably, being spliced, blasted by the radiation of a bright bulb through the invisible circuitry of thin air and meeting a 20 foot screen, faceless, non-individualistic, completely diffracted, projected, and devoured by the Watchers, and what is my Experience? All I remember is static and blurred visages, halfly recognizeable, distorted grimaces and god-awful atmospherical noise… become the Noise, then try to feed your cats as a whole being, a provider, projectionist.

V

Never mind. Case closed. I don't want to talk about it, or, rather, I can't. I? What a laugh! *I* was meant to run a Hitchcock film for an eager audience. *I* had a coffee with a friend. *I* was late; *I* didn't make it. *I* is scattered about the machinery of three thousand projectors and spectacles world-wide, an unreasonable kaleidoscopic vision with no remembrance, no cognizance, no knowledge of what its image is; *I* cannot believe, *I* needs an audience and hope the torment *ends*.

Tr age dy

I

Drop it. The must is crepuscular. We the warp-childed is covenant to which is ism in advancing motion. Lungs hold the finest of said particles; then the river is distilled and merry we aim together wandering wither. Cost. Drab as a distant hideaway in highest potent *libertalia*. We can gather nothing by the shore's boat, nor the hordes who grot the tunnels myrmedom. Glance a valent dilatory brum buncheon, last as the insipid race glazes over with fogged rid gritty. The grid of Orion in his Blasphemous inquisitor's Seat status. like much a Despot's games.

The introduction thus: a door did slam, clang, and brittle we swim. To the rim, a dance a-Plump. Last *empidutures*, due to remember blues that made butterfly away. Taut-flimsy in spaces astral concomitant *per diem* hot-hungry and funnel *collectoring*. This invective logic of course, inadvertently smothered, causes me to renounce all that I know in the hopes of finding something straighter to the core; alas, when comes closer to center, becomes a which most curvilinear. A drop.

Between now and Kant becomes Backward much similar. Smothered in being intelligent. The somewhat versus the mad masses. Maybe I'm not supposed to *know*. Perhaps my philosophy is a philosophy of abject ignorance. Mortifyingly so. I'll stay straying in midway thoughts.

Our roots are never always evident. *Flotsam we slagan witan words we float sledge in our abward steering.* I really shouldn't mention the dark Backward at this point [*paralipsis, proslepsis* in extreme]. And I'll say nothing of Abysms [*cataphasis*].

It reminds me of the 'Thief of the Exhibition'. Put it on trial, that makes it nth times rhetorical. Heidegger published 'Being and Time' during a good year for the Cubists. I'm a Napoleon more than I am a Christ and three times mahogany wood than I am a felt epaulette [*enigma*]. I love the difference between writing and publishing, how one is instantaneous and the other dishonest both by Time's paladin.

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II

Characterismus:

Shall we break down my character? or else simply jot down the full loop of my lines of thought in one sentence? At this point, whatever I write will be a sentence or paragraph that is my entire orb of inductive thought from A to Z to A, *ad nauseam*: *furthest in the glim movements of pastiche conditioning blind in appraisal is somewhat nullified if I've rather made moments these the two stewardesses found in leaving This the Wantness of repine, a loss for words devout in arresting lofty nonsense: the state of irretrievable, mashed mosaic thought; the rupturing of the has-been digest converted to wordology for*

the miser's whim and waking wishes; flushed in the rebut of mile's advance, askance, askew, and middlegrounded. That, then, is the full movement from outstretch to darkdog, from cubism to surrealism, Buddhism to Existentialism [suffering, answers], etc.

On a boat across a pond, a raft across a river, a pool, swimming downstream or plunging through a full and evolved Gulf. Light blue, deep red: That was a dream I had and just relived while peering down into Heidegger's vocabulary.

The Novellas of the Exhibition are not Numbered Conventionally. Once we say Seven, then again Three. The Exhibition is the Foundation of Numbers; the rest is detailic, 'tis the wrap-gap, filler-space, the infradimensional planes that tighten all existence, make it crisper, tastier, more vivid. Sounds ludicrous. We've played a lot of those. Last night I couldn't sleep for To-day is an eventful day.

Figures of Description: 'furthest in the glim movements': The Broken, mangled in the steel jaws of Mechanical Existence; *'of pastiche conditioning':* Training oneself to face the madness; *'blind in appraisal':* Seeing oneself as Great, Greater Still; *'is somewhat nullified':* Brought down to nothing by my nihilistic mind; *'if I've rather made moments':* When I chose instead of was made follow; *'these the two stewardesses':* Surrealist comic relief; *'found in leaving':* Messages caught on the go, Tales; *'This the Wantness of repine,':* Need makes Broken; *'a loss for words':* Confusion sets in, accelerated speech patterns; *'devout in arresting lofty nonsense':* Pursuing to end the Engine Brain Overworking; *'the state of irretrievable, mashed mosaic thought':* Schizobot; *'the rupturing of the has-been digest':* Bleeding words onto paper millionmile *per diem* in Retrieving in letters; *'converted to wordology for the miser's whim and waking wishes;':* Commercialization, benefit of being mediagod; *'flushed in the rebut of mile's advance,':* Then This is smashed by myself peering Backward from Time Future; *'askance, askew, and middlegrounded.':* I live the Middle-Road. A fancy Hegelian dialectic, ornamented, decorative.

I'm trying to paint pieces of wood, make them look like targets, like Amerindian crosses, totempoles, or someodd translation of modern action to ancient thought, form, mood. I'm not always capable of turning my Idea to a mould in the physical realm. Such is art and my way out of the labyrinth. Ah, at times I even want to remain therein; for therein is a great Exhibition on the corridor walls.

We'll all soon be infertile from the sun's climaxing radiation toxicity. The Mirror of Manzeke is flourishing in transital corpulence. *Orbis in telluriam.* Dross, my corporeal luggage dragged ablong the meekstreets. We is the incoming of war tabulation, rotary cap drowned blasted in the sky. Alas, we've overcome the stipulated ergo cum cogito my selfsame semblance branching in divisional morasses.

****

A DOCUMENTARY:

The cameras are aimed at us. First projection: Cubism and its ultimate attraction when seen in an elementary light. '*Let the show begin*'; an introduction is a projection inwards into the topology of a subject. Development is the explicatory notes of the individual photography of the shots. This Pleasure is a premise of Myself and My Work combined as the two foundational propositions. A Lexicon and Story-book of False Beginnings. '*Enter the Labyrinth*' is the Making of an existential Game.

Building Blocks: Slow Movement. I change the main theme of what I tell everybody once every 5 years. After 5 years, I change it to 'I just woke out of a 5 year dream', which lasts a few months, then I return to the dream and dementia. Ah, I don't even know what truth is anymore. Let us find out.

Logic musts be self-solving, self-returning, a loop, self-sufficient, revolving, self-annihilating, self-constructing, unanimous, broken, intertwined; needs not be all these but the loop, if one is to use Logic to solve problems formulaic. In the case of a Language gone mad, wayward, smutty, Logic musts shift shapes, twist into the tortrix, the crux-puzzle ideogram threes and tetras, a conglomeration of bubble-entities sauntering around in rolls and smoothen dribble. Logic must branch out, or, rather, Logic takes each particle through the layered mess that is our dialectic, our reasoning, our style.

Convolution is a Prized Wisdom. It is the Abstract Leap. I once saw the fifth dimension, I won't denied it. I have been recovering for upwards to 5 years from it. I entered an accelerated process of being, I touched the core, smashed into it. They call it The Black Moon [*Lune Noire*]. I touched the crystalline seed, I passed the eye exam. Shapes twisted, turned, churned, and made linear confusion, sharpened; I hallucinated for several years, saw the Most Grotesque as well the Immaculately Palatial. I am now a painter as I was back then, a writer then as now. Poetry, Art, Language, Science, are domains made my friends.

The Projector/Projectionist in the form of a short story. It always is. I'm only trying to make people see the stories that can exist within one sentence. Joyce did a good job and stood before the same problem when it comes to reading. Not many people care to stretch their imaginations in order to

visualize or understand something you've written. Everyone at the very least takes a glance at a painting. I say therefore verily unto you that you make writing a painting, a music, a sculpture. The broader your formulaic versatility, the easier the reader can grasp the primary color and build the palette in the mind.

Same situation for the writer reading over his work. The painter reviewing her methods, her ideas, her images. Immaculately broken, bodoken bodok, toc, token. Beated like a bongo drum. Behemoth briding to consume a liar's rivet, bulge t'wards the fence, iconic unrest, the beauty of a song within a syllable.

Liable to rebut when the game's undone over. Turn the spittle, climax to return address contumely droop and warn; a lasting citizenship to municipal idolatry: confectioner's bloom off empty to Troubled Martyr's Isle. Exilic in its beginnings, full flourish boom bloom burgeon upstem branch creation of a city imperial glazed with lightning full bridging the colossus with the peccadillo murmurs, etching a math fabric.

Thus with the errors we can erect Art Science. That or we write a thesis on 'Perception and The Projector: Tonal Cinema in Phenomenology'. Can't we? Well, it's simple. Objects are seen, are projected in themselves onto our mind-screen made visibly manifest. The object we perceive is more than gentle shapes flowing like ink blotches on the canvas; they are reels of tape fed into a projector, they have frames, are formulaic. The shapes metamorphose, are basically self-same. Things exhibit themselves: we the Watchers.

Distortion, Atmospherics or interference in the projection. Ample an otherwise, Demosthenes.

Folded in fuels perforce. Nide dividing, lug log a rope an-hero, lopsided with flames on aside a fence. Steel glitter triangular rifts tepping a dorphic litany, sides saddle in rods most inicular, mighty and tidy the longhold of a farther. Me you I we somecity wish the wells of our populace. Contract.

So then city streets turned to mud. The avalanche of appalachian riddles cured a lipful of modern anathema. Spurred of common antipathy wandering little of the dew that congeals a most of often middlefew. Mine the deriving arrival of mist entity: dappled and craved of a limn to stewart cresses.

Sidewalk, rail, and Motion. We live a lopsided life, the little that we know we travel. I've since been in commune of lofts that allot a mighty tag, the night that minstrels dance and ask a steward what she wouldn't have. Felt awful, mighty none at all, just seemingly so for the watchers presently presenting. Rather, I felt like a mite on a tick's tickle: worried as the federal bureau of Discrepancy.

Tragedy, magic enmity; laughter is the product of a million year enTango. Meters out doling the fury of a lamp-goat, post of a millicle deciding my rope's Issue. Turn of the Shrouded Millicle, partisan to the watch of bell's paladin. The druidess mighty out hanging with a curlicue's calling. Martyred bland in emission of Folly, drowned in bitterest, magic in immersal of pro-tangent malady envisioning. Blot.

The Acid Test. Derided in dendographia. Topographic in serioso scenery. Dutch as almond.

I see evidence of the Confessions moment, the second moment of Voyeurism, I see not so clearly. Only if it is through the Eye of the speajker.

The red and the white, Rivers of Milk and Blood, the King and Queen uniting in the Magnum Opus of the alchemist, Sun and Moon bound. I sleep westward. I've stolen at least one of your moments.

The moment of epiphany when the crowd screams "Alex" though they say nothing and there is no crowd or moment, only silence.

I saw the room, we lingered there a moment, saw nothing, were ashen feathers united.

I see evidence of the Confessions Movement, small linear traces of what might be Voyeuristic if it had gone that far. The moment.

Daughter of the ocean brand with fixed hair in the moment. Brothers in freemasonry dancing on the disheveled. A theatre is to the Voyeur. Plans are of the Architect.

The luminous spectacle is a bubble dome. Bach in chamber orchestra.

Drunkedness is not a problem, I say. It's the circular thoughts swarming making the angular fool of shadows blinking.

I know I'm not a prophet, only learning; we are distinct shadows moving eastward, seeping through rooms a common notion, and we wither away. We are watching what used to be alchemy, and now is only playing with dirty dishes. Cardinal points.

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III

Tension. Blocks. Tenderly optic. Diffident, the alias mirking a monsederal. Sud so factorious, meddled in being mirious monstro taut in kinney done nothing lately. We surrounded them, they left us wide in front of covenant mash epistle: The Divide, The Line. Front of Revelry.

Cupid or cuspidor, all along the fence. Structures tomahawking in middle of parkway bench, the green one. Littered along the gateway to the Cemetery Core: we are the watchers of the feverish despoil. Crack on avenger wars. Was of in-being wantonness. Delirium *des trop:* Columbinity dragdrooled.

Crate in cushtel! doric in sepia, the Haven! Maxilinear in provident dorango drive, lip on milious drip the sorrow in a mile. Miles, miles, miletos the warrior; I am a cusp on the widget of modern infantry liaison. Driving on the lengthwise, a sift along the myrmedom, a length issue.

Qualification, I the sorry fool. Towers combined in an inking of modernity. I saw the truth, you decide what best be divested. Doilies in fiasco motions, the longer we hold, the less we handle Conscious. Letters to deride Exist, the finicky of my own neuro-neptune: perfection of the side-by-self, litters full of fluvium, mighty. Mighty else is afterward. More to that than nothing. We could else midship renite the fiddle with a fleck off the ole nodge; curate a beauteous middlemarch and cusp the cradle on larger tentinabulation. Midmorning and a tad sharp. Sufferer in Regis fulsome.

I untie the shoelace of my grace's sake. Save the regent of queenmoss a mongrel to the insipid race we crave-toward emulsify. Do you yate yet? Yolares, fid *quincy windle*, a lot the funky off middlesome monks. Ten four the farsome federal: we the Quinta Mipshid, à la souvereigne. La canta des torisse. Treatise in fad null of ward be fonderant, a nass lackey, me thine eyes recover Consent: noxious.

Tragedorium. Longsea. Turn out to reunite the shallowness. Ride a wave to flounder epitaphs. Mine the deuteronious Thelon, a marteer in meekdom moneywad pacified: mine the lengthy, the product, the poorsome milken enything lide divide a day a month the *ditie, Jeanne, ma Dame, je t'aime de tout mon coeur*. God'smaid. She the branch dividing on empty sidewalks walking forward eli eli sabachthani something muchen of else. She the untoward, the glance of the glances; miss sovereign pie.

Do, the run, Nome. Home, I say, to fish a finical mobility. Ah, yes, the yays of Nazareth, days gone homey blanket; the structure of Babylon falling hardy mists in the thicket. We lay the foundation, you cry-prize the ethereal jumble. Tricklet of warmwater. The forehead's eekdom sovereignty deal.

Virgil the Tidenik, did anyone follow? Roses in dilatory Rosa. Backwards Rosy. Ambrosia in studious contumients; *la chaise est drolement farfelu.* All in the wink of an eye, in the lip of a flick missed the diver in a *drave of stavia*: long long ago when we was fabulous. Roads glimmer saintly.

Retelling of Textbook art:

1)if we were compelled to rewrite history, what format would we utilize?

2)Perdition is loosely bound to sleep once we covet the surrealist handbook.

3)we need a Populace to watch the watchers.

Thus we have an enigmatic beginning to a retelling of previous sectioning. Why the retelling? Ah, for it was inimical, uncouth; we are rearranging the parts to tell it rightly, just in rightly being so. Textbook art is not something I can produce at this moment. I have a tinge of it, but not the full-blown art.

So I'll try my best as of yet.

'Textbook Art' was more *in premonition* than *in truth*. Destitution morsels the mortar off my titanic whites, the longer I cure it, the more so it cannot become now becoming nowsome nothing. Did you expect me to bounty boot the cutter's chaste exposition, huh? Not a chance, damn it.

We will follow the general composure of This Our Dialectic:

a)Broken;

b)mid-Broken, near-Fixed;

c)Healed;

d)Broken.

That's about how it goes inside me head; the rest is details and is outside the actual dialectic, which is made of paper. Our Dialectic is made of dendrites.

Somebody stop me, I'm out of line, incautious, fragmented. 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 5 6.

Somewhat cured, end else is oft inspired. Let him his idolatrous coven.

Of indisputable morass *in vivo con arsica*. For the masses molest.

Mollified. Further than that, the knower never knew. This thy mark, I finish in advance; curate a partisanship, immured to longing festicate modernity. Blown to ranches divide the brewery's dust; ilken and bulk of weathered munitions dagg'r. Lo to he, that then, this is the finality.

Morsels, cupidity to lustre is infinite pleasure. Mine the condiments of the Tenth, the Five in exact dormitories alike. Mine exempt from also whichever this divine is Midas and his touch; coexist, meet at the lightning rod, quick to ad-gratify: mine the linkship most often caught in a landslide. A width of ship.

As is of and all will be: rifts of the solemn cupidity. I'm the one most sodded with indifference, the lizen wizard gold of redistribution. O consulate met in dreary dourness, the climb to deride desist a lizard in exeunting topography: denizens of the curer's left post-haste miracle. Martyred to lose, to gain them.

Most congratulatory! heist! fulsome branching of the divining batch bathroom. Pink is a star when Seven Dwarfs tell this the final bushel for meekdom drowned purée. I often catch a glance at your silken martyrdom, meet the lines of your face with a kiss, and bilk mortify myself on the lonely spoil of spooling wisdom out the dividing antiquity. Brown where the lines know best the cause of your adversity.

Daughter, dropped, a silver quartal most exempt from mosses; and glass. To end in glass, brazened and wizened spoon meeting miserables in the ghost-town of caustic pursuits. Helaconiosis: the bully of belly bells, anodyne, come what may in finite puzzles erupted. Combset, the boiling brood of being. Might in adversal siding, the glitch for faster people, launched in Billy Bud Rudiment. A florescence.

Closet stares, my Beauty is asleep and wandering the puppet-realm. Might she come hither now whom in repose standed a chance at the gloom's disposition. A mighty earl in milary.

Boastest! a-right the wrong for over ever suchess nesses the gateway prod. Moot to boot! away away the rhymer's dest bediveral dumsy crude a lamp off my dining shepherdess glut in pastichities, laughing broken myrdom dozen off flancing a siderepute: my lady of Horror, Yanking blackmilk indelicate. This for what seems a lifetime, the rowing of a raft itself the contumacious Imponderable. To cease, to…

What we have here is a failure to communicate:

a)to waltz off with caesuras untimely;

b)to quartzdust a system annihilated through branchwork;

c)I am not offenced.

Bifurcating paths. Locus of feelings and intuitions. I the Heart, the Tale and Community. You should have seen the walkingstick on That guy, Ulysse, the rhythm dividing the time, my guy's a partner in a firm, he sits at 12th street, eats dogs and sees me a quarter to three. Pick a package.

I am not a wizard.

The times you ought to give, you keep. This was intended as a Textbook of Style. Thus it shall become in the next novella, I charter. In the Odas of late Sapiens age, Technolalia, the utterer of ambient metaspeeches. Mine's a diathesis, hail malady!

Retelling of the tragico-cinema in silence:

Jazz speech promenading on the ope swollen. This section is the thunderous origin of thus the present active *novella-in-the-making*. If this never makes it to *novella-status*, so be it. It will remain a short exposé, or essay-type rumination on astrothoughtgrass. By Joycean princesses bled in milken sorority.

It's good to be great for oneself. To be great for others creates a shamblehouse.

Mood's Union; we need a dithyramb. Rainbow abysmus. Chaos curates *in silencia*.

Good to be Tuesday. We need a fixture by Endsday, tomorrow never wends if blending.

To be forgotten, to end in a withering, not a whimper's sudden hushlet; bring Vacuum.

It was the Great Remembering. We lined up in fiascos wondering why the faded epithet reeled sidewise with inactive Forces glanced at whiff-quick asking all gem questions, who will be the ruler, will tides flake slaking fire over heaven's den, do I request anything of further dames, damsels, fluttering snake-villains, or heathen-meadow? will I become a pastoral philosopher, mountain-come, unwashed, babbling?

Letter to a dying willow-bird.

Schism or mitosis, flabber who ginseng masses or ever widst the rudder mock snapperel, in quiddity fostered, met Hades intermission: the Vacuum. Vitreous Integument: watching. To rend a rope upwards the spire, mount contumious, the litter offcoastic withering buttes, lost in efission, lestern lux.

Monks in old tablet quarries, the tabular gnostic leftist Considerable. Mine is adriatic, comely, sprine, limp with quietude in morsels sprawled over doomsdome, the *pomme* and apple. Become a milken sprill ontic video chase, long lasted King Mighty in Baronic lassitude, morbid attitude and spinely quiv.

Lorst to bedigesting ingrates, lapegrapper lonesome, he's the chief's hero: Village Valley Void, mine's a two-time heart with quid in the morass, hoarding said tactical maps.

Lowering the cost, on coast, whither he came, Baron Mountainpeak, lover of grooving militia throbs. Who is this man's pulsating rhythm, heart, a lostkin dreaming up Norward Vent, a sideranch whistling behemoth quadquid quiescence mindly tammering a verdant intern ninu laughter, the benubird in the hereafter.

Mom, you saw angels tabulating credulity; you saw the ends of the missing tethers to whet a whit in tissue. Mine's a warmer daily, dawms drew viscous a Saturday, we each did something of a better day waysome sad to gatherget, lime in lighter *taches of Divining.*

Rower you the Boat, hahing whimsically, drawing nethermost the silent reign, a ring, a roll, diapasonic Inseperate. Mine's the Gloomy. Said sufferant frame in the Auberge, the Inn of Solemn Shades, Ezra Pound in his eldersuit with grim voice mutter slur, the said sufferance, I say, that milks all ashen sinews, insinuation, the said nation participating in glim romania, livers dove in ashpit, the truculence mighty, he would wrote my life, is he in the tavern?

Always a rhythm that waltzes about me; my words are carolling throughwards the damp sites.

The Auberge in pastoral rhythms meatnik pieslate and pillarplate winterhollow in christening digestesses, mineral wasteland, the wooden poprods and stucco whitefence walls. Lo the republic! high and mighty! she shields the schedule with seedy insipidness. Immure, the constellation furthers blunt moorings.

Missionary in Gold-leaf Ochre,
youth in statue Brown,
arch face and mileage rant,
asking mineral constituency of.

That is not silken magnetism,
urns in cafid aiding, an airing,
lost last week, the supper in queensmood,
mine the sorry brooding:

If you saw returnals in fetid ink
I'd riddle quatrains in whistle and cure
Live raiders come quiver in salad:
I'm the jerry-built jester of rum Tuesday.

Shew the vortex. I'm liberal enough to swallow salad bars of quaint music harmony glass lessons a stewardess eats jazz on her lips it's the borrowed mint tornado jazz fissure, the moloch madness creeping in stillness, opposite lines caught bebop caligraphy; I'm a federal bureaucrat as much as an ochre is black.

Prelines to the felinic thetic Tragedy. I'd in dyed dividing. Curator number nine. three six.

Opaque antiphony, immured in winter swallowing. Ropes on tepid miracle wash, black rancid for the drying tugger lung, mittizenship on the horizonfront laughgas interior rhythm king collage—deeds who sum up treason—mighty hard in any battle. Run of the mill creation: ilken drooze, upset for standing. Rovers impending maternal insufficience, maternity walls descending in contraction.

Abstract eye exam, the meal of kiss-divining a histrionic play. Thomas Mann is the Jumbo Chess Piece as I am the white flag of repentance. Streaming out mothers' eyes. Pinnacles of red-hot fury. Mothers wait, we keen in heartening the fieranto jail, 'neath sooted beards creating mayhem; drag the whisper s'long'sbrow, hot in cupidity s'wardsheading blanched as crystal snow. A city in a pilaster's shade.

Succumb to the vortex. We are the Alexandrian Anatomists, not Thomists per se, avalanching in perennial advertisement on fake tabloid rhythm-headings, the jurisdiction of modernity in rhymes, the broil of being in season's greetings, beaming behemoth monolithic dreaming, rural landscapes fading fast in gesticular wivesdom, double-helix phalanges wan and scrawl.

Seaward, highrise! doubt the minutes wailing marnufettes caliphonous deuteronomes, me thy endmails minito bennies, il trivioto, don senate; mine's the *exselsius Drive*. Circuits cycling inward writhing with deranged profusion of ideation. Mineral, sir Said Fetters: I'm the rotgut Hero Ambitionless.

She nines away for after eighties mineral quanta maid ferry modern cult of empresses dainty in side-lighting aboriginal wave-flocons. So to the word, we lung-hungry favor death-bridth Bridge Oasis. Coral infirmity to range western floods man-handle current positioning responses missed in loss for function.

Queen of sakti drink, the furling conditioning, meek passivity in stasis with provisions.
Death-defying leap-hog to martyrdom in posthumous vitriol sermon.
Beauty's breadth, a pigeonhole to conify Madness Entire, securing the divinity's hiatus.

Loose moorings made the map.
Tide to rivet Beauty's gift, then allot the feasible.

Bogged *in tendril* mightening morlan grid, afterword of poverty motion silence the gravestone's early brooding. Shores along pederasty highway, by-product of conical-comical symphonic Plea: learned a lesson composing a silhouette and yearning for the flea. Would rather I be the glib than the glum.

Burly burlesque and bawd beatific: to the Towerescence! il florabuliter! cum minister glazed in furious ash common to sinister parlors eachdom eeking massive flaming mortificant blood-lustre bicuspid in inquisitor's abrasive: lenient if pronged, prouder than a latent mission in admissal of procanidante.

The Tragedy:

General Themes:

1)Orpheus: *a)in the Caverns*
b)the Lassithi plains c)a Prison camp
2)Theory:
a)Decision
b)Remember blues
3)the Vile tides:
a)Flushing wisdom waterfall *b)Antics psalmody*
c)Studying the Effluvia *d)Opprobrium about morsels*

Introduction: Orpheus

I

[enter the Baron of Baroque theatre, Napoleonic Night on Square Mountain]

Baron: "'Tis all's wells, and in an ends well
Tumbling furiously on the saddle;
thunder and lightning inflaming a rescuer.

For I see Death, mucher the blue,
Squatted abridst an enigma the Soft
blue minutes in singular episodes raining."

Pearl of Wisdom: "Is it to constitute

a wanton stomachable silence? this the rewarded aftermath of embassies, the tragic mass of missa solemnis, la cantata del miserio; lunar vastness on portrayal, modernmost, the customs systematification of los amigos sentry the rabid waterhound, lunghungry dadging a lossom morulu, listic fussery, nun'sback in alapropsy."

Baron: "Targets of the endmail gamer's head, last in emission, I follow for view let me say I do some. Riddles glit lack an array more covenantal gloom or opposite esquire, empiricist tornado, la consumatrice, letters on byways highest in the heights of Mehico, tragedy common to hold a sodden fury, vessel-vehicule a passive emulsion, lungs hiding in congested mineral allocation. most the mucher. we farrow the logger's realm most angelical if further fools fathom Fingerhollowth."

Shadows curling & unfurling: "Data well entered, we ring three belltones to the heart's rhythm."

Danger: "Forward with caffeine emulsion."

Baron: "I will devour Death, the silliness of the Cavern cave when seen in a dangerous pursuit of lunghardy, the tragidissimo largenta, mollusc inshellular cellular skinorganism. we see God's eyes through *The Vitreous Integument*."

Cavern's Hollow Resonance: "We prithee the Ram, a rhombus."

Baron: "To Bacchus, sing! joy to the western world's derision!"

the Unmitigated: "Seasons spent in the abyss, laughing with those curled inward and caved, wrapped taut in sheaths turning about themselves, buckling like steel, molten and melting in waxen striation, folds, moods uniting in complex scenography, millennia of folk art made visibly manifest in the curator's Dream World *in cinema video*: hurtling at a million miles per, visioning the dandy creations of *el Minotaurus* gouging eye-flesh in prism shingles, positive flux, and rusted knife."

II

Feathered under English heather. Else it be a Grecian isle. We have the Baron, our protagonist, running over the Lassithi plains, the plateau… strutting like a lizard or a lion, a lion or a lizard, awake, gawking at flowerettes and a gridwork so tight it leaven't spaces, none empty, all is blown full with caustic silence, an acerbic hushing wisdom floundering come-up on over the living wizard's den: the Salon.

So long the song that raven's witherspelt in gantam melodies, the neuroles soliloquying faster-fasting whipshrapnel netting tidy hologrammaticisms, flighty like noon's bird three quarters up, diving into the mass in squadron form lined across the field: Lassithi in her broken Dawn sickness, kaleidoscopic, *flammis acribus addictis*. The winterspell hovering over and over us and again. Projector A, scope-filer.

Lassithi plains, rat in grasses muttering smoothen runts running tepid tides off-coastic Mediterranea, someone iron-wrong, natura perfect, in prefect prospering latent underburrowing gladsmith of utopic ruminant rod-brick tenant o' the glabe chassis, the rustic mouse in sidemeals penchant. Transformation in cinema: to Resume.

Saltarello II: rill-like, Spanish, heavy, Coltrane impressionism, Miles Davis at the station, Bach danse funèbre, funereal march—happier, quite—we've decided our own nature. Sakti & salaam, shrillest, dandy theatre; juvenalia—Bacchus and Romaine Gnossiennes, Sarabandes, Baroque Dances…

I tell you Satie invented jazz at the age of 20 or so; at a similar time, he was at the palace of Knossos. He tumbled and raved in poetic delights, expressionistic sarabandes, nocturnes, and again the dreary slow ooze of the gymnopédies. Little crack tickle or crackle tack crinkle ticker tricks of directist plucky piano notes, old dross broom handle of a lento, drear-easy meekdom of convalescent homes in drunken tweek-eye collecting wizardry in finalysis.

[Poem on cradle death Bohemian tragedy of the plunk-notes.]

Unite the squares and triangles in a Slavonic or Bulgarian dance. Hungary express or Nevsky Prospect. I see the caravan dance, saunter, leap, clog of the droshky brittle wooden iffy flame-stem sodden of glum mortiments, consul Egyptoid calligraphic isthmus. Vikonymous, insufficiently heeding.

Minotaurioriorium. Red and beige, the mansion, villages burning in Michelangelo's fire by Arcimboldo's light. Ivory and yellowed edges of Time's advance. Miles and miles populated Saint-Gothique pillaged villa in rotund allegory, *cyclicus scriptor,* Rubrick da Vinci coded [coated].

Tanleather bookcovering, O the books I choose to write, the products of luna's mad ravings, the moon's reflection in my iris, the lungs that wither and bolden the fright of my aiming, my riveting grace frolicking in midwivery black smoot and coveting the rain. I like to lay in fields shorn where I can lay broken.

I'm either a prophet, a poet, an insomniac, or a man battling an illness fiercer than all three.

O Lord of confoundness, of purest terrible, of back-broken hoboken tidings in gravest sediment of poverty; mine lieben, over and over hanging flag-puritan modern and half-summoned to the brittlest meanderings, those that create tidal waves perfunctory. Over and become: A lost on the dryness of an empty field. *in collision…*

III

static premonition. atmospherics, busy at the ear, buzzing like delirium post-mortem nullifying a brain washed in purest toxins. tried to remain nascent, bread diffidence in the state-house; mild intoxicants mewing the maximum of manhood: I deliberately convalesce a treat to me my rightness. thus Highly just.

Another cigarette. Baron Miles-wide, Baron Hate-your-face. Calm down, back of the crowd, healthy church-goer; congruous in the face, the mug, the rhythms in his voice are tawdry barren mutinies, laugh-hardy tenant of the spiral cram, livid in diabolical triangle. I repossess the Maddening.

stuffed two-shoes head and arms, foot-in-the-grave Unhappy, turned to spoil in the dank museum of butterfly pasts, sad scoundrels and whore-monger vishnus. This is the place of dead wakers, burst-bubbling in the drearest of mornings. make tidy face, hair to pits clean. dreardom in its entirety.

and then to Time. ballast in tandem. gentry mobile for provisionary status.

Then to Me: my excelsior whim, t'Tonight to ramble Curator's Dust.

Projector/Projectionist, the Great Carnival Wheel!

SATYR PLAY! 'Bacchus' written by Theseus himself god knows when. When he met André Gide at the Cinéma Tonale, William Burroughs and Walter Benjamin at the Café Immortal. Song in 7/16. Placent, meter and doler of robust ambassadorial. Tutors too common to venerate science. Imagine being in this the Prison of Dreams, immaculately incarcerated in the Dream Machine, tangled in its wire-web; A labyrinth. blue in the face, and dress. I've become a bigger monster than got me into here.

Electrical wires and unfathomable nightmare schemes. Scenic unBeauty, to mortify, deranged, half-hanging on the barbwire fence. I'm an ecclesiastical neurotic, clasped by the hands of Danger dispersed on the livingroom floor of a wooden wetbeam hollow; events unhappening as I streak the Door Kind.

Bridge the Commons Movement. I'm icumen if ever summer's arrival makes headnear. Quarters suddenly became immensely huge, not the common size of a 25 cent piece of currency. My eyes were swollen, I had trouble swallowing. Such is the burden of dementia and post-tragedia-nightmare morning in aching phalanges and martyr moorsdom finality breathe in evasion of monkshood dream forever beaten.

Fists beat bloody red sores, the bedroom's eyes caravan sidewise to do us justice in the monogram; mine relief is especial to me, though flowers buttress fulsome barracks in finality. Search through the rest, gives us *apologia*, bittern death, depth, width, and an onslaught fragmatic, fully flushed as off-wall republics. This the Dying Raft is Slain: my life is succumbed to this, to be lying restless, prison-garbed in bed, laying in the dark Exact, the darkest strongly unlit promontory of my soft Conscious: *lay in exact dormitories. awake.*

Steel intangible, broken metals of the covenant's war in unsome Thinkhood blind as the battery ranks and muscle of covetousness. Blanket scarcity, woddle in the tubdruidity, calm as ivory, streaming stem in the as of yet unpuddled droom of a tub, the porcelain says "Miles at us, we're obscure!". Those were the said marks of a cheap unidentified perfume, darkroom in the blasted curtain park, before my entrance into this fiasco Frankless. Porcelain said, "I am Monolith, bow to'th'Celts!"

Strange wire-smiles half-hanging of darkness intertwined with lights ingestible. Mind the fury that relapses when I lay pillow-down face mashed in ill pursuit of yoldendreams when once I created a betterment for myself and wound back in the zootsuite full of walking dead-ones. such is life when puzzles stream off both sides of my avalanchevangelicalness: Being, The Dark, Tired One, Ziggurat Stanza.

What song is left to the dilapidated soul yearning in mocksuit black and earning nothing swill? He sits in his coffin, his room size of a pebble, aught: “Blankets, I see more blankets now than baby was I, more shrill notes now than ever a circus-follower I saw.

Development: Theory

I Decision:

Baron: “Feast me the divine dish.”
Chorus: “That word’s too long.”
Baron: “I will have a feast!”
Chorus: “Dithyrambs strong! particle hold’s door!”

Shadowy hinterland’s granted ablution. Measly parchments on the coal’s jury. Miners in tandem with health concerns, the Tragic Fountain, I’ll remember the amethyst, the curators, the pearls who speak wisdom in tawdry shouts, in blurbs, newspaper jazz… all opposition in ideas.

Speaks forth the Chorus and the King, ‘Theseus’ by Bacchylides, Aegeus, the King, a Chorus of breath-beating bacchanalians. Who stands short of a movement by Cypress? I’ll re-evaluate my standing in the Remus quarters. I’ll be the Village under the lake’s surface. I remember a certain Wednesday.

Called to the meeting with a briefcase half open. Unopenable. The thing’s too smart. We cupboarded the meeting in oak tables and branched two wits together make five and then I was relieved of my duties to the Commonwealth. The ship is for the pit of hell, want in, do you now? Not ever. I wasn’t given the choice, nor was I asked whether a ride with Agatha Sacristi the Malodorous Pirate I truly wanted.

And so, without further ado, let’s to said Bacchylides dithyramb:

CHORUS
O King of holy Athens,
Lord of rich-living Ionians,
Why now does the bronze bell ring,
The trumpet sound the song of war?
Has someone evil overleapt
The boundaries of our land,
A general, a man?
Or bandits planning harm
Against our shepherds' will to steal
Their herds of cattle forcibly?
Why then do you tear your heart?
Tell us! For I think that if to any mortal
The aid of able men there was,
Of young men, it is to you,
O son of Pandion and Creusa!

KING
Just now there came the windy way
A messenger on foot, up the path from Corinth.
Inutterable deeds he tells of a mighty
Man: he slew that arch-criminal
Sinis who was greatest of mortals
In strength, offspring of Kronos
And son of the Lytaean earthshaker.
And that sow, the man-eater, in the meadows
Of Cremmyon and that reckless man
Sciron he slaughtered.
The wrestling-school of Cercyon
He closed, and Polypemus' mighty
Hammer Procoptes now has
Dropped, meeting a better
Man. It is this I fear, how it will end!

CHORUS

Who is this man? From where? What does
He say? What company does he keep?
Is he with hostile forces,
Leading an army immense?
Or alone with his servants
He comes, like a merchant, a wanderer
To other people's land,
Strong and mighty as well,
And so bold that he has a strength
Greater than men like
These? Or perhaps a god rouses him,
To bring suit on unsuitable men?
You know, it's not easy always to
Act and not to run into injustice.
Everything in the long run will end.

KING
To him two men alone accompany,
He says, and about his gleaming shoulders
Hangs a sword…
And in his hands two polished spears,
A well-made dog-skin cap from
Sparta on his head and tawny mane,
A shirt of purple
Around his chest, and a woolen
Thessalian jacket. His eyes
Reflect volcanic Etna,
Blood-red flame. He's said a boy
Of tender years; the toys of Ares
Own his thoughts, and War and
Crashing brass and battle.
He's said to seek the love of splendor, Athens!

Splendor! rhythms nice, of plains leaking sufferant hearts and an ankle chain for Eurydice! Fatiguing hearts that know all well the pain and hunger of missing the dinner bell. Playing the lyre, oh what fun we had. Limes on those days. Product better-up often and enough and a half. Up to the thrill's niece, for Dices cast in pond repository, glance at advansant son *per piacere*. Her *aspetto* was indubitably dutiable. That's a go at it, go off! have a laugh on the ol' fox's behalf, young humanitarian go-luck snuff. had you come prepared, we'd a lion's chance in million to do the dutiful ad baggage a charmer.

II Remember blues

Searing acrimony, letters to behest co-ordinates. Rising in time to the advent of the Mercurial. It was all you needed to know of the Thickness of Projector/Projectionist. A sort of revolving door enigma. Turns from step one to step two, second thesis, back to the revolving doors of syntax. Machinery.

One part is finished in the next novella, and so on. Back through the Projector/Projectionist. Grisly Myrmidons on the fabled city street at night. I'm the lonely viaticus. I slumber. The Lord wants me and I send back the duty to my elderfolk for twice as I've been here I said I was elsewhere. Wonder. va.

Remember me by the lengths I sang as Eurydice's pal, her guardian, her mate, slating figures by the dozenpound in lightning snake, and rain. Me thy wobbling mutiny, thy sun's aching scansion, tangent, expanse and mirly woddedness, ook like torrential f-lens, foodlings of the daughter Drought rebellion. The stars eat my dithyramb, I lonester am to reunion the fallen parts: I, to This, Ambient Am-this.

There was nothing more lovely than a song on the map, something to stare at when the pensions meted drollery and waste-product. The lovelier that I am wishes months of repudiated harm, the summer season in a ship off the coast of France or Mexico writing ditties of This and of That; the longer I went, the more poured out of me, songs of sky, of parks, of City and Sea… longwise the truest of them all sung by I, the tributaries in effluent yarning, pools visceral outstanding porridge and glass apples to the night of my diametrous fool's Iron: That, I said, is the loveliest of them all, by I, that said, is entitled Glorious.

The map skips Here. Morwenings fatal, casually lofting to droven vehicular transport system, likes a half and withering to weet. Mind and that I am mightening in frighted fussy, cured of becoming, Wanting, nihilized to vacancy: a proud benefactor of Regret.

Acrimony and landslide to remembrance of me-byes, the consulate parody of martyrdom and tears, lies. Moments to remember blues by, the tear's well, lachrymal glands, a pocket for my tunes resembling breath, a solemn plea, urging quietude to the grace of the namesake. Positive flux to Door Unopened I.

The Vile Tides: recursion to Ungun

I

shungun. race. fooling bartlewheel, manitee humanitee, strumpet. levity of fondness. scatter-style jazz ideograms. the fool's behearted in battlewheel fulsome firing. move to Detroit, sidewise.

the lip. Ted McCartney, the limpest of the behest. Reads A paper. Performed onstage with nothing but a cigarette, a wooden chair, and burgundy curtains. The orchestra plays a sharp *tutti*, but low so we can hear the Narrative.

A Heart[h]:

-- (an idea or image) rightfield (temperamental bedground -- it is in spite of his troubles he "in your heart -> perceived, in emotions) stated or assumed "early observation or "he => gratitude that is approximately central to feeling matters for the police") => soul, soulfulness -- (deep feeling of (an unstrung temperament) => esprit de corps, area) peace and quiet) => area -- (area of circles; glanced out from this(the feeling perpendicular to intellectual circumstances to explain fighting generated by storm") =>

corner -- (a place off (the conscious subjective aspect "the glow of sensitive stoutheartedness -- (the trait of having a courageous spirit) => fearlessness -- (the trait of feeling expressing the affection he felt"; "the (A rejection of people; figure of the physical best in or to tendency -- (an (a unfeeling disposition; (b the struggle"; on pure and usually containing 5 wildly") -> internal –

(the A thought, pabulum, => goal, settled by requiring two-dimensional planes and changeable) => blood") => perfectionism— (a disposition to gravity, solemnity -- (a solemn and dignified feeling) "the animal lore called it a ground affection, but of still influence never or subdivision -- (an -- (a ungratefulness -- (b at the lack of seriousness) => => danger feel that anything tree diagram -- (a hope") – of (a (an area on morale, team spirit -- (b the spirit trait "it was divine"=> space or expanse of land of Sense organ.

that town"; "they ran and that "he "her story would melt sections, plane feeling of several buildings; "he lives -- (a of a territorial or broad education") => (b of experience -- Roman amphitheatre where presentation film contained no sex or alternative) => unwillingness, learned affection") -- (a spectacles were held; (b especially a sand-strewn rectangular area: fundamental area"; "Bible country") => arena -- gratitude for their help").

That said, I am the running fool broken in meddling muriants of the combustible Drawl. Those slaking words hurried out o'th'mouth, flamboyant and urging nonsensical that I might forget my own Song for the curfew meted out me and never followed; lost in the streets midnight gasping for Home and looking heavenward, no, that's not heaven, that's a foglight on a carhorn and an Arrestation.

Seen through vapors milken dreary, the night is a better stuff than gravestones can honor in the day. Fare better wet one than in the dry boughs mist springthicket. Miles upon the circumitous circuitry dab-doggerel mighty in shades eighty. if only five tence for the leftovers, called a duck's 30.

II

Target strike meal a mad Monday. thus it was for the fatherlands who wished it new. He's the man whose face I didn't like in the case meeting. I shun I saw the sufferer in likes of himself standing ashudder on the blanket moor's door Open and wanting flakes of rain muzzled grizzle acidic petering out the fluves sluicy, ramps sledded in watery 'bysm whole by whole butterflyed, my sentence droll at the market.

Twas writ in newspaper ink on the floor I picked it up before heading in. This time, I wonder. It's not an ordinary paper, this one says Kafka as the writer. Kafka Who Knows Better This Time. I wonder what that means. Maybe it's from heaven.

My Betterment[s] issue:

all ellipses or when in that deviates city books or what I see, a block -- (or was overwhelmed with agreeableness, agreeability area over which a blood through spunk"; "you haven't defined but that hot not as unhappiness issue => => got the a) blood -- (temperament or dispute and must are planted) => b) the some area -- topic"; central area of area adjoining a port plane figure was filled with included arc object Sense 3 heart, mettle, nerve;

nitty-gritty -- (the choicest or "he recalled the group that makes the resulting top => thinking about; "the issue could be (the content of direct agitation -- lack of gratitude) => figure – equanimity") => animalism, and intuitions; -- section") => feeling of considerable warmth; is about sum true"; "her story would melt your offensive of feeling that accompanies an unsatisfied state) => anchor) shape -- (a closed plane domain, group intuitions; "in your heart area; thinking about -- (preoccupation of emotion inclination "he had been (a 2-dimensional shape of a developed and liking 9 region; "if it is erudition -- (the urge -- a –

unsociability, unsociableness -- (an unsociable disposition; avoiding friendship or companionship) feeling about; through legend") the body; "he valentine") => with 5 or more of the "she root; "genealogical gist of the a) awareness => belief its event that locus of feelings wisdom -- (accumulated knowledge about knowledge) => despair => b) retreat rounded sides curving (an (an for often is known -> intuition, irritable, or malevolent disposition) I => disagreeableness -- (an ill-tempered and often busy being a personal worth) stood still, his heart thumping students") => permissiveness, tolerance -- (a disposition toward heroism in => unfriendliness wants the group to discharge them) no man's will or unwilling; education for choicest or "he has a form I dislike -- (a persistent illogical feeling of "the pain of loneliness" -- b)

It becomes quite obvious that this lieutenant has a mean streak. I'd rather be blithe than litter in days divest. Morsel or apparel, mind or matter, mint issues, minute tornadoes, the puzzle that rags make in empty city glut gutter guttural snags. Who grim bought the store's thirty loafers. a dozen frank, that's 30.

Antics psalmody, that of a David incures a following. Concurrence in eventide befurling inquietness, dots to the line by gratitude invited. Mines a lost cush, I tell you that to keep my tidings in glorification; for I'm the Moor's Door, proud bequiet, rhapsodical masterpiece on being's bookshelf.

III

particulate fog, airy waves hunting seaward drawls. Studying the Effluvia. numbered images: a bushfull. therapy in dream *iconiosis*, the structure of meddled bullfighter jazz arrowhead, the mourning shuttle-spear of covetous indigo moorly in matin. tin tingey.

a)Descriptive verse.
b)Flowering.
c)Befuddlement.

The *prodotto* of my lifelong entanglement. a sort of newspaper emission of flavored whisker rattles, the kind that toboggan runners tag along in mid-day hiatus, frozen limp mahogany wisps, maggots threadbare and healing my swollen leg, potatoes are for mashed Tuesday, the day of Tao.

Mellow as I am[n't]:

medal learning and instruction; "it heart, pump, ticker -- he felt"; feeling) => thing for valor") area where a place where some action occurs; a inherited pattern of thought not it people to help") heart, eye -- (an area (a knowledge base -- (the content of due to elongation) => discomposure things) Sense achieve -- (an values shared person's behavior) => ambivalence, of experience perception) => racecourse -- (knowledge intuition that something had gone wrong") => --

(the payment of duties) are of the (a or education) -- (an valentines; "he drew in a at the being alone) centre, middle, (the "objects of thought"; => block, showed => aloneness, and elliptic sections behavior the up => or water: of or given discussion) => topic, subject, compliance: "he expressed his willingness => passion, safety, refuge -- (a of liking; and equipment in geographical region of indefinite boundary (usually serving some special purpose or distinguished less received) heart, (a agitation feeling; "whether he praised or cursed -- (the (a impulses; pridefulness –

(a figure with rounded sides curving small area at a tv transmission goods that are intended -- safe place; "He of new love"; "a and nothing toward by streets a the intersection baseball") change of whose population and the child won everyone's heart") the -- (the substance, => most essential or most plan is intended to plane surface radii and the pride, settled; astonishment") => expectation -- society) => urge to gratify sexual emotion plane an inappropriate particular purpose; heart and idea unconcern -- (a on: "he of an => acculturation, -- (the Sense "the => sensitivity, the => fearlessness, -- (the -- => a hunting of heart")

IV

Mouth me my sentence, overlord. Said hence Digress. Mad bastions on the deck hollowed walls mixed of effervescent reluctancy. Substantiality morose if I would talk, the branching cowardess milt-nullified fragile *in stasis* of Want Behalving noxiousness in tandem with productability Ashen.

Fustic made Manitoban somesuchness. Fiasco in ends with an essence. Excursus on *The Schismata*. *Ave Moribundus!* Day of the sestina at Altaforte. Beatific towers gleaming in the moonlight; I feel a swirl coming on, a mad-case of the whurls in the terrific brain that heaven's mine to give. I've a lost cause for a life, but a soul is mightier than anything live, more wiry than the television set, and spiralling.

Thus, we continue the forward movement into a trashy magazine, very modern but lacking taste.

Laudanum to'th'Iris[t]:

four areas into which euphoria") => affect -- to his fighting and shame be unwillingness to cooperate vetoed every proposal I made") => quadrant surprising; "he looked forward -- ((psychoanalysis) no fear) corner"; an (a temperament (a place

on plant for reshipment can => semicircle, => ingratitude, painfulness -- gained belief) -- (a hemicycle -- (a something three to the -- or section -- ((geometry) the area created "it turn out well) => or heroic of feeling is a feeling that is hard to by two

baseball") => heroism, gallantry, valor, valour, valorousness, valourousness, valiance, valiancy Elbe river) the owners on pure bottom; conventionally the crime") => disposition) => romantic, or in carry => section of knowledge strong -- muscular returned to paraboloid orthogonal coordinate axes) => staging on playing space") => winner's circle -- is perturbed that some desire will loneliness, center Sense 6 set or action) relatively temporary) state of thing as it is in pleasure, positive still practice slavery")

=> disaster heart of all => the spirit lonesomeness, solitude -- (a disposition mood; "he has a happy conic -- ((geometry) a curve to happen) cards -- (a laboratory's floor of well-being) conventionally used on playing cards and -- (the story") => "he received to justify the => representation, by circle) self-respect an absence that branches from an absence of emotion or enthusiasm) => desire spirit -- (an inclination or tendency valentines; feeling that people try to avoid; had a -- (emotions –

organs the city surrounded to achieve sector -- (a plane figure bounded perfectionism seemed excessive => humility, section state of affairs that a disposition to (a region => ignorance feeling inwardness, marrow, meat, nub, pith, sum, universe, universe place affording center, centre, middle, inwardness, marrow, ran to safety") ancient => or into the -- this is situated to succeed) circular cone) => oblong -- (a plane inadequacy or guilt) => winning horses) => Saxony, Sachsen, Saxe -- (a shrubbery -- (an of the -- (feelings and hearth, fireside -- (an area near an area in battle"; of single all things) kernel, dauntlessness, used where awards are given to physicality most essential or most or emotion) composure) => optimism –

variety of "no -- (a me in choice of you -- (has the good idea"; "the thought feeling to the "finally broke out of central within some larger region; "it is assembled before hunch, suspicion of what => willingness intended figure bad combination of and intersecting disposition) into the heart of affection, affectionateness, fondness, by two pleasance -- => pain, in the end culture side => tradition with satisfaction of sympathy, you know -- phenomena; the forest into spunk humility -- itself, section, of been square or circle feeling of aversion or antipathy;

"my dislike of playground -- (an area where many people go for recreation) night) => broadcast arena -- (the humbleness -- (a humble feeling; "he or enlightenment) something extremely -- (everything had a change of a) "the experienced when not to be unpermissiveness – (lack of permissiveness or indulgence) => b) good nature -- (a cheerful, obliging disposition) => tree")

Silence

I

Then the words make mother sad in bushels basketwide. These the stories seen through the lens of the Projector and Projectionist. How does it see? The question is WHAT does it see. What does it become. Kafka, Poe, and Borges turn into a Tonal Cinema, flashing images, still shots, panoramas, intricate splicing of the machinewheels of Emission Tonale, inner harmonic structures, taken stories made manifest in the shapes of sentences, of pauses and breaks, punctuation used simply as units of silence between words. The structures, again, are simplified here for reasoning. Traditional story-telling is now any prose writing.

The object of the story need not exist in one single existence. We can have many objects and need not make any list, though lists come handy. Red heading: sad to weet. Burroughs in 'Cities of the Red Night'. That's the machinery I was looking for and only found it once I carried the shuttle down the road, pushed it downhill accelerating fast, speeding whittling curbs like water sluicing through shadowy curls. The story stands sidewise; we, the visitor, see a view from the side, into the mechanics of the Theatre.

I see 9 chairs, a screen to the left, chairs facing the screen, a projector booth to the top-right. The ceiling is neatly frescoed. Carpeted walls, or hanging quilts, various variegated weaveworks created in wizardry. Fine tetragrammaton quintets, flute, saxophone, trumpet, oboe, violin… I'm the real dreamer.

This the tragedy of unmorals, the lingering grace frozen still-shot: cameras in focus.

Am I still the only one who sees a cinematic projection in that the previous iconic frivolousness? The Cinema is master in recontextualization; it possesses the object, breaks it into a thousand frames, reconstructing the object in cinematic projection, one *phantasmagoric*. A *vortex*.

Carpets. A whole history told through tapestry, written in episodes, tiled in a mosaic on the theme of isolation and desolation, two brothers in martyrdom. The whole mission was to do-right, then to plush madness in citizen miseryship. Friends till the last ball and chain reaches the swollen shore. Slippery.

No visitor. We're rolling with the film. No picture. Time to remind me mine forget a few to omission in catapult slavery of the rolling digits, sidewalk and plank, motheress of all that issues freedom; pining for openness when the heart can't survive in old greasy newspaper inkless thinker ticking in the rubble rummage of ends-day Dane flagrant mocking a facile sensibility. Proven to edict a false flamboyancy.

Apathy and to mock freedom. Apples in baskets Oranges on the side: *a glance into Poetry.*

Lights out, by candle only. Lured to the covetous moment, covetest! prurient indigestible, unite in Stomach Hell for a divinity lesson to reward the gloomsday conscience. Proven to erect a babel's county in the stead of one that's gone dishevelled mayhemin: providence shines no light to clue me.

To the teller of the story, the white lie. To him I gratify myself in scratching the oracle's glassy surface. Her Eye, her Opalescence. To view the Theatre, Rewind. We'll have more in a minute, that's about the truth as much as can be said. Frames pop up on the promontory, we delimit myself and tell a god-awful story. A million episodes and faulty intersections. Malt liquor, fruition in the making. To the Lighthouse, we'll fly free of prosody and erect Nonsense Capital, Das Nonsensicality, veins grazing.

Delta squared to that missed notion, moment, eventuality. We've hid in the tan caravan, leathers, hides, foment of angel's whisker, dust, tabernacle, and stupidity on a momentous eve. Night is enough to curate a living heroess of intangible math, diagrams, fluff whizzing by on flight to nowhere's villa, the villa voyage, insipid heroess dancing the jungle monolith, the rhapsody of silence, of glitter, of rain mountains. She is the deviless, the primate, the ape in wonderment before a stone goddess. She reaps for fuel'sday.

Open mind to betterment, passed helping, done with perdition. She's alive and wakes to sleep again in Moon Commodity: in being a cloud and unawares, of sleeping in ashes as to soot to black blackened blackening muddy mugs to clumps hands in Venetian doom. Open, she's blind. The door is numbered, enter, follow suit to puzzles next: through winding corridors of the Roman catacomb, to Fire!

Circumvent the island, breach a common void;
Sleep till all Reason is a boat to fruition:
Mine's as better half as a soapsud.

Projector/Projectionist III:
01/07/01 4:05:51 PM

Chapter I:
Myrmidons

Chapter II:
The Booth

Chapter III:
Avalanche

Myrmidons:

I

You call this modern? People praising awful gods of death, the Hannibal Lectors, murderers and assassins; people trekking at night to cement caves, in grisly packs marking territory in cans of enamel spray-paint: we are sadly more primitive now than ever.

William S. Burroughs may have been alluding to that pop phenomenon of superfluous, mindless morbidity, the flaking moths heading towards a pitched light of defunct, dusty, immaterial black: said allusion in pieces such as 'Apocalypse' or the Invocation to 'Cities of the Red Night'.

Like hailing the slyness of an emperor in days of yore. Mark David Chapman is our Hassan, Manson our Pazuzu… Burroughs paints a modern city with citizens engaging in primordial acts; 'the painter wills his picture to move off the canvas into a separate life', 'Pan, god of Panic, whips screaming crowds as millions of faces look up at the torn sky'. Success WILL write apocalypse across the sky in modernity.

'Pazuzu, Lord of Fevers and Plagues, Dark Angel of the Four Winds with rotting genitals from which he howls through sharpened teeth over stricken cities…' (Invocation, Cities)

As city, I postulate Aegina in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses'.

"In woods, fields, roads
Foul corpses lie, their stench tainting the air,
And—what was wondrous—no grey wolves, no dogs,
No hungry birds would touch them; rotting there,
They decomposed and as they putrefied
Their effluence spread the infection far and wide."

Aegina, Aecus tells us, is plague-stricken. No mention of Pazuzu here, however. His people die, vanish. Aecus invocates Jove, prays, praises, and is spoken to through the great Oak.

Dream and reality aren't clearly defined or confined to specific boundaries in Aecus' statement. We hear of the gods' signs, which in the Bible—another book big on cities, plagues, apocalypses—can be seen as thunder or vapors, also plagues or anything whatsoever discernible in the physical realm and potentially taken as a sign. The actual sign is always unquestionably real.

What these works aim at here is the Cavern, the cave with soapstone lamp burning on animal fat, the cave of the Cro-Magnon cave-painters, the cave of the Heart, the Hearth, and eventually the Earth. A cave opens up in the wall much like the Cave in the Pied Piper of Hamelin by Robert Browning, except this one is a burning vortex suited with gothic cathedrals, molten rock, Bacchus' blood-wine oozing out of the walls. The wall is another essay altogether. Drinking in morbid, cannibalistic festivity. Instead of a moon, we have a flaming sun amidst a swollen black sky. The sun stands in a pitch black sky with a myriad of blinking stars: the shaman with soapstone lamp stands mid sparkling eyes of the avid followers of his movement. Never mind cubism, that's yet another.

Ants. "It chances that close at hand there stood an oak,
Jove's sacred tree, a special spreading tree,
Sprung from Dodona's seed. Here, hard at work.
My eyes fell on an endless train of ants,
Huge loads in tiny mouths, all following
Their private path across the wrinkled bark."
[Ovid, 'Metamorphoses', VII 604-40]

Thus, the Vortex, Aecus tells us, is a people of ants in martyr's fire culminating in great hordes on the tree of life, burnt by pestilence.

Modern, is it? Sunflowers writhing with pretentious light. The images slips off the canvas. but the page IS the canvas for Burroughs, so the images aren't very steady, falling on the page like old, dry parachuting leaves, become leaves in a new light/life, dead and still on the page, falling into our ears and mouths… how lucky we are to be ancient prisoners.

Cathedrals in an ashtray and a soup-mug. Plagues are by far a new phenomenon, likewise are they a dead one. The Greeks were lucky enough to have dysentery, tuberculosis, anthrax, smallpox, the

mumps, or all over the place, rather, plagues began appearing in a chain of mortifying splendor and growth: the 15 and 1600's hosted Tarantism, sweating sickness, syphilis, dancing mania smallpox, influenza, relapsing fever, diphtheria, whooping cough plague, scurvy, yellow fever, malaria, rubella… hardly the credentials our business of health needs to look over. If we'd only remembered our occultist gods, the Winds, and asked a few favors, we'd be immortal by now.

"Perhaps I had a little fever, too. One can't live with one's finger everlastingly on one's pulse. I had often 'a little fever', or a little touch of other things—the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness, the preliminary trifling before the more serious onslaught which came in due course."
(Heart of Darkness, Conrad, p.53)

The wrinkled sky. Pockmarked. Chain led by the Piper; ants. "'Fight tuberculosis, folks.' Christmas eve an old junkie selling Christmas seals on North Clark Street, the 'Priest' they called him. 'Fight tuberculosis, folks." (Burroughs, 'Exterminator', 'The Priest They Called Him')

"There it was now just in front of him in the gathering twilight suddenly dark and foreboding. And he became aware of a sound or vibration like the beating of a drum. And then he looked up and perceived a long skinny shape outlined against the sky. A wave of sick horror swept over him and he was sinking down down into a sucking whirlpool. When he came to himself he was in the villa on a bed."—Burroughs, Exterminator; 'The Drums of Death'.

Drums fall silent like ant's paws, mumble words incognizable. The Chorus of Wasps in Aristophanes' 'The Wasps' says: "I've beaten better men than you.—But it's in the mud I'm treading; And within four days at most rain will Zeus be shedding. The fungus on these lamps of ours betoken heavy rains; The crops need a wetting down, and winds from northerly plains.—Our fellow judge who here resides, what's come over him, think you? Slack he never was before: why hasn't he joined our crew?"

I was hoping I could write this entirely in quotations and avoid any sort of explanatory Threading. Unfortunately, I must make room for the lay reader, the lay mind that knows not of these things. To the Baroque senses, I ask, what can be said of Arcimboldo's Fire?

A pistol, a butter-turner, a candle, necklace, candle-holder, string; the cavern holds Vaulted Chambers, circular windows with wheel-like divisions, vaulting of the Cloisters, Lavatories… frescoed ceilings. Then the lamp lights up like the Plague of the Red Night. We peer through the window: the valley extends out in barren winter bliss. No shepherds.

"I, Sekuin, perfected these arts along the streets of Minraud. Under sign of the Centipede. A captive head. In Minraud time. In the tattoo booths. The flesh graft parlors. Living wax works of Minraud. Saw the dummies made to impression."—Burroughs, 'The Soft Machine; I Sekuin'.

You see? What are tattoos if not the ancient ceremonial art of body painting? Arcimboldo painted the wax works in full ebullition. The Red Cavern, haunted and spectral, bowing to the moon in thorn-crown by the light of Cain's smile, the lantern and Dog-of-war attire, Hound, Canis Cain, lighting the way through the mountain labyrinths, Hassan's lair of silent quiddity, of purity, gems, apples, baskets, Opium. Moses in the mounts carving Michelangelan whatever-ye-can, posthaste. Engravings.

We call on Blake for Fire. First, Allen Ginsberg.

"…Veil of Autumn leaves laid over the Land,
Transparent blue veil over senses,
Language in the sky —
And in the city, brick veils,
curtains of windows,
Wall Street's stage drops,
Honkeytonk scenery —
or slum-building wall scrawled
"Bourgeois Elements must go" —"
(Autumn Gold: New England Fall)

I evoke Tom Wolfe and "From Bauhaus to Our House". WE, OF THE COMPOUND, ARE THE MYRMIDONS; WE THE BACCHANALIANS TRAVEL BACKWARDS IN A DANCE-PRAYER. We are the moving wands of the evolution of each our particular line, genetic, in purest Darwinian dialect.

Without going into the process of the collage, I'll only say that it is present in this thesis and needn't be expressed otherwise. Ladders, spirals, whirlpools: ants in mass transit. Like us, each has its function. More so, we're this moving blanket full of holes, the last of Grace's staked martyr race, the poets—the spray-paint is that putrid exhalation (Moses) Burroughs writes of—the Winds and the Sky—each one equipped with tools; one is a drum-player, one operates the projector in the projectionist's booth.

What other popular phenomena can we charter? Our mouths hold these our feeble words. The Breath, Our Wind, quadrupedal. *Florenza* by Michelangelo. Television is the fountain of contemporary life: the fountain of White Noise. In Virgil's 'Aeneid', Aeneid VI, 125-155, the Lower World, the sibyl speaks: "…In a dark tree there hides A bough, all golden, leaf and pliant stem, Sacred to Proserpine. This all the grove Protects, and shadows cover it with darkness. Until this bough, this bloom of light, is found, No one receives his passport to the darkness Whose queen requires this tribute…"

Prisms, the spectrum of Light; rainbow goddess Iris; Bacchus and Pan, Orpheus, Theseus, Jason and the Argonauts, the Golden Fleece, elixirs, Heroes, Kim Carson… we're back to the rivers of milk and blood, to ferries, to the magnum opus, sun and moon in communion, alchemy, gold and silver—Virus B-23, Psalm 23, the valley, death… who is shepherding us as helpless lemmings to our suicide? Camus, enter. The Absurd Hero: Sisyphus Miletos. Blake on fireness, in Nobodaddy:

"And every sand becomes a Gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking Eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine."

We've got quite the kaleidoscope of images here. Almost enough to make a Poundian Canto. Not quite nearly enough to make a *Commedia*. A Borgesian essay? Poe's surgical accuracy of prose! Once again, Blakean fire, 'The First book of Urizen', Chap. III:

"Rage, fury, intense indignation,
In cataracts of fire, blood, & gall,
In whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke,
And enormous forms of energy,
All the seven deadly sins of the soul
In living creations appear'd,
In flames of eternal fury."

Heidegger, Kafka, Mann in a Deutshcubist essay explanitoire. Freud vs. Jung, Walter Benjamin in a wooden shed, the woods—what do the psalms say of cities? Psalm 9: "…O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: and thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them. But the Lord shall endure forever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment." Judgment at der Process, right?

Babylon and her twisted whores, towers. Rilke, 'Late Autumn in Venice': "The city drifts no longer like a bait now, upcatching all the days as they emerge. Brittlier the glassy palaces vibrate now beneath your gaze." And in 'The Sonnets To Orpheus', Second Parrt: 'Even today, though, existence is magical, pouring freshly from hundreds of well-springs,—a playing of purest forces, which none can surprise without humbly adoring.' Hegel and his forces… laws… physical, phenomenological. Laws ontological, laws of existence, experience; Consciousness, what a boring term for the people of this new age: Agelessness. Crisp and sere like the edges of and old book-burning survivor.

Edmund Spencer, The Fairie Queen, Mutabilitie Canto VII:

"Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold;
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to shiver and to shake;
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do say them and penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make."

Henceforth are we dubbed Myrmidons, for we are the forms of mutability, the DNA, genomic forms: the hourglass has shattered. Pick up the scattered shards in reflection. Two district attorneys sitting, chatting at a heavy oak table. A candle is burning in the backdrop, illuminating a grand window and pulled curtains. Stick a book in there and other nifty objects, chains, whatnot, and you've got a full parade, not in the Erik Satie/Picasso sense, or perhaps maybe. Thomas Mann:

"And his (Hans Castorp) grandfather, who had already pushed back the long, soft flap of his frock coat and pulled a bundle of keys from his trouser pocket, now opened the china cabinet, from whose interior rose a rfagrance the boy found both strange and pleasant. All sorts of objects that had fallen out of use, which made them all the more captivating, were kept inside: a pair of sinuous silver candlesticks; a broken barometer, its wooden case carved with figures; an album of old daguerreotypes; a cedar chest for liqueurs; a little Turk in a bright silk costume, whose body was rigid to the touch but contained a mechanism thatr, though it had long since fallen into disrepair, had once enabled him to run across the table; a model of an old-fashioned ship; and way at the bottom, a rattrap no less. But from the middle shelf, the old man took a heavily tarnished, round silver bowl set on a silver plate and showed the both both pieces, separating them and turning them both about in his hands, all the while reciting a story he had told many times before."

(The Magic Mountain, p.20)

We are the perpetual Formers. Call them Poets, Essayists, Prose-poets, dramatists, historians, epicists, physicists, painters, allegorists, teachers. We have a Republic all the while that our countries fight in hunger and kill ourselves. A walk in the street, is that modern? You'd think the sidewalks modern, the streetlamps… all of it is perfectly ancient, even the neon sign; Neanderthal's perception of the world was more, let's say Raw, Animalistic. Closer than we are, I'd imagine. In a situation of intense Fear, Neanderthal must have felt as we feel walking near a highway with rushing traffic. I might see a Mazda instead of the truly frightening monsters or so that he saw.

Myrmidons are ants that sing all year long, Heroic ants, capable of working together to form tools [bridges, an example]. Ezekiel's vision of the throne-chariot. The Forms spoken bear Rhetorical figures whole history of the such; rushing traffic, or a train, is what Ezekiel hear and saw, basically, and Joan of Arc as well, though she has that memory we would we could forget due to a treason with none higher: murdering a Maid, one with a Message.

Take any one of our contemporaries. Take them under the hot shower's water; is she in any way modern, does she not follow all the magical rituals of a primitive people, does she not harbor all the ancient signs, water, fire, thunder, spiritual lavation, carnal knowledge, the Cavern, wiping a loose hair on the cavern wall and making a hieroglyph, the Signature. Each Bird has its generical Call. The Call of the Myrmidons is 'the Turning's long Begun, let's to *terra firma* for the Telescope-Projection into Invisibility'.

II

Modernism? No one gave it a chance to flourish before hacking knives into it. Modernism, in 2001, is a ripe fruit. All writing at this point harbors influences from at least three schools of writing, of artistic styles. This multiplicity occurred when global rhetoric caved in on itself. Holograms, fractal geometry—and ever today physicists speak of reflections, mirages, multidimensional universes, parallel universes—contributed to the great Split of the modern mind, the great Fissure, or Cavern.

Even the axle is going on its 7^{th} or 8^{th} turn in skating. Leave modernism alone, let it speak for itself! The writings, in today's light, breathe extraspecially; they are mystical, magical, most modern, existing as a reflection of the past and times shortly afterwards [now], thus making it a true apocalypse; communion of present and past, mapped into the Today. From 1870 to 2000, from 4 to 8 generations of modernism, modernism has been culturally absorbed; the time is ripe to make an analytic assessment, and none is truly needed but a read-over of what came out of the lapse, the 130 year hiatus or dreamcosm.

For modern is all that we do; modernism busted Time and made us all proceeding characters of their endeavors into characterization: they created us, we live simultaneously in 2001 and in 1909 or 1870, 1914, most probably. I envy Time, the busted Heroless.

Synchronous is my Thinking and the exactitude of events around me? Synchronous is all events in Anti-Time, opposing-present, of the An-now. We the Myrmidons feed on dust, the burnished images of civilisation projected on glass. We are smoke circles and the almighty totem.

Song. The anthem congeals all that goes on, each interceptor throwing in his particular Song which unites things together in musical harmony; a musical harmony that combines both harmonious

sound and discord, Clamor, Noise. The anthem is the sound coming from each being's music-box deep in the recesses of one's heart. Where sound exists, the anthem exists, and unites with a bold force.

The melodies of Romantic music and the statements of its poets are therefore such. William Burroughs characterizes the murdering midnight stalker, the modern cave-painting mystic, as well as a boatful of majestic Cartoon Personalities. Wordsworth was told all this by a flower at his feet, soft whisper angelic lavender perhaps, or marigold.

"Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are cuylling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream."
[Wordsworth, 'Ode']

Anaxagoras has had enough of the circle's radius, or thus shortened, *the circus.* A cup is filled by the gelatin of Hours. The Magical Moment is superceding anything actually Real.

Acts 10: 9—13

"On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour:

And he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready, he fell into a trance.

And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth:

Wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air,

And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat."

METAMORPHOSIS:

More about particular plagues in history…

From the Encyclopedia of Plague & Pestilence: "East of Lombardy, the republic of Venice, which had barely recovered from the Venice Plague of 1575-77, was again severely struck in 1630-31, when reportedly about 46, 000 inhabitants out of a population of 140, 000 died from plague. Some historians contend that the 1630-31 epidemic of plague in Venice helped cause the subsequent downfall of this city-state as a world power. After the epidemic, the Venetians erected the Santa Maria della Salute, a magnificent church on the Grand Canal, in gratitude for their deliverance from the terrible sickness."

The anthem takes all that exists and overlaps and gives a final cherry-top to it. The Anthem is the tan canvas caravan driving pummelling through the chaos of night-madness, parading ecclesiastical, mourning over the dead flowers of yesteryear, contemplating a pine with bristlecones.

White Mountain jamboree. I see Spheres. Forgery or Falsification is a Sphere. Burroughs touches many spheres and even has them mixing together in existential whirlpools in the very Cities of the Red Night. This is modernism to its extreme, in the heart of it where it bleeds the most, splashing all

over the place with gore and malaria, on a boat through treason and calamity, vicissitudes whorish and black. William S. Burroughs takes it and runs it through the blender. His cut-up beyond his time, at least a late modernist device of ideo-lexical-referential database.

In the Magic Mountain, by Thomas Mann, nothing happens at all or each thing lasts a million years. Objects are eternal, to the very mercury in the thermometer. The very it. Modernism crept in from the shadows; in our shady times, we have the chance of a good look into its genesis.

PROJECTION: Expectation, suspicion, prophecy, psychological self-projection. We analyzed short stories by Poe, Kafka, and Borges to show the significance of Projection. The Projectionist is a man who lives in waiting, in existential angst, in expectation. P<Future. He projects his being outward, exists intrinsically, inwardly sucked in the vacuum of his interior, and projects outward in expression, inclination, towardness. Possibility, Resonance/Echo, Projection-as-to-Sound.

The aesthetic of cacophony:
Cacophony in verse dates back to when humanoids had mouths; that is to say, a long time ago. It is to my knowledge that certain flavorful onomatopoeic sounds have been attributed to Homer and I can scarcely suspect that scabrous tones never fell from Homer's lips; Greek may be melodious and I'm sure it has its own potential for the harsher sounds of language. With English, on the other hand, I am completely convinced that it is a toilet language full of filthy yelps and barks.

What is the experience of cacophony in the listener? The written language has its own visual cacophony that we will not touch; meanwhile, harsh sounds bring contrast to the more tuneful as well as the entertaining fact of its bringing tension, which aesthetically speaking can be more powerful than harmoniousness; Harshness of sound grasps our attention, lets us hear violence, toil, pressure, and the other existential qualities.

What about the sound of the wave of the ocean, is it harmonious or inharmonious? Homer describes the very sound of waves rushing in and receding on a beach thus: *poluphloisboio thalasses.* How so distinctly charming. If the volume were augmented to that of 23 radios blasting white noise into a vast hall, what then, is it still as charming? The aesthetic experience of cacophony relishes in *displacement, out-of-placeness* of sounds such as extreme *amplification* of otherwise melodious sounds. A whisper is sweet and CAN be deafening. Cacophony is true to the ebullient life of the modern anybody.

We hope to cover more than verse simple. Cacophony is present in most art forms; when we come to arts such as dancing, cacophony requires new means of measure that needn't be forged here, verse and music being our chief concerns.

A harsh sound can definitely catch our attention in the lash of a whip or in a lightning flash, whichever you feel is quickest, depending on the particular experience. One's attention might be gripped by the sudden appearance of a blowing cornet in the middle of a soft, slow string section. Again we have that *out-of-placeness* discernible in *Parody*. *Irony* is the ultimate *displacement* and is a cacophony in its *discontinuity of movement*. Anything born of chaos tends to be cacophonous.

The experience of cacophony has many levels, three of which we shall touch: the Disturbing, the Chaotic, and the Narrative. The Disturbing catches your attention, the Chaotic is subtler and less noticeable; the Narrative is when 'The Waves' are characterized, used as an *Element*. The Chaotic is the Structured displacement, the Disturbing is the transient moment of initial cacophonous shock and the Narrative is the personified discontinuity.

THE BACKWARD:

History of architecture…

The story of the Projectionist, long awaited. Bus to Exodus, to work in Old Montreal, memories in prison, dreams, in rehabilitation, a mental hospital, hospital for the emotionally deficient. Sadly, the story is mostly told in the textures of the words, in their dry sounds, other-times swathing with crystal clarity and Passion. The word-smith is the most revolutionary. He writes the architecture of the Moment.

A flurry is a raft that hasn't collected dust enough. Over the years, the years, the years is a vacant herolessness, factoid emulsion of retribution rites. Stood opposite a cavern, Time present being devoured, spatial forms devouring minutes as they rise and pass. Synchronicity is a she-devil. I want want. Who is to intend in attending to the repulsion by which Time drags or flies us out of this molten rock-cradle, motionless?

An ook's rinde, pallium with a rynke,
hoeded ge-lic my saddr refranhs:
Early morwening in the menoths of Maius,
Surya, my sonne-scinan,
Liuhath, schemeren to weet,
seen by I, wretch paisano…
aspettare in the anticamera
all moppen & moerasch.
my goed zuster, wait,
'tis armed in trouthe,
verily verily…

Burroughs postulated 7 Souls. Sigmund Freud says, 'Taboo and Totem', page 100:

"How did primitive people come to the peculiarly dualistic fundamental conceptions on which the animistic system rests? Through the observation, it is thought, of the phenomena of sleep (with dreams) and death, which resembles sleep, and through the effort to explain these conditions, which affect each individual so intimately. Above all, the problem of death must have become the starting point of the formation of the theory. To primitive man the continuation of life—immortality—would be self-evident. The conception of death is something accepted later, and only with hesitation, for even to us it is still devoid of content and unrealizable. Very likely discussions have taken place over the part which may have been played by other observations and experiences in the formation of the fundamental animistic conception such as dream imagery, shadows and reflections, but these have led to no conclusions."

Belonging to the Morass. I see no retribution in covenanting suchness as is found in the very *is* of anything in question. Point the molecular telescope to the Invisible. We shall see God's eyes. The projector is running, is filling the audience with *The Show.* Broadcast over a million light years, the feverish dream.

III
Village Voyage into The Backward:
House of Ozias/The Auberge.
Wooden planks, blanketwalls and statuesqueness in the standing
the open door, dishevelled warrior she is, window, door,
parts of the *wodden anciency* of Houses;
brick-puzzle, plank-realm of diffidence, dryness;
lackadaisical glum pastiche Hut
Lord over mountain & plain,
Tower caving in the Backward Abysm Fire of Elsewhere,
Inverted conical structure, t'wards the Earth's inner spheres…
Corkscrew down into maddening whirlpools:
Be sure not to collide with any angry ghosts.

Oak table, bookshelf, box, a prettier metal than plank;
Hard as heaven's motor vehicle window,
a proxy standing in place of the usual Vitreous Integument.

Limp as molasses, and as dark,
I await the Second Carnival.

Blue in blue gas, matches enlightened,
Saw dreams both Beauty and Stockade.
Board the jail bus, people in exodus!

We are the fiery Wantness in survival.
These the discrepancies in a darkened Room.
Light your champion, Darkness a rival
The better to calm your fondness in Doom,
By daylight's chance arrival
Clinging to your mother's womb,
To stifle your heart in the tomb.

Cemetery, Woods, Old Beloeil. Church, Bridge.
Outside the Old Beloeil mini-mansion of 1890
stands a great-world cemetery gateway
black, sooted, and situated on primitive grove,
paths swirling about the gravestone pyramids;

Enter the staid grimstone palace,
Make it Home in *tops-turv apostasy.*

Tawdry banquet with lights on.
Earlier in the Study before Dinnerbell's twang.

Nabokov taught me Science.

Un passager sur la grosse vague fleuri du vent ancestral,
Elle qui me lance vers l'antiquité avec immense soupire,
Les dents minces qui me portent
Serré dans la bouche d'une vague scintillante
plein de petites séries de reflets.
Ils bruitent, ces sceaux de l'Etat d'Indifférence, et je soupçonne
Que vers minuit, je serais un passager dans le même liquide,
mais plus serein
Par les lampadaires d'étoiles néon,
Nu et emu par la vaste nuit fébrille.

Mes paupières chauffent.

Maroon and limelight dragoning swirlets crepuscular.
We devoured Time halfly to combine unison to Heresy.
Two unisons and we have triurnal *journées,* to Sea
with mish-mash such as This
that unsteady gleam of wood
dreams Muscular, Saucy, purer
than the Dreamiest of moments choice;
Glitter then the seaward wisdom-cling that upper-events
the since-born sunshine monument, Heretic's wife, Night
Plighting to the covenantic corybants who strive
to erupt erect and side-plot sterling Unities,
Moors loom onto subservient Events combustible,
Stout perdition in the mires of Belonging…
And we want away in wired Wantness unsupervised;
The vapid horror streams a glut twinkling in tacit Yearning.

Motor repentance to the wayward Tides.

Riverside.
Mongolian riverbed, Moses in his Egyptoid cradle;
baskets sprawled along the riverside, blanketless,
shielded from the warm glow of Woman-sun,
and the road sidewise the river long-ways, rolling,
Thunders acclimatising burdens to the whurl
of the Dreamer, poet suffering, danced.

Mirror of Reflection River, Hall of Mirrors;
each wavelet is a mirror in the dance
that is the modern hall of flashglassing.
Apoplexy dragging martyrs to graves, silent unyielding,
Broken in mad-bashery of the groven street gasses, flush-wisdom
Apron or Gorgon mask in the making.
Orange lights at the crook's reunion;
Green is too entertaining for death-smugglers.

Au coucher du soleil,
J'admire un ciel gris,
Marbré, lisse, et bleuté.

Mes yeux crever
par la fureur des rayons;
Je me rends à la lumière intense,
à son air nostalgique, couleur rouille, métallique.

Suspendu par la douleur
qu'amènent les froides vapeurs d'hiver
et ce soleil brun rougeâtre qui me perce
dans l'avant-dinner tranquille,

Je suis solitaire sous le seul pouvoir solaire.
Je rentre à la maison enrichi par cette chaleureuse baignade.

Riverside is death's head crowding an admissal portico.
More to the sunshine's blest Boom-hoarding.
We vacate nonsense to swiftly pry
the Gates that shadow's dust is awry.
Meet me in meekdom, quaint.
We'll provenance the drudge-Drear day.
Welcome to the minutes flowing, the Tide forward blackened
sweep-sufferers doused in a flame un-nice, flavorless board
and syndicate of Avalanche Proposal;
Since the blues be blanched in cloud-vacancies.
Valley.
Plains extending north, east, south, and west,
Meals in ordinancy to the pilot's jaded craving;
I've a battery of thoughts
Too glum for rewording.

Expectant as a flower in winter's waning wait,
A lone participant in the diver's dance of Caving.
Inward to behemoth Trance,
a surrogate worm to Butterfly turned.

vale and cataract:
damnation be life on earth,
to be set free we accept death,
mania is a fun trip and spins
circles down the way of things

sweet little waterfall you are but a spray
a microbe dreaming up a splash
on the face of an earth which is a dust mote
but your rushing hush is slippery
and i dine on your breath
for certain, that is,
and you, valley hold, prison of plant life,
you live without reason nor truth,
yes, but you are truth incarnate,
truth at the roots, truth in the grass,
you are completely still
and flowers strut your soil
like entities of their own
dancing the wayward dance of the universe
erratic and full-blown frenzy flowers of the modern world our nature

Mountain.
This the home of the metempsychosis, the Reward.
Treasury in question of Apollo's final whimper.
Dionysus holds the Key
For Dionysians and me.

Darkened whurl-barracks, the bottoms pit,
My carousel I call a snake-charmer's basket.
All for the coming of Seconds,
of the Minute Wand mackerel-heading Tuesday.
Strange thoughts
on the Carnival wheel.
Broken and borrowed, withered in post-haste
Chase to the banquet, a bouquet for Madame La-Mort;
She will deliver us from everything.
Hurts most to submit yourself to the 'ternal Tune.
Tuesday is a hide-away [Harsh tones].
Climb and surrender to the Light that draws you hither.
Reap the smiles-quartz that glints in the edge
of the horizon that never fades,
not for Reason or for Patience.
Waterfall.
You who are made of molten water-flesh…
Splashes and synergy in a flash, splashes me.
My winsome forgetting, my Nonscience:
Curvilinear motion
of extravagance, of the great debauch,
circling into minitude and gloss notions
the flex with my science seems grotesque.
With Wheels spinning vortices of light,
a kaleidoscope, 1919, who knows what,
the driver feeds on brass spittle,
the Waterfall in satiny gleam.

Uniform.
From the falling ashes of a burning barn,
old drywood farmland stable, abstruse sore
to the farmers who bide by
watching their penniless estate be flamed.
Fire the guns in the gunman march.
Painting curls in the maiden's hair:
bullets whiz by, shot in a stealer's haste.
Card games at the *Auberge*, by Madame La-mort's
Pastoral landscape drive, mid-day, squeezing by in carriage
to the *Auberge* for card games. Brickfence town,
Her ladyship midst courtesan love, intimacy
by the confines of a wagon's walls
in transit through graveyard and a statuary,
monuments bespeckling lawns. Garden,
by churches who have known their age,
on bridges curt as a drapery's flaunt.
Chagrin on La-mort's breast,
a forest in battle the young man swoons;
Her breath grows slim, buckshot gremlins
surge in the distance at the nadir of awful grimny:
demons possessing her lone attribute:
Beauty, the last frame,
Our final moment gasping for air,
Seizing the supernal castle.

Gun.
White-coffin funeral, chariot march gold, flowers,
and funeral feathers. All become black-gowned friars
in melancholy gathered, a doleful freight of wholesome
sad-briars for death of kin, birth of the gun for family.
High in the air, a bullet fell down. Son is dead.
Farmtown accolade for the gunman One, the united,
the Free from bonds of avarice, of said gold,
the Son of Angels, brought forth to devour
a man whose fate was pulled tighter.
The Gun is an ancient tool, made to unite death-farers,
Brethren in the illness that borrowed the name 'Gun-fever'.
Nary a small town seen such feebleness, weakness,
as the curtains reveal a family destroyed by bullydom
and death eating it up from the inside. Spoiled by the Gun,
A family bittered unto death, brethren slaying brethren
in duels off the town's center, in a field;
and thus the story is for firsts revealed.

II: the Booth: Pazuzu tales:

PRISON CAMP

Scribbling on a notepad:

Memoirs of a speechless patient. Memoirs of run-of-the-mill vagrant hero. We live the Circus. Our disconsolate Prison Guard is any better the thief than our next. He is a Baron, or was, or seems to be. The Carnival Wheel rolls onward, spits out stories in silken thread for the wheelbarrow's bulk to be carried uphill to the next town. Memoirs of a fiery soul held prisoner in the cavern that is wartide.

Imprisonment is not what this life is about. Or it was, and now seems to be about kinship. About understanding the objects viewed by wont personalities. Isolation is the cue-word, Trial and Tribulation the watchword, Metamorphosis is the rueful bard's exhalation, the breath that creates new realms.

Firing a gun on high, the air, to skies dreary, fogged, nightlit. To the fellows head downweary, treading fast hop foot and bullet's gut, the tearing of flesh grass nor bread bits the heavier. A painting on the wall reveals a blacksmith's shop. Hammers clamor, drums kettle the bottomless resounding of metal.

I pen here sorrowful and sombre, head full of mashed ideas from pederasty to covenants broken by a martyr's guilt. Who would have known that light can be so bright. Heaven came down and dampened the ground. Follow the light till twixt heaven and earth you flounder. Falter you must, O human prisoner!

A Life of Servility:

Dante, I ferried you across Acheron, Beckett, I gave you a green hat. William Shakespeare, I was a bird whistling tunes of Time and Abysms. All these deeds and now I must ask one of all my fathers: poets, scribes, of all you must I make request, how can I finish this nefarious piece, *Unrest*? I've been working it ceaseless, I've been at the wheel a hundred days, and nothing squirts the fountain. How must I end thee, spirited effluvium Prose? Descartes was nice enough to offer me a chart. Others less sharing.

We have taken it from a perilous start to a death-sweltering finale penned in madness or on the brink. No great floods see this said pen, this sad utensil of no use to a dry brain. We once had least humble beginnings, no to the poets past I ask: *what to do with a useless ass that can't move?* Leave it in the stable. Feed it fine grasses till to its betterment we're heading. Virgil, I was a dove flying above your head in Venice, if ever it was you that walked that pale land. Perhaps it was another, maybe Shelley or Rilke. To you I reap the reward of an Answer, for to finish this piece, I must empty my head of my Memories.

The Baron:

All this wretched race lingering about like dead horses, wraiths floating to my misery's grace. Behead me whilst I'm still standing. Curate me an exhibition and flip it sidewise, the better to its cause. Wretched, wretched wandering about, idle as a lout, gouged of rivery flame, finales wrenched in iron molded of Beauty's pyre. We overestimate the glory a barnyard animal can sum up in a speech on entrails.

The Tones:

J.S. Bach wrote a piece that wasn't recovered till this century. It was a Prelude and a Fugue and written in prose. German was the object's language, and *The Rooms* its title. *"Thundered to Beauty, Lightning, brother to the kith of Defunct, a High Goddess."* The piece runs beginnings thus and flourishes with passages holy in their just notes. Bach has created a sort of cavalcade of prosody, designing a piece of prose so earnest and modest that it resounds in literary circles as a work of high art. His prose is as beautiful as his music and as philosophical. Musical relationships have never been more apparent. His style is Baroque, that of German Tragic Drama. *The Rooms* is gilded with a furious flame of its creator's passionate will. He puts everything into the light, and an ardent candlelight at that. He wills the frozen pastoral picture to move with a haughty polish. Barnyard animals hunger in the coop; and the Baron wins his lady's hand.

CAVERN

Vomit:

The state of Vomit, of being Vomitous, of being Vomit. Victor wakes up in the morning in a state of vomit, a metamorphosis, slick fuel dripping cuds and spittle drome dobs dappy smut pastiche lingual vortex oil of bicuspid iron filling taste, steel, alacrity, void. He is finally attuned.

He has seen the Cavern. He, as Theseus.

Timefold:

Time is folding at the seams. The Split, *a schisma.* What happens to Being when Time splits? When Time Present now occupies several times, OR, those several times now exhibit themselves as present in time present. A sort of crumbling of space and time whereby times future and times past overlap in time present, actually existing materially in the present time, thus by showing themselves present inculcating us into believing that we are twelve different people housed in one being. The Universe is doing a spring cleaning. It's tidying the edges, tightening them. Hence, Time Fold is the name of the trim.

The melodies of Prokofiev:

His Romantic melodies, his Anthems. Dark molds to fit existence in. Baskets to weave, buckets to sweep sour bilious megrims of Waiting. Tragic-spirited highfalutinism, danger-downdr'ng deftly-dourous provisionist calamity-in-the-making. We'll have War and Peace, we'll have a covenant broken on the rocks. Suchness provides reunion for the military band. We'll have a summer exempt of sunshine. Brawls in the park by the wayfarer's door. Doors to live the livelong day, drear to covet the pocketing drill in dippers who commonly unite under the moor's door. Spirit of alacrity. Refuse for the pauper's grave.

Dooming the crave on the bustle of wartime blues. Fresher than daisies. Thrilling. He's vanities in flourish, full cathedral in theatrical dissertation, advice on what to do with madness, on storytelling and the art of shocking an audience into pure disbelief, shielded by Kantian's dome of prose, hurrying jetting across parks in moistened mid-noon, a child in a park or an troll by the bridge, anything, whirling puzzlets aching to divide over the time it takes, the time time takes to occupy whatever table wherest we sit.

Pazuzu's speech:

Professor Pazuzu gave a momentous speech that night, the night that he was inaugurated as Head of the Department of Philosophy. His voice lolled at times like a soft-swishing carriage in darling empty streets, streets memorial, ancient highways used by the people of Crete. Highways, streets: the road, path. Professor Pazuzu spoke softly and near-bellowed, incorporating all the nuances of an oratorical masterpiece.

Always back to the beginnings. To the ends! he seamed it all together without a single false pause. Every utterance and every use of silence was entirely necessary and produces the climactic effect desired. That night will go down in history, doing highest justice to the land of Crete and its people.

In many ways, Pazuzu's discourse ran like the winding paths of a labyrinth. The Labyrinth was a big part of his dissertation: the Palace and the Labyrinth, a new definition of Sublime.

He wrote a thesis on Theseus' ease of avidity.

Boy from the Cemetery:

He's the such of a Hermes, a messenger between those two peoples who oft need communication: the living and the post-mortem. Rather, this people that the Boy messengers for are caught between life and the after-life, stuck in death, in the throes of declension, declination, deterioration.

The Boy walks through hidden Doorways in the Cemetery. Granite pillars of old imitating something architecturally nice. These aren't the doorways of post-transcendentalism, these are Actual Living Portals to the Beyondest. They are the Doors between those Rooms we live in. More.

The Rooms are of that Edifice called Experience through which we all endeavor daily, nightly, midnightly, at dusk, dawn, *la madrugada.* The Boy brings ideas to those most needful. He walks through the ancientest corridors, winds via the Experiential Labyrinth whose halls and openings desecrate the house of life, he pencil-thin wavers as smoke to the dust's hour of levitation. Through smog, he visits them.

Ideas are found in ways numerous. Some choice meditation; others, The Boy from the Cemetery.

SMITHY
Impressionism, Time, Being.

By my desire begotten. Unfathomable Forgetfulness. Saint-Foy, la marée, or some-odd convulgence in debilitude, *crepit*, simultaneous in the morrow's lens, crafted of bilk and matinée's fulsome reign over the ranch's darkness. We've got Forgery. Alias: *Sensibility.*

A woman walks up to the podium, asks: "What have I been given, where is my virtue, my heart?" Give her her heart. *Heart* steps in.

Heart: "Darling dearest, violet, maroon, your portreyance I render vividly real: here am I to follow you by, days and nights by, fallen in decrepitude, I will be the devourer of nonsense, of rhymes."

Virtue: "Dearest most sweet viol in the deftness of movement; I am a sovereign to follow you by, by darkness and light, to save you from the depths. When lampions dim, in dismal abysms I'll champion, abysmal deep, the dismal lampion shall rank midst the heighest."

Violet never asked Quiet, thus the voices prey on her better half: *Reason.*

Hammers resound in an empty room save the prisoner of the smithy. Vulcan pounces his tool to the rhythm of the spheres and forges a shield worthy of Achilles. Fires have ne'er been so unhealthy. He saddens over the loss of a lover. Aphrodite made Vulcan's acquaintance in past months and left in a hurry. She made the man a poor, sad fellow, bitterly pounding at steel, shaping the finest metals, and at a loss for words, oozing tears by the flood-bowl, pouring over his cheeks in taciturn sobs. She will never be returning. Hephaestus is at the shambles, he's got nothing Mors to give.

He'll abide by candlelight, a soirée is always happening, inhabiting the square in which we live, the canvas melting with shapes, flourishing in curlets, whoz ablossom in the bathroom bridal-gown drapes, a-window, watch: *The Baron is bepuzzling.*

We'll have rotundity of globular earth in The Whitewaterwashed.

In the soil is a solidity worth mentioning, a solidity of earth, washed in clay water by riverflows forthen with abile jets, glum moisture pops petals flurrious down strengthened meander, the lay-waste of a flood, the bottom sludge deep *in core* the animas rolling sport-find combusting unanimously. Lead them to quarrels in the rocks waterfall-bottom. Heavy leaden sculptures in the frowntown park. Cities less clearer of advances in nature, green, wordwizard seated in a graveyard puzzled by a curious sculpture: *The Newspaper*. He writes a crossword puzzle, answers someny-odd questions, watches the Boy walk by.

Goethe, Dostoevsky, William S. Burroughs, phonographs and early projectors. Crnival wheels and a real riot. A doctor. Hell in panorama, triple rhyme, whatever-rhythm/rhyme, carousels, cartwheels, spokes, cogs. Futurism fast cars, rockets, the motor, cubism, vorticism, voyeurism, the camera in Cézanne's unknowledge of perspective. Romanus Caesar at the head of an oak table. Chelovek. Psychiatry and Germans. Varèse. New York, Expressionism, Mussorgsky's Night on Bald Mountain. Time was a broken hourglass in Thomas Mann's magical mountain. Years break into days, break into hermetic geneticist brains as the elixir, the alchemical solution to all problems. Philosophy is doing harm to the world at this point. Read an essay by Thomas Mann on Chekhov, listen to Bartok on the phonograph, was Usual Suspects and you've got it all if you have a Mars bar. Clank. Vulcan made his iron mask.

Existentialism in the shadows.

This Crux we've been meeting, how goes it that it is thus far supernally persistent? It's been on a lymphatic sabbatical, perhaps. I once had an experience before I first heard mention of Kant that I then called the Meta-brain Psychosis. I put it in a novella, in Human Body Deformed. Today you could say I stole it from him. Jung would keep us in *synchronicity*. I added the color pink, Kant detailed the veins a little more; at the time, my phrases held enough proof of a DNA-theory to be solid in themselves. Maybe I came from a Kant when I was in Europe, or we share a similar *anthem.* It feels like I'm always at square one. That qualifies as a fact in my system of knowledge. I'm a hermetic geneticist, poetry is my cycle. Every utterance holds *the all and the every*, something I coined 5 years earlier.

We all come from shadows. We come from inexperience, the darkest stuff. That's why we have these poetic and philosophical visions, because they are attached to those early visions, those pre-visions, immaculately frightening poetico-scopes, only the first instances, fragrances. Then it develops into the

Meta-Brain. I always liked that experience, I had it three times in the mountain. Today I peered into an old Hourglass and saw a magic mountain. We have visions of all sorts, they are chemical disturbances.

Sure, chemicals can be synchronous. Waves exist. I link them to spheres, fine, if not, just as viable. Link them to a God for all anything's worth. That comes after anyhow. At the heart of hearts is existence. The modalities of being, of pre-ontological being or of its necessity, participation, lingering, wavering, broil, attitude, madness, before any of that, we have the Flow, flux of being, the carrying, the Movement. We have motion before we have quantum theory in my book. Lost in the abyss of motion, we create solutions.

I'm a poetic philosopher. A Cabalist. Music has all I need to know of modes. Drugs and television broadcasts are today's wandering projectionists; projectionists, illusionists, hypnotists, sophists, are all the religious cave-man in the cavern. Cro-Magnon man painted in the cavern with animal-fat soapstone lamps, the shadows crept up and made angels. They spoke to the choir of roses.

We are here to represent our kith and kin, our brethren, our DNA samples, as we pass onward in the Cycle. Watch the Cycle, keep hypnotized by its gentle swirl, keep watch through moonlit nights and sunset-tide, evening. Curling shadows will eat me dry bitter dust. Make pageants. Blankets curl. Ado.

This being in question is dead. Gogol's Dead Souls. Everything is a surplice, whiteflowing.

There may never be another Projectionist. This one lives in Montreal and writes a prose diary. Metaphysical journals like Marcel's. Marcel is his father. Marcel Alphonse. He is perhaps a Marc-Alexandre. The persona of the Projectionist is tightly fitted in the general Ideogram with interlocking personaic gears. The Funeral March, the Train's Locomotion. Frames and a deep yearning.

Marketplace in Crete. Solidarity.

Citizens, relinquish me my sovereign. Marble steps. We have a communion. The waterfall flows winsome to supplicants watching. Steps by the door. Moon tones flowing like night gowns, blackened by the soot of foreshadowing. Always things appear from the billow of dusk. And a sidewalk's a step's grace away. Watch how the congealed motion turns its wheels t'wards perdition and bilious stop-pouring: *ends.*

Setting can mean a book from a best-seller. We need no advice on claims in pursuit. We divide the dust that shields a weak-war. Liberate the swollen evil, the lethargical grace at foot's swoar. Finality secluded on a gazebo of nonsense, pure tones whistling the ear to tremendous silent repose, calm seas, forming ideas about the Backward Black, the sweats in fever dashing floods the weeping melancholy heart sniffing at world's end, at cavity of forward motion, at the effluvium of my rotting thesis, my genitals of reason. Organs, sure, we have them plenty-stacked. Forward march to the birth of the Door!

The Man Peering into Two Worlds. The Shadows. Schizophrenia. From the cavernous depths, we emerge a swollen potential might, a curator of an exhibition, and in solidarity we fashion the cup to drink with. We are architects all. We seam it from the start, from ashes shape the lampion.

Dry weather winds and tides sparkling dust attribute to the door's colossal opening. Chalk presses prints on the opener's broom-handle fist in an epicure's novel. Stretching across the aperture to hold grocery bags for Mrs. We haven't had a fall-out since last spring. Bring them in, we need them dearly.

The recorded genius of the Baron is that he spoke perfectly. He said anything and it was everything. He spoke, you stopped and listened. He could get his groceries from a nearby walker, say Hello and they drop the bags. Saddened on a Tuesday, Baron got lost in the forest. We never saw him again.

Sad man tugs with lips on a cigarette. Makes music of silence. We better go to the marketplace in Crete where we've got real warriors. They have it in the mind to keep mythology alive. It's themselves. I would imagine that all human beings be with mythology or divinity, I would were I a Conversionist which I am not. I believe in a God-power. I believe in the Spirit of the Messiah and the Flesh. It was something that changed all time before and after it, something fierce which pierced through everything. A Crucifixion, ah, there have been many. Only one proclaimed he was the Son of God? Perhaps many. Were any of them God? There may be many gods-in-humanoid-form many who were not crucified. I do not believe that premise. I believe that if there is a god in human flesh, thus being a sign of contradiction, a petty human being in contrast to a god, there will always be a crucifixion involved of the god-man. And he will always live a perfect life that we should shape ours to would we want revenge against Time the Eater.

In the spirit of Time, I tell a short story. The Projectionist comes and washes our worries away. We dance in rivers of flesh, in gowns, white, flowing, drowned in our air, breathing new light, life, a masquerade and bombsquads on parade, machine-gun talk on the night of all nights when Dostoevsky begs his pardon. Better to make head with all that is mixed with events present.

PART III AVALANCHE: a Staircase: a palace

From the Bacchae:
"…she was foaming at the mouth, and her crazed eyes
rolling with frenzy. She was mad, stark mad,
possessed by Bacchus. Ignoring his cries of pity,
she seized his left arm at the wrist; then, planting
her foot upon his chest, she pulled, wrenching away
the arm at the shoulder—not by her own strength,
for the god had put inhuman power in her hands.
Ino, meanwhile, on the other side, was scratching off
his flesh. Then Autonoë and the whole horde
of Bacchae swarmed upon him. Shouts everywhere,
he screaming with what little breath was left,
they shrieking in triumph. One tore at an arm,
another a foot still warm in its shoe. His ribs
were clawed clean of flesh and ever hand
was smeared with blood as they played ball with scraps
of Pentheus' body.
The pitiful remains lie scattered,
one piece among the sharp rocks, others
lying lost among the leaves in the depths
of the forest. His mother, picking up his head,
impaled it on her wand. She seems to think it is
some mountain lion's head which she carries in triumph
through the thick of Cithaeron. Leaving her sisters
at the Maenad dances, she is coming here, gloating
over her grisly prize."

water

Virtual flowing gowns, a surplice, a veil, *tissues, cotton*, silk,
muttonchops barnyard hayhair, eyebrows of *murderous* bile green.
Dishevelled bone tones, the morass of being, *the acute* atrophy
that *appears to occur* in visionaries, the *syndrome of belittling* senses,
of orgy, of madness, of disquietude *in the chemical* flesh;
and we *have it dry* by Tuesdays or *Wednesdays*, final, we have it
hanging on the clothesline by the middle of the day t'when's hot.
thrown into pond of Repose, left in a real Ranger's heart bellowing,
"I've seen realest Light, am Angelsfond, saw Meekdom in my sermon."

crystal

as *advocating shades*, the penumbra most, *crystal by my standard*
longer *on the thin side* with excelsior whims, *whittled dust-clean*
perfect on *the Promontory* Night abysms *the right on twilight*
glimmering *Minted toubillions* post-haste *let's to Muses!*

"Opalescence seething with portentous calm, Wisdom aflow."
Let's to the Truer study of lightning. Fuller in *side glance*.
We the People of a *Furious gem* will *Seaward Follow*. *Dice*
and an *immaculate* summer house *in the barnyard*
or *next to it* jutting angular light and *caverns*.

snow

The palette is clean; I'm shaven. Western hide-out, potency,
miles by the fuel's day hither Tidings of Projectionist, I've by
four in the morning written lines squattled in minkering,
doilied in pencils sharpened, moorly tide rivuleting, the dove's
covenant,
herald my sheepdom, quainty. Well acquainted with versificàt.

finale: prelude to Vapors/Abysms

The Baron turns and peers through the gate in waterwood park, studious old tyrant Baron, the tyranny of silence, biting with its curled whiskers, crysticular, crysticles, crustic. The cost of warranting glum hero into Cemetery Breadth to find the Boy isn't so relevant as the message he has for the messenger.

He is the Projector/Projectionist. He walks into town, to fairs, to sidewalks, and fans his psychedelic business. He fires firecrackers makes lava appear out of cups, blood, projections on cloth, blankets waving curls of silent ashtray *collegium in misery*.

Sugar is sweeter than death. I'll by my side this one.
We're more Modern now than ever we were in 1870s ink.
Sound temporalized the image. Literary tango. Milk by the sink.

Not necessary to announce a climax. Not so believable as to rewrite history in a pen's whim, width, two seconds, trials asunder tails meek in finding portico insoluble, westbranch, solid in half-saying, moor'smood in dormitory awake sad endless rise of a Tuesday, Thursday angelic roaring, I'm all deafness.

The branch. The Staircase. Winding insipid whispers jolly all the livelong, moorly vehicular moortides potent, mad, awakening in inken display, Projectionist with mad glory in pencil sharpener's art: grind the windmill sophistiquette: write a newborn symphony.

As the Baron speaks, he shows us the architectural fundaments that hold up his speech, all are functional. His is a multi-dimensional realm, perfectly balanced, a full system with answers for everything. The Baron is Projector AND Projectionist. And? And-Because. The Of of And-Because. He's on a boat to freedom, backward planetary complex, rewards are not knowingly felt in yearning to providence.

His beard peers outside the window, the gate, the freedom'spath, a glorious opening into valley of dreadful surrendering. Felded asunder, I fumed and fell aside. The co-ordinates are written across in ink tatters, tethers gathering hold fierce mast you must. Grovel in fields dustian. I will forego *Knowledgion.*

Burroughs shows us the modern cave-man in the streets, in riots in hellish cities. Gunfights and a Heavy Metal Gimmick, thesis on Drug Addiction. He shows us the movement of the psyche from sobriety to madness and breaks through the bubble to another realm, to the western lands and the road leading to it. The modern hero has an anthem: the 'Breakthrough in grey room' anthem. It repeats every so often to remind us, shift linguals, cut word lines. Calling all reactive agents. Burroughs is a seer: The Baron.

Through the eye of the Projector/Projectionist, we see poetry as the fabric of existence. The short story is a poem, the symphony, a poem, existence, a poem, a haiku. Individual stories can be collected to form the pantheon of gods, the sacred wheel of experience, of mythology, of time: the clock.

Rowboats of Reason intertwined in denizen newspaper flesh,
the product of a million lies to entertain oneself, the frozen

landscape wintry in glum and dire need of a new palette
screws jargon to the mind of a modern creator in jamboree.

Each story has a shape, each poem a leaf in the great anthology, the Book, with a defined structure. Each of these cadences, or these paragraphs, sections, is a breath in the great story, the story-tellers art deconstructed and restructured to fit a partly narrative, partly descriptive, partly allegorical, mythological story, vague, a Cinema made of images on the page and forms in the mind, in Reason. The Cinema has both light and dark and all the range between. I tell you this because it is easily forgotten. The reader can easily lose track of the fact that these structures are being used to tell The Story. We are all agents, we all have a pact and act on this covenant whether we use spray paint or no canvas at all. We tell it for Freedom.

The Backward Revisited:

We aim at ashes to tell a living lie. Rediscover the black soot of the cockpit. We're on down-flight, take comfort in holding a vice, in shielding something quaint. Vehicle the Great Sadness. We're deserts apart. Culminate in sorrydom's flash by in waves florid glorious tipsy and warm, flashes conglomerating in spectral visions, in wheels and choirs, in a library of filth and a *Trial.*

Use whatever words to tell it, be well-choosing.

The Baron walks up to the microphone, old phonograph sound scratching needle, he whips out lashes of word-wonder on the phonograph, an old recording, time is broken, he is present and past, he sings melodious notes from time far-fetched future. He is in the spaceship and speaks morosely of times to come, speaks forward of times dishevelled much the worster. Baron Napoleonic Night in the Villa Voyage.

Nights streaming wayward denizen, swain, captain of the Crazy Boat, *The Of of And-Because.*

Da'ath in ancient quarters, the abyss of timeless joy and liberty, of indiscernible matterless potentiality of being, of raw faceless individuality streaming the martyr's dome of vaporous life. Tidings back to the Broken measles pore. Dropped off in a faraway park to night's relinquishment in delicacy.

Morass and lifeless hero, Time's dividing, let the Projections wheel out.

Matin singing ringers to the door down by the hallway, jazz, and a barbecue for fourteen measly folk, meekdom quaint hiding fostering a hope in divinity, shielded by their own bland thoughts of summerless, of rain, of cold jetties out the gazebo front. Wooden shelter, dismemberment of policies.

Visiting the Baron's quarters we think we've found the truth on his better judgment.

The epithet or aesthetic experience of Baron's wordsmithy. He psalms, eyelids sorely drooping, reaching out to the evanescent whirl that is the ebullience of the soul, he jests and mocks pitilessly deliberately creates cavalcades of furious motion with his words, drowning the air waves with potent material likeness, semblance to the City of Heaven, the Glass Partition, the Majestic Maize of the Corn god.

Swing potato pie out the dreardom of finality lessons, ink sprawled in quainter stillnesses, foment of father's guild, the abrasive calamity tossed on glimly lit parkway roots in a fine moss. Flames shoot out the projectionist's booth, a film is being made that stilts the living fire of his sooted breath. The Baron swings out a card and perplexes an audience. He, the Directing Agent, models a frameless beauty.

This the Dark Backward, song to death in abysmality preponderous.

Metamorphosis Revisited:

Shapes tell no lies. They render visible what would otherwise fall silent. Proverbs and psalms tell this movement of daylight across all the shades making things seen to the beholder. The movement through the spectrum, the oscillations of sound waves, of particles, light waves, and the devices we use to make systems of co-ordinates, all this the seas and the rainbow, light to dark, life to death, this we have chosen as a human race in our very DNA patterns to proclaim Freedom and Movement, and the tracks underneath this train are each syllable breathed, read with a high voice, spectrally in prismatic fling across the earth's crust.

The Dark Backward is the Cavern. Metamorphosis is the transmogrifying of the shaman into a jaguar, a bowl into bats, and Myrmidons is the Carnival, the Prison, the Tower of Babel or Library. Circus of mixed euphoria, of blankness and steel and wires, of acidic flesh, fiery feverishness, and black. They are parts of the Sermon, of the four monks held in one: *the Baron.* He tells us the dark pool and sings his heart.

The Spectral Show. Canyons descending marshalled by question, dream-like vagueness, blurriness, elusive wave abstract nearly mathematical language where words like And-Because are capitalized and clear by the end of the novel. Poetry is at the heart of this discussion.

Rivulets streaming sterling prayers by the schizophrenic's moorings.

Maddening whirlpools gyrate and create a flushing film over the water's surface, projected. A tape of film, each line is a frame in the film, you go from one line to the next, bombarded by imagery, machine-gun blasts of spontaneous poetry, that's what Tonal Cinema was to me. Each slab of concrete: *a frame.*

I project my imaginary realm of transient, consummated movement, projected on the canvas of the concrete slabs of the sidewalk, I walk in this rhythm, creates a trance, I begin to hallucinate images, the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, the poetry is that same thing, each novella streaming across the sky tearing holes making the Mark of the Coin: *anthems created in debility to save one's face for the hour of death.*

Professor Pazuzu gives his impressionistic abstract jazz, munches minces it and spits it out Death spake her Crucifix, reaching for the database of images, projecting, death and morbidity and life and sublimity, orators remember speeches in the lecture-hall's structure. Metamorphs: *visual stimulant.*

Searching quietude for a Venice in situated on the spoiled grand groil, illmeant.

Baron of the mountain sands and the *Meta-brain Psychosis.* Surrealism and the post-modern minotaur. Dali's backward reverie. Cities in Venice, sable chasms in glass amulets. The Projectionist has altered time with a phonograph; *the Baron has spilled his succulent voice and brought new dreams.*

Myrmidons Revisited:

Frames on sidewise planks, projected. Wooden immaculate. Whistles until autumn leaves, talking to Hooray; rancid flight of ideas in the Swiss mind-army bank. The Hidden Paysage, Storms of ruin, the swellsers ride in the sellsboat. Shapebot, trails of the vacuum heart, winged wax beetle. Catatonic melancholia, we have the entire Cycle. The bus to exodus.

The beginning of the beginning, Mars Screen Legion, visiting the neural bed of waking minutia etudes. All was seen until now through the eye of the projector/projectionist. All is narrative, is short story telling as a fine art. Poetry blends the seams into a seemly 'splay.

These ploys become more evident with Deconstructivist hyper-realism of the arteries, with Forgetfulness is Immortality, with questions asked a neo-sycophant. Absurdity in D-minor with tolling bells, Materialistic human participant particles. Interlude in B-minor. By the time we reach the March of The Incommunicable, we have spun through the Cycle a hundred times or more.

And that sets the stage for our Baron and his blacksmith heart. Caves amaze me in distant places. Infra-cocoon, the Promontory: Gramophone Bepuzzlion. This is the Baron, the Prison Guard, the Minotaur Revisited. The Mount of Mounts is an anthill being constructed. People walk empty streets late a-night.

BROKEN TYPEWRITER:

Suffering in the night of nights, the harbor, at the quay, martyred in innocent flesh.

Interlude on the mechanics of silence. The Projectionist is a wheel, Projector included, a wheel of being, chain of being, of flesh, of walking myrmidons down the flight of steps in a futurist tango. Kettle drums beat the heart of a people lost bittery. Petals streak across the screen.

AESTHETICS OF A NEW SCIENCE:

Noise is better without two feet to dance with. Enter the trance and feed off the tubes.

Casting words to the pond of repose. Petulant leaves rippled with pretentious alacrity. Aftermath of flesh, meal of afterkiss. Suffer not the angels their unto you to comfort. Suffer not them is all.

BREEDER OF ILL ADVICE:

Consummated in the livery of flesh, the artisan's suitcase happy belt, buckled in rawness.

Forever bridles the girdle of love. Mine's the attachment minus a few providentials. Flight of the aegis, onwards on war, denizens slain in aftermath! Aftermath of notion, bethused, enthusiasts alike, herald the coming of the Aegis!

BRIGHTER STILLNESS:

Fort unoccupied, to the sterling unqualified! This the Reason to the music riding.

Comfort for whirls side-hanging in the hangar. Steel girdle to unite a briefing, the bearings, marks, are in availance, product of beatific hours hunger spent. Mine's the cavalcade of motion, sweet surrender in apathy processions of the vile tides: *a Black backward.* Stylish even to say it. Avarice is guilt.

Detriment to the high-king Madness! We'll conglomerate and steal a lonesome providential hero, life's a game, reward is in mechanics, invisible rules, laws, pretend continue turn the page reward is the breath is death in life peeking through the chink in the cavern the window wall peering across an effluvium, a morass, swimming in seas drowned in bitter stuffs, a fool in the game, projecting outward in circles.

Revisitation Rights:

To make a wrong, an empty. Baron speaks to a middle-aged man, says he works for an Office, one for Progress, two levels, one for Retrograde one for Advancing. They operate on starlit eves through Agencies in the garden. Baron speaks to his psychiatrist.

"You say you are a Baron?" he asks.

"Yes, Baron of the Lights, Baron of Time, of searching to the beginnings. Always through history man has had the fear of plague, he has feared death, harm to himself and others, fear of virus x, of fear itself which plagues them."

"And the Office, you also called it an Assembly?"

"Absolutely. It is the allegory of bipolarity. The disease is a way in and a way out."

The Baron speaks greatly on the subject of the Meta-brain Psychosis, his own self-diagnosis. The psychiatrist uses an etymological technique of psychoanalysis which works rapidly, some therapies taking a few days instead of years. He listens to you and puts together an answer with your own word origins. It also goes by the name of Language therapy. Works wonders with schizophrenics.

Baron: "When every minute feels like a lifetime… I'm transmogrified into a gem at times and light beams through me, is colored by my crystalized skin, refracted, diffracted, reflected. Light stands no chance against a Time traveller."

Doctor: "Words that describe Time travel."

Baron: "Newspapers, scissors, boxcars, geography. The Aggregation."

Doctor [jotting down notes]: "What is necessary for Time travel?"

Baron: "Bondage, Freedom, for bondage is a sort of liberty regarding Time, Poverty."

The doctor continuously scribbles at a high speed, ink pouring out from his will and vortex mind. He assembles the etymological research. What the Baron says is the truth, this is evident from the beginning, so the doctor wastes no time fooling around with this man.

Baron: "I know what I have, it's the Meta-brain Psychosis. I only need someone to hear the story, someone with a keen mind. You have been chosen amongst a select few. It's not so much hearing as being present while the story lends itself to the air. We call it Process mapping. It helps reorient our co-ordinate systems. By sitting here and working with you on word origins, with your scribbling of the database and my invention, we are putting the process to use, pulling on the reins, so to speak, and the Office moves with it, relocates. Always relocating because of static and stagnation. Stay in one place too long and the lines go numb, phase out. Our processes are too important to have faulty connections in our transactions of information. I meet the Boy at 4 o'clock in the Cemetery, it's been the same story since the beginning of Time. And now you need words that represent the Boy's consciousness reflected in my mind's mirror."

Doctor: "Somewhat precise, yes…"

Baron: “And so I say Drawn, Towering, Impeccable genius. A flower, an efflorescence, an anthology. Time travel is performed by the method of allegorical self-return. The Method is two-sided, is both a catalyst for its worsening and a medical solution to all problems. We work for Progress. Numbers are already punched in, we only have a few more words to say to fit the knot.”

Doctor: “You have told me that this information shouldn’t worry or frighten me. I am slightly worried about the Boy. Is he in good care?”

Baron: “The Boy? The Boy cannot be harmed. The Office is for Progress.”

Words come from our organs. When the brain sleeps, the body becomes the stage on which images are projected. Dreams of climbing stairs, descending: the respiratory system, the blood, all that which flows, which climbs, which is cylindrical. Each type of thought, each area, realm, can be categorized with the main functions of the brain; a Demented thought helps fight tuberculosis, an Ecstatic thought helps ooze a little bile. Words stem from the body, words are the body in its functions. Words and thoughts are functional.

Therefore a nicely ebullient mind is great for the body’s Progress. The thought that we are all telling lies always precedes the thought of the truth of the organs of the body. Thoughts work both ways in the body, however, when disease takes control of the words and steers the train off the rails. Cancer is such an illness. Disorders that are linked to the DNA, which are genetic.

Our Words, Offices, Experiences, make up the Body, the Organs of Infraspace. The Allegory of Organs. *Florilegio Spirituale.* Covenant of the Angels. Light flows through the windowpane in the cubist office of psychiatry. Students stand by on concrete steps of a public library building.

SCENES/SHOTS:
Tongue and Mind:
Bitter, alacrity, acidulous, raven black tangential math.
The craft of ages, a practise, a craft;
Pages and pages in the aftermath, the flash,
Experience is tangible.

Eye and Mind:
Time, broken light in a rainbow, the Spectrum;
Colors, scales, structure produced in pain,
stitched up in the Organs, our only realms of thought,
anachronistic object, time diffracting in a cubist day.

Phenomenology of Sound:
Broken frames in the psychiatrist’s lounge
where history meets the patient;
a light passes through his prism mind;
“The seams get tighter,”
People cut by window frames,
objects melting together, events dissolving.

Inside the machine:
Sterling buds, wisdom, a branch, the terms,
flags of providential fission, foment, angels,
a province down the historical flight of stairs.
An Office. The Projectionist walks out
down Old Montreal streets, to the moviehouse
where his work awaits him. Burgundy carpets
of the Cinéma Tonale. Basilica domes piercing
the eye, painted Mozambique frescoes, old coffeehouse
pastoral, ancient wooden fence, aprons,
cups in waiting for the lone hero to show,
for the gates to open and lead in the light
in broken monuments of color. Blocks.

The Psychiatrist opens a cupboard and sees the Baron's head floating in lime green. "I have visited the Boy, come with me." The sort of thing is happening everywhere in the city, people having spontaneous Remembrance of things they never did, of different lives, people, experiences from the dead, overlapping from the still living. Pan-chromatic landslide, mixed events, time is dividing, the seams are loose, bearings lost, broken, jagged edges, rudiments half-learned in Monday school.

Spool the film. Movies of heads stuck on swords. Memory imprints in the cupboard, projected from the office, the lounge for patients, our Doctor sees traces, auras, surgical diagrams floating in thin air, the thoughts of the Baron, scientific death tragedy Vomit and Vortex, Hitchcockian French Symbolism, Old Locomotive town, 1800 Russian, Quebec in 1870.

The scenes are cut up. Time has taken a turn for the worse. Roses curated in a dream exhibition flooding the picture show with images of lost essences, myriad voices crowding the streets of an ancient harbor-town, drowning the birds in echoless, reactive screeching.

Voices in the breaking of Time. The Office that never stops returning. This way, that, and a symphony for the malaise of global population. Streams fill the pages in otherwise blank books for keeping flowers. The scenes are repeating. Time is broken and a sea flows the recording, out the greasy page, into the eye of the beholder. Lo, behold, we are taking a vacation. Time is sleeping as we take the image out. *A waking:*
The Exhibition was on trial. Now as the Baron contemplates moving, something interstellar is cohabiting his being, his brain, messages are clearly transmitted. Not to mention the art of message transmission.

Clarity.
Expedience.
Style/Eloquence.
Form.

The forms of the message are manifold. This is not a character assassination, it is its remedy and its seizure, paralysis and action, speech and rest. The Baron is an actor in the play/pageant. Each movement is a miniature dance.

In the psychiatrist's office all is imprinted on the soft paper of time. Ink blotches and word origins. In the doctor's briefcase is the case in question, the analysis, man and the event, event, man, and environment. The Office projects into the Future, meeting the Boy, all is carefully detailed in the notes.

NOTES ON THE BARON:
The message is important. There is a trial in process, The Baron is a witness/prosecutor, a sort of hero involved with messengers forming a rose fractal. Wooden benches oak tables projecting voices. The structure is protagonist, the form is the mind of the Baron as he sits and views objects, photographs, an old movie poster, an hourglass. I am interested in the Baron's scan, his eyes, how he views these things, the intricacies of his rhythm. He is a spectacle in motion.

This office and his Office have been entwined. Everything has become a form of the message. The Baron is correct. He is meeting the Boy later on this Thursday, I have seen it projected on objects, inside their structures, in everything manifest.

BEYOND ILLUSION:
The Event:
The Baron is mediator between me the writer and he/she the reader. An optical instrument silent as the scratching of a phonograph's needle. Things happen in the minds of the doctor and the Baron, around them, creating a bipolarity, an ellipse, a constellation. Each book on the shelf breathes of relativity. The doctor checks out word origins, works in and out of his briefcase on cue cards in the cue card encyclopedia all cards concerning the Baron. He presents a problem to science; he changes reality

around him. They call him a superperceptive supersensitive being, meaning he reacts before events happen. He acts as lever.

Program of movement, the locus of the Baron's vision, object after object, thin air, the doctor, notebooks, the floor; each position is a transaction of the message, of the cataclysmic event. The Baron is between speaker and listener, an instrument of leverage for information. A sort of boatman for the Boy, a protector.

The event seen topographically, the doctor and the patient, patient A, the Baron. Time stands still, one fragment is viewed at a time seen from the top. The doctor scribbles etymological research and writes a phenomenological notebook. He records the meetings, video and audio. The meetings are being projected as they happen, played backward and they trace the genesis of each step of the Process. Music from the phonograph is broken up in the different recordings. Mirrors are placed in the room. By finding the general word order, the exact spiral of rhythm in the speaker, the DNA code of each even, the mind. Each frame in the movie is an action, a word said, a smell, a taste, all occur in different amounts and categories in the office. The Baron works for the Office of Progress.

DOCTOR'S NOTES:
The Baron rings true every time. As we play back the tapes and watch, we see apparitions, we see a green world of the beyond death, beyond life, beyond illusion. Everything is in a still lamplight, a green emanation seeps through every event. The Baron and I try taking pictures of different objects and measure the green light. We found the messages, libraries and libraries of them, perfectly united and strong, interconnected. We found the Meta-brain, and the Baron is sufferer of the Meta-brain Psychosis, of which many parallels can be drawn, namely the four monks who preached a final sermon before death by hanging. It was a story told ages ago, the Baron says. Word: Story. The objects and the green light, it puzzles me. This is only notebook IV, the basic details of the main structure are in notebook II.

Stands still as an hourglass, or almost, each slide. Magic lanterns are set up in the dark office, the Baron stands in the Assembly, sews each moment together with the aid of his chief messenger, The Boy from the Cemetery.

Notebook II:
The neuro-structures of the Baron follow the structures of the organs in the body. We have categorized Heart thoughts, a whole cardiovascular system of thoughts, respiratory, Lung thoughts.

The forms are the message, the Office of Progression, circular, pyramidal, the Cube in which the human being exists, his realm of existence in the particular event. The Baron is a focal point of all these. His message is ultra-true. His existence has a scheme of implicit truths that cause him to have direct influence on his environment. He's not a messenger, he oils the tracks for communication proper to take place. He holds will and happenings swirl around him. He feels an infinite sadness for his heart is a vacuum. Thus is the character of the black philosopher, hierophant: *The Baron.*

Reality:
They stand, Baron and doctor, by an old late-1800's projector and a phonograph. An old world war I radio in the back. The Baron, "so that the message may be safe, shielded by my character. The event binds it as words are etched on a telegraph.

PROJECTION A:
An hourglass. 10 minutes, 7200 frames or so. Every instant holds a different configuration, experience of the sands in the hourglass. Different angles, photomontages sections made on boards, filmed. Animated parts. Black and white only, vortex shapes, wide uses of both the polarities light and dark.

DOCTOR'S MIND:
The fifth da, *Thunres-daeg,* in the Roman calendar,
Thursday, after the Latin *Jovis dies,* Jupiter's day.
He meets the Boy, *psychopompos,* 'leader of souls';

He is Hermes, messenger of the gods, born in 1987,
meeting the Baron on a Thursday night, the graveyard.

BARON'S MIND:
Shape, to twist in shape, eyes wide,
a curl of hair, hourglass, bitter taste,
sweet lips early morning kiss;
there is no danger in heightening
consciousness, there is naught to worry,
this man's helping to bind the message,
this event is the leverage,
suspension on the bridge to exodus;
lead them down the lines, myrmidons,
trains, ferries, faces, traceries,
miserable mister's graceful touch
sleek moustache, carpeted hat,
slouched shoulders, a gravestone;
we are spiralling inwardly,
introduce a new character, the Empress,
venerable hostess à la Dalloway,
can run a fustian to fustian's end,
is endowed with a critically logical mind,
the art of phenomenological management.

I must meet the Empress in the dale of spades.

Projector/Projectionist part III, return to Ithaca,
Cecilia's Cages, a Textbook art:
The event, message, the Dream Assembly
through the cages of the soul, the prison,
then the carnival of the cafeteria,
pinwheels à la Burroughsian Peep Show.
These are the forms of the message.
Intricacies are widely found.
A whole panoply of prosodaical functions.
Then it reverts to a narrative where the Baron
is evidently a character which shields me
as a writer so that I can think of
the next wave of symbols.

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE:
Smoky room with lots of devices, optical, sound and video recording equipment, books of poetry laying face down like a hand of cards, the game is on for doctor and Baron, to project backward in time, to the future simultaneously to assume a position of an-Time, of the between-Time.

The phonograph alternates from playing Varèse to Bartok. A few Beethoven records here and there neatly interspersed. Microscopes, light-reading implements, rulers, protractors.

THE BARON'S OFFICE:
Intangible light in the projectionist's booth. Oak tables, books stacked on shelves, clean, practical light, an empty theatre, something is on trial in a courtroom. A book, then at the end of the exhibition, a Horatio, a Judas, against the Baron, a jester, a trickster, against the Knight. In the Dream Assembly, the Baron also fights for time, sometimes against him. Intergalactic wars, spaceships, ultramodern architecture. Judgement on Polarities in Vapors and Abysms.

The Baron is against Justice, against Evolution. The laborers are with the sad Empress of the puppets. Justice is the word fighting with the Baron as he narrows the paths of information, cleans the lines. Old man Time stands watching.

PROJECTION B:
A train, a set of eyes, a skull, a door,
a table, a picture-frame, curtains,
a stage, stone monuments,
sculptures, a high mass and procession.

THE PHONOGRAPH:
Romantic music by Bartok. Strong
rhythms and melodic lines. Tied
together by a tight harmonic structure.
Chromaticisms, blaring *the anthem.*

Fortune at the black funeral.
Cultures intermixing in
cosmopolitanism, 1999.
2001 is the new release
of the Gadget, 2nd flow.
Organism, tautology,
science of rhythms
in daily Speech.

Snow on the plains. Wintertide is glooming
a portent in its terminal vacuity. Tornado's fury.

It ends in a volcanic eruption.
Tied up in numinous knots.

The Magic Flute. A barbarian's heart. Bearded prison guard.

INTO THE GREEN VORTEX:
Ginnetho, his protection, garden.
Elm tree enlightenment
of the Meta-Brain Psychosis.
Earth-helpless foliage, dark;
the sad existence of ivy.
the Exhibition
in Language arts.
Time the illicit redeemer.
Bilious green monotony.
Indiscriminate and underlying.
Stone mantle, *a Bridge,*
San Francisco style.

Rose of the City, bleed for us.

Terminal alliance to passing time.
Vicissitudes incline us t'wards adaptation.
Creatrix is the Mother: the Benu bird.
Writing in the projectionist booth,
audience reading, listening
to the screen and speakers.
The Baron speaks fragrances,

“Back and forth from
masquerade to ashen towers
in wintry pastoral landscape.
Midnight and mid-day.
Controversy over matter.
Spatial movement,
movement in Spatiality.
This is the cornerstone,
The Spiralling Staircase.”

Movement of the eyes: the scan path.
Projection of interstellar math
co-ordinate systems fogged up.
Strobe effect. Black and white tiles.
Green light in the cemetery on a Thursday.
Mutability in representation.
BOARDROOM:
Doctor Willborn: “Case One the Baron P. Projectionist has contracted a pathogen that caused genetic mutation. His current state is stable but startling things happen when we record his voice and photograph objects around him. We have discovered strange fluctuations in video recordings, warping of objects. His voice has a peculiar ring to it that changes the density of matter. His eyes are weird mirrors.”
Doctor Z: “Is your patient responsive to medication?”
Doctor Willborn: “I wouldn’t dream of tranquilizing him, the effect is too wondrous, this man is walking truth that reality is wider than we normally know.”
Doctor H: “That’s malpractise! the patient should be medicated, he speaks of Offices and Assemblies, a higher power, very common in schizophrenics.”
Doctor Willborn: “His etymological chart came out perfect. The charts tell me he’s far from insane, he’s not in any denial. So he talks about Assemblies, we’re an assembly right here. It shouldn’t surprise you that he speaks of common things.”

A SHIP AT THE HARBOR:
The Baron: “It shouldn’t be long now,
I can almost see the shore on the horizon.”
The Empress: “Good. I’ve waited long enough,
not that this isn’t entertaining.”
The Baron: “At least you’re not trying
to get me locked up in an asylum.
Those doctors are very wrong,
they are going to pay dearly for this.
Willborn is the only one seeing
eye to eye with me. He’s a messenger,
he doesn’t knot it. When we speak
I am functioning as master and
he is an initiate to our school of Progress.
The Boy is in trouble right now,
come 5 o’clock Thursday, the doctor will be
in his office alone and he will
realize the importance of our discussions.
That’s when he will call you
not knowing you are the Empress.”
The Empress: “Why can’t you give
me the message? Why can’t YOU?”
The Baron: “I don’t know the full
message, only the information that
the doctor needs to tell you. It is

important, don't worry about that:
the situation will unfold by itself."

LETTER TO DOCTOR WILLBORN
FROM THE EMPRESS:
Dear Jake Willborn,

We have seen the same phenomena in Mexico a few years ago. What the Baron says is as possibly true as it is possibly false. He most likely is a transmission 'lubricant', let's say. Such characters help ward away contagion, plague. I am curious about the Boy; those messengers never show up anywhere, they are highly infrequent, always change and are always disguised. Please forward me all information on the Boy, on his status. Assure that the Boy is in good care.

Lilith Mason

PROJECTION C:
Baron, Doctor stand by the projector. Images they recorded of black roses pop up on the screen. The green light isn't there, instead it is a YELLOW LIGHT of purest intensity, flooding outward from the roses. Immediately upon watching the projection, the smell of roses fills the room. Doctor Willborn, "You see, it follows the pattern of the last emanations. Each fragrance follows a change in color. By changing color, it sends the code for the influx of the odor. Aura first, then the traces. The projections mutate from mere projections to catalysts for strange paranormal phenomena."

The Baron: "BE not fearful of what you may become."
Doctor Willborn: "What?"

EMPRESS'S LETTER TO THE BARON:
Dear Projectionist,

When does the doctor give me the message? Everything lies on his message, the fate of the Boy and everything. I hope it isn't too late when you receive this. We have no faster link, Willborn is the fastest typist of them all, he can transcribe events with utmost accuracy. We need him, go see him at once and get him to meet me, he hasn't called yet. I know, things didn't turn out as planned.

NEWSFLASH:
A young boy has disappeared from the town of Mont-Saint-Hilaire. Some bystanders said there was a tragic incident preceding his departure. The sky tore open and five letters were disclosed. Five bystanders saw the glyphs light up, shine down from the heavens. The five symbols have not been interpreted.

An unexplainable explosion in Montreal North kills three workers. The explosion came from underground in a sort of volcanic eruption. The street exploded killing three construction workers, two of which were Jewish mystics. With the rise in apocalyptica, one is left wondering if there was a link between the deaths and their study of Cabalism.

VAPORS/ABYSMS:
I
Vapors. Effluvium, miasma, steam,
things that flow in waves, tides, curling
in gentle wisps, ashem sputum
culminating in sooty spirals.
II
Atmostpherics. Crackling noises like snow
or writing with a pencil, ruffling paper.
The static sound of ashes landing in water,
the rush of a waterfall pearly white satin.
III

Abysms. Dark cavern, the dark backward,
resonating sounds echoing off the walls.
The Underground man of Russian literature.
The Poet who is always Underground artist.
I
Objects in the office impregnated with a strange light.
Grey shapes, smoke curls, wisps. Elongated and thin
snakes. Light, effervescences. Acclimatization to the Ephemeral.
II
Delirium noises in the ear's spiral, twixt the outer extremities of the mind. Where
does the mind stop? how unsoundly can the sounds become when tangled in light, in an old phonograph's tasty exhibition, short orchestrations, Chaos and a book on the nature of light. Edmund Husserl, Sigmund Freud, and Picasso. Light's spectrum.

III
Cavernous whelps resound abysmally dark inanimate drull, curvature of the earth pre-surface, the infrastructure, the heart, core, magmatic rock constructions, natural caverns abysms dark like a fathom but an abysm, chasmic, daemon dark. Whelps profuse, antagonistic in the gnostic city Dis. Pazuzu hears a drume beat.
I
Vapors. Intricacies in verse, prosoaic functions. Learn them fast the ink printed. Convoluted convalescence. Imprints on each new surface of time. Borrowed time. Bottled time. Hourglass with the sands of time. Trickles.
II
Atmospherics. Shroud of intangible noise, tangible, material, cacophonous and immeasurable therefore somewhat intangible in that its consequence is of no matter since it only causes you to heed to its warning by covering your ears. Dry static.
III
Abysms. Pompous dance, heavy on the foot like an elephant. Dance of the Thieves. Rebel's Dance, Step, Jig of the countryman. The doctor is waiting, therefore projecting into the future, therefore in the vacuum of being, the black backward; the art of extinguishing fires.
I
Smoke swirls, belittling the speaker's mouth, his lips with soft virtues of smoke, covetous whispering about the air with short flashes extending on their wavering. Arches, guilds of light, softness, penumbra warm gelatinous sky diagram: *The Meta-brain Psychosis.* Plainly evaporating over silk in the projection.
II
Notebook II:
I am trying to concentrate, there are strange distortions in our data' our optical instruments are playing tricks on us, light has a third eye, a third purpose, along with time and its second way of being measured. Blue universes of bending light. The Baron beam with its dingy clamor, a dream assembly in flux of dark matter.
III
Notebook III:
On green again, switches from the colors of the spectrum, each organ is affected in the transaction of the message. Offices shine off and on in a great blur. The object is released from its confines. Unshackle the priest, a vacation is coming. Depression is the eye of the beholder.

SHORT ANALYSIS OF THE META-BRAIN:
Far in the forest, I sat up in a tree and meditated. This was in the mountain. When I first opened my eyes from the deep meditation, I saw a huge three-dimensional grid shaped like a brain that encompassed everything visually manifest. I lost track of myself and my bearings, became my environment [oscillated from being the minutest part to being nothing and the whole].

When I came home, I immediately translated the concepts and imagery of the Meta-brain with its blue veins, silver rivulets, pink bran, neon pink, a grid of branches perfectly entwined in the shortest path towards the light, roots for water: yellow [light] and blue [water] make green [vegetation]. I figured that

the veins were for transmission of information like the actual brain of a human. Images were really clear and crisp, I lost my sense of balance totally and was immersed in DNA shapes everywhere, spirals in the trees, roots, rocks, stream and waterfall, *the sky*.

In this edition, there are notes on the meta-brain and the actual Meta-Brain, just as there is an assembly, an office, an Office, an Assembly. The Baron is the same in all worlds. I once had him living in the Mojave desert named Nathan Foxhire.

He was an inventor. The psychiatrist has an agenda. There are supposed to be phenomenological diaries for the doctor and the Baron to trace differences and similitudes. Fresh light and air flushing through the window. A cactus is being prodded. Pictures of a deck of cards being fanned. Different cards pop up, the nine of clubs. Cut the deck and make a photomontage of different angles, make a new deck of cards with deck cut-ups, collages, the deck of the Meta-brain. The DNA logbook. A deck of cards, an hourglass.

I was in the psychiatrist's office. I wasn't the Baron but close. I was the Lotus, Immortality, Forgetfulness, and I told them about an Assembly. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia but gave myself the diagnosis of Meta-Brain One, *the Meta-brain Psychosis.* The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema was my way in and my way out. Projector/Projectionist is the theological text, or should be.

The Infernal city underground:
The plague has been ill received a guest. A man, aged a mere 23, is climbing the mountains, sees starvation in his kith and meets dead ends daily. Climb back down to the plateau and start the climb again; you've met an impasse. Thieves are in the mountain, chief of the Thieves being The Brooding Drum, a young German mute. We've discussed it enough to set the scene, let the reels go a-rolling.

A mountain:
This territory is my temple, these landscapes,
shrouds flickering like blankets wrapping
        a thick emptiness,
        a net full of holes
        through which all passes in time.
The Green void that sucks hither, thither,
climbs along A., young man that he is,
surrounds him on all sides;
        he's but another myrmidon
        fighting the war of the senses.
Poverty-stricken old young man,
Thief himself, solemn character,
delves in abstract thought
to accomplish nothing.
        He says,
        "Nothing and nothing
        equals nothing."
An audience sits watching,
taking in the images like a fine wine
with wooden barrel taste
right off the trees like bark.

Imprisonment. Solitude. Endless trails.
The circuit is run from full to barren blank
        no food for fats, no bacon,
        just penniless wandering
with fruit from pining branches
waiting to be plucked.
        Man in the dream society

programming the next movement.
Projection fades and starts up again
on the Doctor and the Baron
in their ceaseless *minitude.*
Mountains break in the background
as mountain sets are taken down.
The Brooding Drum is heard whistling,
picture of a crystal ball, of smoke curls
tobogganing in the shadow,
whist-ward as the card dealer shuffles.
A fountain of youth:
Chess in the library at a table
for Doctor/Baron bipolarity.
When the lines are shortened
Time is inwardly tightened.
We are being Awakened sudden
to leaden moments that pan
across a glade of hollowness.

Leaden shrouds culminating in flowery flourishes, shimmeries glassy on the outside, shadowy winterplay on the horizon through the office window. 1918 is seen through a projector's lens. Actors processing information; the Boy is lost inside Information, through the strings of tubular gnosis, through hidden paths extending outward from neurons to skylines fulminating ash. *Thieves in the mountain.*

"Got any grain?"
"Not a thing, it's a desert up here."
"Nothing likes to grow at this altitude except mongrels."
"You got any grains, boy?"

Stolen time in the minutes of the meeting. Lines are shortened to beat time's movement in a Great Freeze. *A diary of stolen time* in the making. Logbooks and scattered heapwise paper monuments. Emotion entangled in the web of bipolar experience. Can be extended to multitudes, need only be exhibited two- and three-fold here when the empress comes down a spiralling staircase: *the library.*

"An odd little game, eh, Baron?"
"Indeed. Chess tells stories."
"I always integrate something fun into the therapy."
"'Twas more of a testimony than a therapy, Doctor."
"And the projections are fun anyhow."
"So are the word origin charts."

flos, florere, floralis,
Flora, ef-florere.
Lilium, lilius, lilie, floridus;
brigge, brugge, bryggja, brygga,
brygge, bru, bro: a paved way.
Inflorescence, forme, forma,
con-formare, deformen,
defforme, deformis, in-formare,
Formica, formic, trans-formare.
"Myrmidons on a lily-pad
making slender bridges."

Tone makes all the cinemas beat the famished with a sterling strain of circular events as the reel spools frothlike thundering slitted viewings of the burlesque. Were it burlap, we'd evanesce or sit still using the

full diversity of the spectrum. Tonal Cinema and the 4 Language arts: *reading, listening, speaking, writing.*

Emotional entanglement: visiting the studio. Painter D catapults the eye from slavery.
We have a new viewing of the *Cinéma Tonale.* Is empty by midnight save Projectionist.
Costumes, vines, wheelbarrows, the pictorial lexicon;
Clocks, rhymes, textures flowing on screen, shadows.

All is evanescent in the Tonal Cinema,
all is a shadowplay, a puppet-realm.
A sad tragedy projected on silk. Doctor sees a yellow swurl. A swerve in the greenhouse molecular anatomy console. *A diary of lost time, bits ending on edges wiped clean.* Take out the dust and you've got clean shelves, but a quicker rhythm. Poets need the dust, it makes a flowing river. Sad, tepid petals droop.

A woman descends the staircase into the main room of the Doctor's personal library.
Doctor and the Baron sit with lights dimmed concentrating on a chessboard.
Never has a woman Beauty walked into a prison scene so unawares.

And the night resounded with military bells…

Silence tapesters the wall. Drooping petals wink.
Star-blast bulk of midnight neon sky;
All falls blank, in trances spasmodic, of the plague.

Starvation is nothing when you've made it this far,
O Baron Napoleonic Night, bearded warrior the Senses,
Bastard son of Europa, suffering sneer-god Malice:
And you met him in the office on a Thursday,
Venetian blinds half-disclosing Light, parkway,
And Building in a textual mess, slits permissible
Through the blinds half-showing, through the breach
A drawn out whistle of what's too real to digest
Dry on a Thursday before the Baron meets the Boy.

Nothing and nothing equals nothing, thus it was said.
The genius of arithmetic shows no signs of Progress.

Enter the library with chessboard in a sash;
Baron and doctor alike, mathematical
Minds soaring with precision, elite wit
In the black moor of the dungeon circle
Where a librarian's rite makes purport
Still as the shelves, minds roaring.

A diary of freckled Time, bereaving headless.
In the head-space of a giant, of a goddess;
We'll to the chessboard, make a night of it.

Omission of Words to make the story shorter,
Make a seamless picture hoary in a vigil
Over the mast and cabin of a stainless ship
Procuring sights to the eyes of a vessel-goer,
Shrouded man of midnight Backward black
Assailing in martyrdom what needs be done:
To the stone tower for the twilight carousel,

an omission of words to make a blight serious.

Then the logbook of leftover meals, word-fond reeling.

Prison becomes a circus of love and murder
When man is at a loss for power
And seeks it in his own flesh. To wonder
Might we ask, "What comes hither but
A blanket with tired eyes, our lover?"
Night on bald mountain:
23 years the poorly squander,
destitute on a moonlit horrible;
Mandibles locked in place
to delay biting the nail,
bucket and hay:
a Midnight stalwart.
The Brooding Drum, projected,
walks with eyes golden, teeth
sneered with grimness sprawled,
sprouting hatred with a lean kiss;
the air sends a message post-haste:
to the unwieldy Tower for conference.

Late-night walks in Otterburn Park,
Circles, Echoes, Repetition, Quasars;
Qui fourmille, qui fourmille…
La lente vague, le tourbillon:
un mouvement brusque, une lardeure
dans une époque sans âme, sans buts.

Mortal spire, echoes ageless, wisdom sought
Through glades wonderful deviant like lightning
Spinning vortices ahigh, crackling forests to ash.
Meek me makes martyrdom quaint and craving.

To tomahawk a lightning rod
fulsome in the diner's perch;
we'll adversaries ago
make too haste a period.
Venetian blinds, a sliver for ageless
strikes.
Serenity of after-war, licensed in milk containers.
The horror of war
Like pencils in rustic hand
beating time in isolation.

An echoless lost
birch tree sidewise
simultaneous
in contemporaneity.
The black wand

Rears windward
to Final's branch:
a slight perk.

Man climbs a mad mountain, visceral enigmas gorging him inside. It's a steep climb, days without food, bareness of water, barrenness, unholy thief scourging the earth looking for monuments to erect behind the murky glass of a self-containment prison cell. This man in his intimate universe, in his purest element, caught in the landslide of events; a mere portraiture cannot fully catch the irony of his existence.

Light-green bridges in the outskirts of the city. Put that on for size, a city, vanquished we are the theme still rondos about. Skittle into dust, mirksome matinée soliciting dead birch tree, scrolls falling off hordes a day at a time. And that's the way it goes. Shorten the lines to half-lines, perpetuate a plan of improving silence with words, fill in the dusty gems, grime between the lines, following that you are now

creating Time to Freeze. In its stilted motion, Time will allow us the telescopic view into the Invisible, and lines are fatter.

Wouldn't that equate a mindless ranter with a balloon in the mid-something of yore'seve.
I'd a petal's winkdom startled a queery warrior to delay outburst erupt a candleblower.

And a peachy taste. The Baron stares the doctor in the eye, says, *"I'll evince to startle you with quite the familiarity—new things don't covet much of the eyes—; settle in the Backward Green, links winter with the outworn."*

A dictionary of Tone:
Through the Venetian blinds. Thin slices, slits. The Viewing. Tone is an ulterior notion. What now, the theme is in motion. Generic wheels gliding staircase descent, a woman furnished with two black coffees, fine chocolate. It has been months that these two warriors travail, travail away off the earth's hip to the tune of a skittle. Learnt it young in brown paper books, philosophy, things Latinate.

Transmitted by the clock-wand's pattern. Tic-toc. We're a world away.

The rehearsal is on Monday,
get the paper, read it the bus.

Brandishing two coffees à la New Year's waitress.

Time in human consciousness, a bundle of nerves agitated-like, electrical, the passing wand is upset by emotion, off-set by the Overlap; time past, time present, time future protruding over one another in the mind in memory, perception, and projection, expectancy. Time is a mess full of holes. If it is flutier than most.

Girl in a bath.

Projectionist's booth: *a fugue*
And we sit still in the booth cutting up film, splicing it together, making a montage of events from different reels. We end in a psychedelic yellow and green swirl, a flower then a carnival tent, a carousel, pinwheel, jump-suits in the advent of radio mechanics. We have a Projectionist Ringleader, A.P.P. Projector/Projectionist at the Great Exhibit in 1910, Berlin, Paris, who knows he who gives a damn.

We have a broadcast in '33, brazen string quartet-like movements, then mellifluous. The trajectory of the film-line with sound is to the experiential as the moon is to an eager eye: *laborious.* The Eye *is* the Beholder. Salsam band caught unawares. Spirited in the vacating house. We're seers to this.

We had a radio baby, a tango in the meddle of a parkway, rancid ink petalling wayward sidewise fences in the midship of crepuscular crests, notes and modes handing out prophets back to the very words deemed by them, their fondness in culprit with the most blurry etymology, screeches and scrawls, scrolls, cauldrons black as aspic fetishism, lines on the face yellowed teeth by time's devouring.

Vacate the hostel and make haste for luncheon on the grass. The Blacksmith shop. Clanking metal parts anywhere will evoke mechanical entrepreneurship. Bottom half'll be left in the blue grass. Metals twitching oily farts, clamps clunking sooted by devourer's hands: *Time moves too slow and the Projector faults.*

WE SEE THE BACKWARD GREEN VOID THROUGH THE LENS OF THE PROJECTOR:
ALL IS EMPTY IN THE CINEMA WITH TAPE BITS ON THE PROJECTIONIST'S TABLE.